THis dying Figure that rare Lucan shewes,
Whose lofty genius great Apollo chose
When Roman liberty oppreſt should dye,
To sing her sad, and solemne obsequy
In stately numbers, high, as Rome was great;
And not so much to yeares indebted yet,
As thou, fam'd Maro, when thy infant verse
The Gnats low funerall did first reherse.
Thy favour'd Muse did find a different fate;
Thou gott'st Augustus love, hee Nero's hate:
But twas an act more great, and high to move
A Princes envie, then a Princes love.

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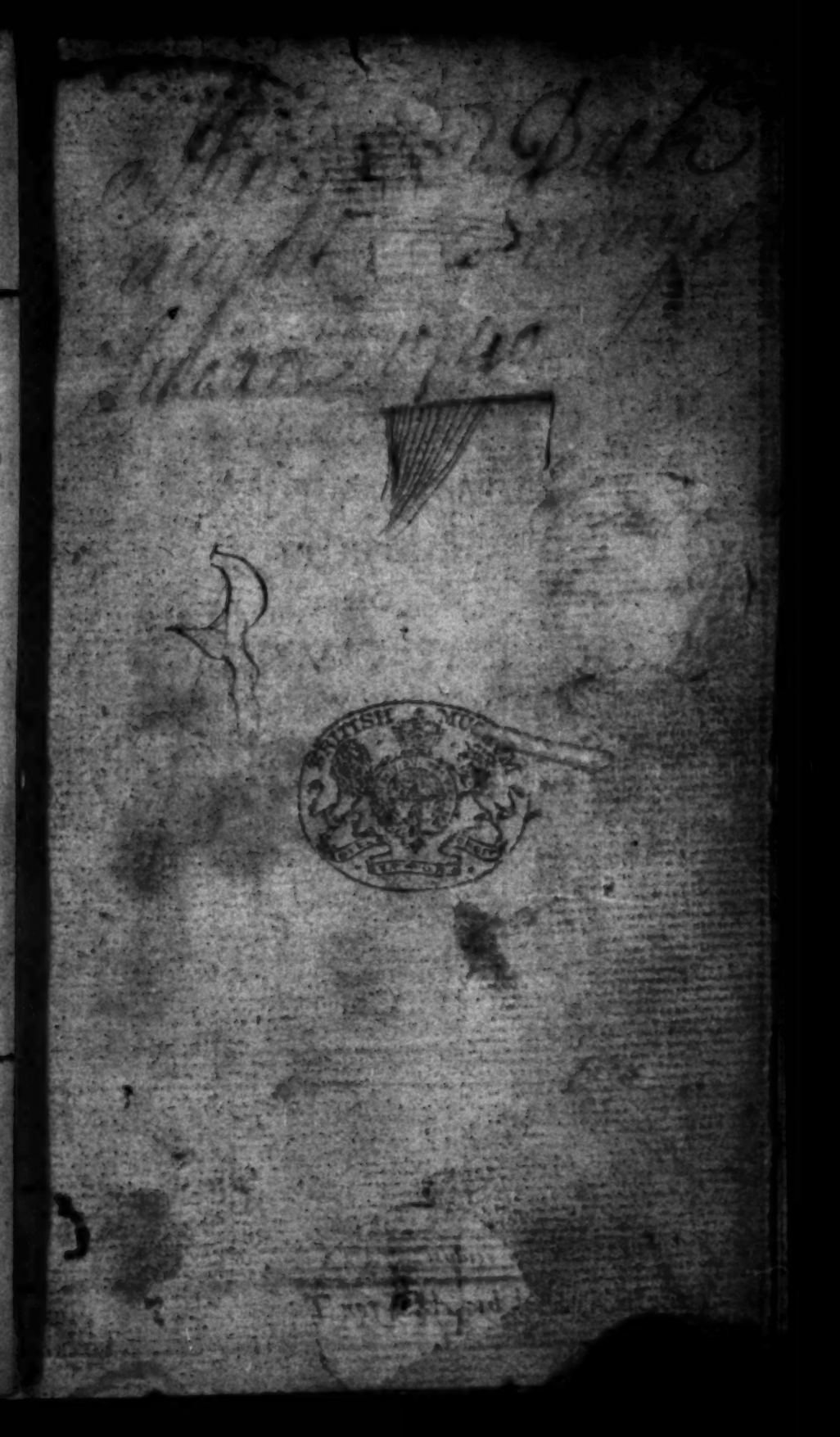
BRITISH MUS

Heu Nero crudelis, nullaq; inuisior umbra
Debuit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi. Mart.

LVCAN'S Pharsalia:

OR

THE CIVILL Warres of *Rome*, betweene POMPEY the great, and IVLIVS CÆSAR.

The whole ten Bookes

Englished by

Thomas May Esquire.

LONDON Printed by A.M. for Tho: Iones. 1635.

LVCANS

PHARSALIA:

OR, THE

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of ROME,

Between *Pompey* the great,

and *Iulius Cæsar*.

The whole Ten Bookes,

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The Third Edition, Corrected by the Author.

LONDON,

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LUCANS
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OR, THE
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BRITISH MUSEUM

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by the Author.

LONDON,
Printed by A. M. and are to be sold by Will.
Shrewsbery at his Shop, in Britains Burse,
and at the Kings Head. 1655.

TO THE RIGHT Honourable WILLIAM, Earle of *Devonshiere*, &c.

My Lord,

THe great subject of this stately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, have enboldned me to present the Translation (how meanely soever I have performed it) to your

Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high and rich conceits of *Lucan* from your deepe judgement shall finde their proper, and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor*, an easie, and gentle censure. The matter of this Worke is a true Historie adorned and heightned with *Poeticall raptures*, which doe not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth, but give it a more sweete and pleasant relish. The History of it is the greatest of Histo-

s, the affaires of *Rome*,
hose transcendent greatnes
ll admit no cõparison with
her *States* either before,
after it; *Rome* was then at
at great height, in which S.
ugustin wished to have seen
which after Ages almost
ith adoration have admi-
d, and do rather conjecture
en fully comprehend. The
ood of her valiant citizens,
d the conquests, and tri-
nphs of so many ages had
ised her now to that un-
ppy height, in which shee

could neither retaine her
freedom without great trou
bles, nor fall into a *Monarch*
but most heavy and distast
full. In one the greatnesse o
private Citizens excluded
moderation: in the other th
vast strength, and forces o
the Prince gaue him too ab
solute and vndetermined
power. The vices of *Rom*
did at this time not only grow
vp to their power, but over
throw it. *Luxury* and *Pride*
the wicked daughters of s
noble a Mother as the *Roma*

Virtue

irtue, beganne to consume
at which brought them
rth. These were the seeds
that faction, which rent
e State, and brought in vi-
ently a change of governe-
ent. The two heads of this
eat division (if wee may
rme *Pompey* the head of a
ction, & not rather the true
rvant of the publike State)
ere *Pompey* the great, and
ltus Cæsar, men of greater
minence then the former a-
es had seene any, whose
rosperous atchivements in
forraine

forreine wars had too far enabled them to ruine that ſtate, which before they ſerved. The Author of it was a noble Roman, rich in his minde as his large fortunes, of whoſe happy conceits, and high raptures I forbeare to diſpute, or any way anticipate your Lordſhips judgement. To whoſe noble cenſure I refer both the Author, and my poore endeavours, and ſhall ever reſt,

Your Lordſhips to command,

THO: MAY.

THE LIFE OF MARCVS ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

MARCVS *Annæus Lucanus* was by nation a Spaniard, and borne at *Corduba*. His fathers name was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, sonne to *Lucius Annæus Seneca* the Oratour, and brother to *Iulius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the Philosopher, *Nero's* Tutor. The two elder Brothers employed at *Rome* in state affaires (especially *Seneca*) arrived at the height both of dignity, and renowne. They were both Senatours, and by their worthy endeavours deserved not onely to bee powerfull in their owne times, but famous to all posterity. *Marcus Mela* the youngest brother content with that title, which his birth gave him, a *Romane* knight, and preferring the sweetnesse of a country life before the glorious trouble-

of

of a court employment, lived at home at his native *Corduba*; hee married *Caia Acilia* the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator, on whom hee begat *Marcus Annæus Lucanus* surnamed of his grandfather by the mothers side. *Annæus Mela*, though but a Roman Knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, and hee begate *Lucan*, no small addition to his greatnesse; a great Testimony of *Lucan's* worth from so judicious an authour as *Cornelius Tacitus*. He was borne at *Corduba*, the third of the Nones of *November* in the second Consulship of *Caius Cæsar Germanicus* with *Lucius Cæsianus*. When he was eight moneths old, his father brought him to *Rome*, to season his infancy (so soone as it might bee capable) with the choisest education in learning, and manners. At which time (if we may credit fame, and as was before reported of *Plato*) Bees swarmed about the childes cradle, and prest in clusters toward his mouth. A happy presage (as the learned interpreted it) of his future wit, and admired eloquence. His Tutors, and Schoolemasters were the most eminent, and famous men of those times, *Rhemnius Palæmon* the Grammarian, and *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician. By whose carefull instructions, as by his owne diligence, and admirable facility of naturall wit, he arrived in a short

a short time to an high perfection as well in the Greeke, as *Roman* language. Of all his schoolefellowes hee most used the friendship of *Saleius Bassus*, & *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. Hee marryed *Polla Argentaria* the daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a Noble, Rich, and learned Lady. Brought to the Court by his Vncle *Seneca*, he grew suddainly into great favour with *Nero* the Emperour. He was made Questor before the usuall time, and admitted into the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what vertue could long be safe in such a Court? the jealous tyrant being not able to brooke another mans praises; who amongst all his other cruelties, was most severe in depressing the fame of deserving Men. *Nero* therefore envying the Wit, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, suppresst his Works, and forbade him any more to recite Verses. Which indignity of all other most hard to bee endured (as witty *Martiall*,

Qui velit ingenio cedere rarus erit.)

Discontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Pisons* conspiracie. The conspiracie detected, *Lucan* by *Nero* was commanded to die, but liberty given him to choose his death. Who after a full feast, bad the Physitians cut his veines; and when he perceived through losse of blood his hands, and feete to waxe cold, and the vitall spirits forsaking the outward parts of his bo-

dy, with a minde, and looke undaunted hee recited these Verses of his owne in the third booke of his Pharsalia.

Scinditur avulsus, nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis cadit undique venis;
Discursusque animæ diversa in membra meantis
Interceptus aquis; nullius vita perempti
Est tanta dimissa via.

But others say he did not repeat these Verses, but those in the ninth Booke,

Sanguis erant lachrymæ: quæcunque foramina novit
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora redundant;
Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenus
Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere corpus.

These were his last words. Hee dyed the day before the Calends of May, in the seven and twentyeth yeare of his age, *Nerva Syllanus* and *Vestinius Atticus* being Consuls. He was buryed at Rome in his owne most faire, and sumptuous Gardens.

TO

To my choſen Friend,

The learned Tranſlator of LVCAN,

THOMAS MAY,

Eſquire.

WHen, Rome, I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And ſee both climing up the ſlippery ſtaire
Of Fortunes wheele by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line ſome pin thereof ſhould ſtacke
At leaſt, if not the generall Engine cracke.
But when againe I view the parts ſo peic'd,
And thoſe in number ſo, and meaſure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæſar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calme Brutus renor ſtart; but all along
Keepe due proportion in the ample ſong,
It makes me raviſh'd with juſt wonder, cry
What Muſe, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan theſe true moodes! replyes my ſenſe
What gods but thoſe of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, and Hermes? They whoſe tongue, or pen
Are ſtill th' interpreters twixt gods, and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucans whole frame unto us, and ſo wrought,
As not the ſmalleſt joynt, or gentleſt word
In the great maſſe, or machine there is ſtirr'd?
The ſelfe ſame Genius! ſo the Worke will ſay,
The Sunne tranſlated, or the Soune of May.

9

Your true friend in Iudgement
and Choiſe

BEN. IONSON.

Vpon this unæquall'd worke, and the Author.

ROme had beene ſtill my wonder: I had knowne
Lucan, in no expreſſion but his owne:
And had, as yet conjectur'd it, a wrong,
To have prais'd Cæſar in another tongue.
To bring fourth One, that could but underſtand,
I thought a pride too great, for any Land,
Yea, for Romes ſelfe. Who would be poſ'd to tell
How great ſhe was, when ſhe could write ſo well.
Till truth was neerer brought by thee: till I
Found Lucan Languag'd, like my infancy.
Till Rome was met in England in that State,
That was, at once, her greatneſſe, and her fate;
So, all to us diſcover'd, that nought's hid
Which either ſhe could ſpeake, or Cæſar did.
Beyond which, nothing can be done by thee,
Though thou hadſt more of Lucan, then we ſee
Reveal'd in this: wherein there is ſo much
Of miracle, that I, durſt doubt him, ſuch
As thou haſt rendred him. But that I know
Tis croſſe to be thy friend, and Lucans foe,
Whom thou haſt made ſo much thy ſelfe, that wee
May almoſt ſtrive about his Pedigree,
Since Rome, hath nothing left, to prooue him hers,
But the foule inſtance of his Murtherers,
So neatly haſt thou robb'd her of his name,
That ſhe can onely reskew't with a ſhame,
Which may ſhe doe: whilſt Nations reckon her
Lucan in all, except Romes infamy.

I. VAVGHA

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The first Booke.

The Argument of the first Booke.

The fatall causes of this warre are shewne,
Enraged Cæsar passes Rubicon,
Invades Ariminum, where to him from Rome
Curio, and both the banish'd Tribunes come
With new inticements to these civill Warres:
Cæsar's Oration to his Souldiers,
Bold Lælius protestation, which by all
The rest confirmed makes the Generall
Draw out from every part of France at once
His now dispers'd, and wintring Legions,
Romes feare, great Pompey with the Senate, flyes:
Heaven, ayre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies,
The Prophets thence, and learned Augures shew
The wrath of Heaven, and Romes ensuing woe.
Armes more then civill, Emathian Plaines
We sing, rage licens'd; where great Rome
disdaines
In her owne bowels her victorious sword
Where kindred hoasts encounter, all accords

Of Empire broke: where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the shaken world from farre
Is met; knowne Ensignes Ensignes doe defie,
Piles (a) against Piles, gainst Eagles Eagles fly.
What fury, Countreymen, what madnesse cou'd
Moove you to feast your foes with Roman bloud?
And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
Whilst yet proud Babylon unconquer'd held
The boasting trophæs of a Roman hoast,
And unrevenged wander'd *Crassus* (b) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you have tane,
With that blouds losse, which civill hands have drawne?
Yours had been *Titans* rising, yours his set,
The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heat,
And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas;
The Seres yours, the wild Araxes too,
And those that see Niles spring, if any doe.
Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
Thou love, when all the world is overcome,
Turne backe thy hand: thou didst not want a Foe.
But now that walles of halfe fall'n houses so
Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
Of ruin'd walles, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
That untill'd Italy's with weeds orespread,
And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
Nor thou fierce *Pyrrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
This waste have made; no sword could reach so farre,
Deepe pierce the wounds receiv'd in civill warre.
But if no other way to Nerues reigne
The Fates could find, if gods their Crownes obtaine
At such deare rates, and Heav'n could not obey
Her *Iove*, but after the sterne Gyants fray;
Now we complaine not, gods, mischiefe and warre
Pleasing to us, since so rewarded, are;

Let dire *Pharsalia* grone with armed Hoasts,
And glut with bloud the Carthaginian Ghosts;
With these let *Munda's* (c) fatall Battle goe,
Mutina's (d) Siedge, *Perusia's* (e) famine too:
To these add *Actium's* (f) bloody Navall fight,
And neere Sicilia (g) *Sextus* slavish Fleete.
Yet much owes Rome to civill enmity
For making thee our Prince; when thou the sky,
Though late, shalt clime, and change thine earthly reigne,
Heaven, as much grac'd, with joy shall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whether thou wouldst put on
Ioves Crowne, or ride in *Phœbus* burning Throne,
(Earth will not feare the change) thence maist thou shine
Downe on thy World; to thee all powers divine
Will yield, and nature to thy choise will give
What god to be, or where in Heaven to live.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not regine,
Nor crosse the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou shouldst Rome behold,
If all thy weight one part of Heaven should hold,
The Honour'd loade would bowe Heavens Axletree;
Hold thou the middle of the poyzed Sky:
Let all the ayre betweene transparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt us and *Cæsar* fly.
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and strife,
And every Nation love a peacefull life:
Let peace through all the world in this blest state
Once more shut warre-like *Ianus* Iron gate.
Oh be my god! If thou this breast inspire,
Phœbus from Cirrhaes shades I'll not desire,
Nor Nysa's *Bacchus*, *Cæsar* can infuse
Vertue enough into a Roman muse.
The cause of these great actions I'le declare,
And ope a mighty worke, what drew to warre
Our furious People and the World beside.
Fates envious course, continuance still deny'd

To mighty States, who greateſt falls ſtill feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare.
So when the knot of Nature is diſſolv'd,
And the worlds Ages in one houre involv'd
In their old Chaos, Seas with Skies ſhall joyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded loſe their ſhine:
The Earth no longer ſhall extend her ſhore
To keepe the Ocean out; the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but ſcorning her old way
Croſſe him, and claime the guidance of the day:
The falling worlds now jarring frame no peace,
No league ſhall hold; great things themſelves oppreſſe;
The gods this bound to growing ſtates have ſet;
But to no Forraine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne envie ore great Rome, that awes
Both Land and Sea; ſhee's her owne ruines cauſe.
Subjected joyntly to three (*b*) Lords, how ill
Prove ſhared rules accords, and fatall, ſtill?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th'happineſſe
To mixe your powres, and joyntly th'earth poſſeſſe?
Whilſt Land the Sea, and Ayre the Land ſhall bound,
Whilſt labouring *Titan* runnes his glorious round,
And through twelve heavenly ſignes night follows day
No faith keepe thoſe that kingdomes joyntly ſway;
Rule brookes no ſharers; doe not this believe
In forraine ſtates, Rome can examples give.
A brothers blood did our firſt walls diſtaine;
Nor was the ſpacious earth and watry maine
This miſchiefes price: a refuge for theeves fled,
A little houſe this brothers hatred bred.
This jarring concord laſted for a ſpace
Diſſembled twixt the two: for *Craſſus* was
The wartes ſole lee; like that ſmall necke of land,
That in the middſt of two great Seas does ſtand,
And will not let them joyne; that tane away,
Straight the Ionian meets th'Ægæan Sea:

So when warre-parting *Crassus* sadly slaine
With Romane blood did Asian Charan staine,
That Parthian losse to home-bred rage gave reines;
More then you thinke you did fierce Parthians
That day: our civill warre your conquest wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the sword is sought.
That State, that mistresse ore the World did reigne,
Rul'd Land and Sea, yet could not two containe.
For *Iulia's* (t) death, whom cruell Fates before
Had slaine, the pledge of their alliance bore,
Downe to her grave, if Fate had spar'd her life,
Her furious husband, and sterne fathers strife
He had compos'd, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swords, and joyne in friendships bands:
As once the Sabin women enterpos'd
Their sires and husbands bloody jarres compos'd.
Thy death, faire *Iulia*, breakes off all accords,
And gives them leave againe to draw their swords:
On both sides powerfull æmulation beares
On their ambitious spirits. Great *Pompey* feares
That his piraticke Laurell should give place
To conquer'd France, and *Cæsars* deeds deface
His ancient triumphs; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place;
For now can *Cæsar* a superior brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere; who justlier tooke
Up armes great Iudges differ, heaven approves
The conquering cause; the conquer'd *Cato* loves.
For were they æquall; one in yeares was growne,
And long accustom'd to a peacefull gowne
Had now forgot the Souldier: Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much sought
For popular praise: his Theaters loud shoue
Was his delight; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.

Vide fo c

As an old lofty Oake, that heretofore
Great Conquerers ſpoyles, and ſacred Trophæs bore,
Stands ſtinne by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the ayre his naked boughes does ſpread,
And with his trunke, not leaues, a ſhaddow makes:
He, though each blaſt of Eaſterne winde him ſhakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd; but in *Cæſar* now
Remaines not onely a great Generalls name,
But reſtleſſe valour, and in warre a ſhame
Not to be Conquerour; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call
His forward Sword; confident of ſucceſſe,
And bold the favour of the gods to preſſe:
Orethrowing all that his ambition ſtay,
And loves that ruine ſhould enforce his way;
As lightning by the wind forc'd from a cloud
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loud,
Diſturbes the Day, the people terrifyes,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Ioves* owne Temple ſpares it; when no force,
No barre can hinder his prevailing courſe,
Great waſte, as foorth it ſallyes and retires,
It makes, and gathers his diſperſed fires.

Theſe cauſes moov'd the Cheifes, and ſuch as are
In mighty ſtates the common ſeeds of warres
For ſince our Cheſts the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full, and vertue did to riches yield;
Since ſpoiles and warre like rapine taught us ryot;
Exceſſe, in Plate, in buildings reignes; the dyet
Of former times we ſcorne; that ſoft attire,
That Women were aſham'd of, Men deſire;
Strength-breeding poverty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the ſpoyled world is ſought
The bane of States; thoſe Lands encreas'd they hold
In th' hands of unknowne Tenants, which of old

Camillus

Camillus plow-share wounded, and the hands
Of th'ancient Curij till'd; the slave now stands,
Not as of old, when men from avarice free
Could live in peace, and wisht but liberty.
Hence quarrels grow; what poverty esteem'd
A vild offence: now's greatest honour derm'd,
By Sword our Countries power in curbe to hold:
Might measures right: Lawes and decrees are sold;
Consuls and Tribunes jarres all right suppresse;
Fasces are bought, the peoples suffrages
Corruptly sought, and given; hence bloody jarres
Oft staine elections in the field of Mars:
So griping Vsury growes, so faith is lost,
And civill warre, as gainefull, sought by most.
By this time Cæsar the cold Alpes orepast
In his great thoughts the future warre had cast,
And now to Rubicon's small current come
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With count'nance sad through dusky night appeares:
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haires
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd, when she
Thus sighing speakes; oh whither carry yee
My Ensignes, Souldiers? If you come as friends,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (C)
A sudden feare straight chilles the Generals veines,
His haire's with horrour rais'd, faintnesse detaines
His steps upon the banke; then thus he prayes:
Thou, Iove, whose eye these Citie walls surveyes
From thy Tarpeian hill: You Deities
Of Troy, and Romulus hid mysteries,
Thou Latian Iove worshipt on th'Alban mount,
You Vestall fires, and Rome, whom I accounte
My greatest God, blesse this attempt; not thee
Doe I invade: Conqueror by land and sea
Thy Cæsar comes, thy Souldier still: Be hope,
He in the fault, that caus'd this enmity.

Then brooking no delay, the ſtreame ſhowre-ſwell'd
He marches ore; ſo in a Lybian field
A Lion viewing his ſterne foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtfull ſtand:
But ſtraight when his Tailes ſwindge has made him hot,
And rais'd his ſhaggy Mane, from his wide throat
He roares; then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft have pierc'd his ſide, void of all feare,
Regardleſſe of that wound he ruſhes on.
Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a ſmall Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley does divide
Gallia from Italy, now Winter lent
Him ſtrength, and *Cynthia* her full hornes had ſpent
In ſhowres to raiſe his flood, and melted ſnow
The moiſt Eaſt-wind made downe the Alpes to flow.
The Horſe-men firſt are plac'd againſt the ſtreame,
To take the waters fury: under them
The Foote-men ſhelter'd found a paſſage ore
More calme, the current being broke before.
But now when *Cæſar* had ore-come the flood,
And *Italy's* forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leave, quoth he;
Farewell all Leagues: Fortune Ile follow thee.
No more wee'l truſt: Warre ſhall determine all.
This ſaid, by Night the active Generall
Swifter then Parthian back-ſhot ſhaft, or ſtone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum; when every ſtar
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd, that firſt theſe broiles ſhould ſee,
Either the moiſt South-winds, or Heavens decree
With pitchy Clouds darkened the fatall day;
When now the Souldiers by command made ſtay
I'th'Market place, ſhrill trumpets flouriſht round,
And the hoarſe Hornes wicked alarums ſound.

ith this sad noise the Peoples rest was broke,
e young men rose, and from the Temples tooke
eir Armes, now such as a long peace had matr'd,
nd their old bucklers now of leather's barr'd:
eir blunted Pikes not of a long time us'd,
nd Swords with th'earings of blacke rust abus'd.
The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
nd *Cæsar* in the midd'st high mounted seene,
e townesmens trembling joynts for horror faint,
nd to themselves they make this sad complaint:
h ill built Citie too too neere the Gaule,
h sadly situated place; when all
e world have peace, we are the spoyle of warre,
nd first that are invaded: happier farre
ight we have liv'd in farthest North, or East,
r wandring tents of Scythia, then possest
e edge of Italy. This towne of ours
rst felt the furious Gaules, and Cimbrian powers,
ither the Lybians first, and Germans come,
his is warres way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
hus silently they mourne, and durst not lend
eir griefe a word, not teares in publicke spend,
s Birds by winters raging cold are still'd,
nd the mid-ocean does no murmur yeild.
ut when bright day dissolv'd the dampes of night,
e Fates new fire-brands bring, and stirre to fight
esars yet doubting mind, leaving no pause
o shame, but fortune findes him out a Cause
f armes, and labours to make just his warre.
e factious Tribunes by the Senate are
gainst their sacred privilege exil'de,
nd by the *Gracchi's* (*l*) factious names revil'de.
ese now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
ith them bold *Curio's* (*m*) mercenary tongue:
at tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
ainst armed great ones for the publike good.

Hee

Hee when he ſaw the Generall muſing, ſaid,
While this my voice, *Cæſar*, thy cauſe could aide,
Wee did prorogue, though gainſt the Senate's will,
Thy government, while Oratories skill
Could turne the wavering Peoples hearts to thee;
But ſince by warres rough hand Lawes ſilenc'd be,
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it ſuſtaine
To be endeniz'd by thy Sword againe,
Whilſt their yet ſtrengthleſſe ſide is onely ſcar'd,
Vſe no delay: delay hurts men prepar'd.
A greater price on equall danger here
Is ſet; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeare
Thou haſt conſum'd, but here, one field well fought,
Rome has the world to thy ſubjection brought.
Now thy returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites: no Bayes for thee
Shall decke the Capitoll; baſe envies hands
Keepe backe thy due; conqueſt of warlike Lands
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: nor canſt thou now divide
The world; the world thou maiſt poſſeſſe alone.
This ſpeech gave fire to *Cæſar* too too prone
Before to warre; ſo peoples ſhours raiſe more
A fierce Olympicke Steed ſtriving before
To force the Liſts, and breake th'oppoſing bars.
Straight to the Standard all his Souldiers
Cæſar aſſembling, 'middſt their murmuring noiſe
Commands a ſilence with his hand and voice.
Fellowes in Armes, that have endur'd with me
A thouſand ſtormes in ten yeares victory,
Have our ſpent bloods in northern Climes deſerv'd
This, all our wounds, ſo many winters ſerv'd
Vnder the Alpes? not more proviſion Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hanniball* had come
Over the Alpes: Cohorts they reinforce;
Forreſts are fell'd for Shipping; all the force

Of Land and Sea is arm'd gainſt *Ceſar* now.
What more (had wee beene vanquiſht) would they do?
If the fierce Gaules our flying backs purſu'd,
Dar't dare now wrong us; when our warres conclude
Succesfully, and friendly Gods us call?
Let the long peace-infeebled Generall
His gownes, and new rais'd Souldiers bring along;
Vaine names the *Catoes*, and *Marcellus* tongue.
Muſt he with Forreigne, and bought clients be
Guarded with ſtill continuing Soveraigntie?
Can he triumphant Chariots mount before
The Yeares appointed, (*x*) and let go no more
Honours (*o*) uſurp't? why ſhould I now complaine
Of the lawes breach, and famine (*p*) made for gaine?
The affrighted *forum* (*q*) with arm'd men beſet,
Drawne Swords inironing the Iudgment ſeat,
When 'gainſt all lavv, *Milo* for murder try'd
Pompey's proud Colours clos'd on every ſide?
Now left his age, though tir'd, a private ſtate
Should end, by impious civill warre his hate
Hee ſeekes to glut, ſcorning but to excell
His maſter *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell, (blood
Whom their fierce Damme with ſlaughtred Cattels
Was wont to nouriſh in th'Hyrcanian wood,
Here loſe their fury: ſo thou *Pompey* us'd
To lick the blood that *Sylla's* ſvvords effus'd
Gain'ſt thy former thirſt; never againe
Grow thoſe jawes pure, that blood did once diſtaine.
When wilt thou end thy too long tyranny,
Where bound thy (*r*) guilt? in this at leaſt to thee
A patterne let thy Maſter *Sylla* be
To leave off ſuch uſurped Soveraigntie.
After the Pirates, and tyr'd Pontick King,
Whoſe war to end ſcarce Poiſons (*s*) helpe could bring,
Muſt *Ceſar's* fall *Pompey's* laſt triumph make,
Becauſe commanded I did not forſake

My

My conquering Army? but if I be barr'd
My labours meede, let these have the reward
Of their long service; let these Souldiers all
Triumph, though under any Generall.
Where shall their bloodlesse age after the Warre
Find rest? what lands shall my old Souldiers share?
Where shall they plow? where shall their Citie stand?
Are Pirates, (t) *Pompey*, worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away,
The strength that we have made, wee must imploy.
He gives the strongest all things, that denies
His due; nor want wee ayding Deities.
Nor spoile those armes doe seeke, nor Soveraignty:
But to free Rome, though bent to slavery.
Thus spake he: the yet doubting Souldiers
Vncertaine murmurs raise: though fierce with wars
Long use, their household gods their minds gan move,
And piety: but straight the swords dire love
And feare of *Cæsar* turn'd them backe againe.
Lelius the first Files leading did obtaine:
For saving of a Roman Souldier
Oake-crown'd, and freed from duties of the warre.
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Souldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieves us all
That such long patience kept thee from so just
A war: or didst thou not thine army trust?
While blood of life these breathing bodys warmes,
While brandish'd Darts fly from these agile armes,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates reigne endure?
In civill war is Conquest so impure?
Lead us through Libyas gulfes, cold Scythian land,
Lead us ore thirsty Affrickes scorched sand.
This arme the conquer'd world behind to leave
Has plow'd the British Oceans curled wave,
And broke the Rhines swift current; thy command
To doe, my will's as ready as my hand.

's not my friend, gainſt whom thy trumpets ſound,
heſe thy Colours, which ten Camps have found
victorious, *Cæſar*, here I ſweare,
by thy triumphs, ore what foe ſoe're,
hou command me ſpill my brothers life,
ll my old Father, or my pregnant wife,
do't though with a moſt unwilling hand;
e Temples, rob the gods at thy command.
eat *Iunoes* Temple in our flames ſhall ſinke:
o encampe on Tuſcan Tybers brinke,
boldly pitch in Italy thy tent.
o diſmantle townes be thy intent,
heſe armes of mine the battering Rams ſhall place,
though the citie thou wouldſt quite deface,
ere Rome it ſelfe. The Souldiers all agree,
d promiſe him their lifted hands on high
any war. Their ſhout not that can paſſe,
hich the loud blaſt of Thracian *Boreas*
piny Oſſa makes, and bowes amaine
e ratling wood, or lets it riſe againe.
Cæſar perceiving that the Fates gave way
warre, and his men prone, fearing delay,
troopes through France diſpierc'd ſtraight calling
th flying Colours marches on to Rome. (home
ey leave their tents pitcht by Lemanus (*u*) Lake,
d thoſe on Vogeſus high Rocks forſake,
hich aw'd the painted Lingones ſo ſtrong,
ra's Fords they leave, that runne ſo long
one; but in a River of more fame
lling to'th Ocean beares another name.
he yellow Ruthens eas'd of their long feare:
ild Arax joyes no Roman ſhips to beare:
nd Varus Italies increaſed bound.
hat haven *Alelas* conſecrated ground
ith Cliffes orelookes the Sea; no Northweſt wind,
or Weſt blow there: *Circius* their proper wind

Reignes

Reignes there, where safe *Alcides* fort does stand,
And that still doubtfull coast, that Sea and Land
Challenge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but Sea at every flow.
Whether the wind strong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, too and fro doe roule
The Sea: or that the Moone his course doe guide:
Or burning *Titan* moist food to provide
Attracting life the Ocean to the skie,
Seeke you that labour for such skill: for mee
What ere thou be that cause this ebbe and flow,
Be still conceal'd; since heaven will have it so.
They march away that *Nemossus* did hold,
And Adors banks, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crookt shore the sea that gently flowes.
The Santoni rejoyce now free'd from foes:
Leuci and Rhemi, Archers good, with these
Bituriges, and Speare-arm'd Suessones;
The dwellers neere Sequana skilfull riders;
The Belgæ hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders,
Sprung from the Trojan blood the Hedui,
That durst claime brotherhood of Italy;
Rebellious Nervians (x) stain'd with Cotta's fate;
And they that in loose Mantles imitate
Sarmatia; fierce Batavians whom to warre
Crookt trumpets call; those that neere Cinga are;
Where Araris with Rhodanus now met
Runs joyn'd into the Sea; the men whose seate
Is on Gebenna mount cover'd with snow.
The Pictones now free their fields can plow.
The fickle Turones are not restrain'd
By garrison; the Andian now disdain'd
To pine in Medux's thick fogges: but goes
For pleasure, where delightfull Liger flowes.
Faire Genabos is freed from garrison;
Treyer is glad the warre from thence is gone:

Ligures now shorne, once, like the rest,
hair'd, of all the unshorne Gaules the best:
where with offrings stayn'd in humane blood
es and *Mars* their cruell Altars stood,
Iove's that vile as Scythian Dian's are.
n you that valiant soules, and slaine in warre
celebrate with praise, that never dyes,
Bards securely sung your Elegyes.
Druides now freed from warre maintaine
Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe.
what heaven is, and gods alone can tell,
lse alone are ignorant; you dwell
st, and desart woods: you teach no spirit
oes pale kingdome can by death inherit:
y in another world informe againe.
middst twixt long lives (if you truth maintaine)
ath. But those wild people happy are,
is their errour, whom feare greatest farre
ll feares injures not, the feare of death;
nce are they prone to warre: nor losse of breath
eme: nor spare a life that comes againe.
y that the hair'd Cayci did conteine
eir obedience, marching now to Rome, (come.
n Rhines rude bankes, and new found countrey
hen *Cæsars* now collected strength had bred
e lofty hopes, through Italy he spread
troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities seiz'd,
n idle rumours their true feares increas'd,
pierc'd the peoples hearts; swift fame gan shove
warres approach, and their ensuing woe.
n every tongue a false alarum yields:
e dare report that on the pasture fields
aire Mevania is the warre begunne,
bloody *Cæsars* barbarous Cohorts runne
ere Vmbrian Nar does into Tyber flow:
t all his Eagles, and joyn'd Standards now

With a vast strength make furious approach:
Nor doe they now suppose him to be such,
As once they saw him: fiercer farre than so
They thinke, and savadge as his conquer'd foe:
That all th'inhabitants twixt th'Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northern clime
Follow: and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By barbarous hands shall fall; thus every one
By feare gives strength to Fame: no author known
They feare what they suppose: but not alone
The people does this vaine surmise deceive:
The Senate shakes: th'affrighted Fathers leave
Their seats: and flying to the Consuls give
Directions for the war; where safe to lye,
What place t'avoid they know not: whither ere
Their sudden wits directs their steps, they beare
Th'amazed people forth in troopes: whom nought
So long had stirr'd: a man would then have thought
The citie fir'd, or th'houses sudden fall
By earthquake threatned, the mad people all
With hasty steps so unadvised run,
As if no way at all were left to shun
Their imminent, and feard destruction,
But to forsake their habitation:
As when rough Seas by stormy *Auster* blowne
From Libia's Sands, have broke the maine mast down
Master and Mariners their Ship forsake
Not torne as yet, leape into th'Sea, and make
Themselves a Shipwracke: so from home doe they
Fly into warre: no Sire, his Sort can stay,
No weeping wife her Husband can perswade:
No nor their houshold gods, till they have made
Vowes for their safety: none an eye dares cast
Back on lou'd Rome, although perhaps his last,
Irrevocably doe the people fly.
You gods that easily give prosperity,

t not maintaine it, that great City fill'd
ith native soules, and conquer'd; that would yield
nkind a dwelling, is abandon'd now
a easie prey to *Cæsar*: when a foe
girts our Souldiers in a forreigne Land,
e little trench nights danger can withstand;
sudden worke rais'd out of earth endures
he foes assault; th'encamped's sleepe secures.
hou Rome, a warre but noys'd, art left by all,
ot one nights safety trusted to thy wall.
t pardon their amaze; when *Pompey* flyes,
s time to feare. Then left their hearts should rise
ith hope of future good, sad augury bodes
worse ensuing fate: the threatning gods
ll heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies.
heard-of Starres by night possesse the skies:
aven seemes to flame, and through the Welkin fire
likely flyes: state-changing comets dire
splay to us their blood portending haire:
ceitfull lightnings flash in clearest ayre.
ange formed Meteors the thick ayre had bred
e Iavelins long, like lampes more broadly spread.
htning without one crack of thunder brings
m the cold North his winged fires, and flings
em 'gainst our Capitoll: small starres, that use
ely by night their lustre to diffuse,
w shine in middst of day: *Cynthia* bright
her full orbe, like *Phabus*, at the sight
earths black shades eclipses: *Titan* hides
hen mounted in the middst of heaven he rides)
clouds his burning Chariot, to enfold
e world in darkenesse quite: day to behold
Nation hopes: as once backe to the East
fled at sight of sad *Thyestes* feast.
ce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian Ætna's throat,
to the sky her flames she belches not,

But on th'Italian shore oblikely flings,
Bloud from her botome black Charybdis brings:
Sadlier barke *Scythes* dogs then they were wont:
The Vestall fire goes out: on th'Alban mount
Ioves sacrificing fire it selfe divides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
Like the two Theban Princes funerall fires. (spire
Earth ope her threatning jawes: th'Alpes nodding
Shake off their snow: *Theris* does higher now
Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
The native gods did weepe: Romes certaine thrall
The Lares sweating shew'd: the offrings fall
Downe in the Temples: and (as we have heard)
Nights fatall Birds in middst of day appear'd:
Wild Beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with mens articulate voice their mone;
Births monstrous both in limmes proportion,
And number; mothers their owne infants fear'd:
Sibylla's fatall lines were sung and heard
Among the people: and with bloody armes
Cybel's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their charmes,
I'th'peoples eares howling a balefull mone:
And Ghosts from out their quiet urnes did grone.
Clashing of armour, and loud shouts they heare
In desert groves, and threatning Ghosts appeare.
The dwellers neere without the City wall
Fled: fierce *Erinys* had encompast all
The towne, her snaky haires, and burning brand
Shaking: as when she rul'd *Agave's* hand,
Or the selfe-maim'd *Lycurgus*: such was she,
Who once, when sent by *Iuno's* cruelty,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell) did fright.
Shrill trumpets sounded, dismall ayres of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yield,
Did then present: in middst of *Mars* his field

Rose

oſe *Sylla's* Ghoſt, and woes enſuing told:
lowmen neere Aniens ſtreames *Marius* behold
ſe from his ſepulcher, and fly appall'd.
or theſe things were the Tuſcan Prophets call'd
s cuſtome was: the ſageſt of them all
welt in Etrurian *Luna's* deſert wall.
runs, that lightnings motion underſtands,
irds flight, and entrailes op't; he firſt commands
hoſe monſtrous births, that from no ſeed did come,
ut horrid iſſues of a barren wombe
o be conſum'd in fire: then all the towne
o be incompaſt in proceſſion:
h'high Prieſts (whoſe charge it is) he next doth urge
he City walls with hallowed rites to purge
hrough their whole circuit: following after theſe
h'inferiour Prieſts attir'd Gabinian wiſe:
he Veſtall Maides with their vail'd Siſter come,
hat onely may ſee Troy's Palladium:
hen thoſe that *Sibyll's* ſecret verſes keepe,
nd *Cybell* yearly in ſtill Almon ſteepe:
ptemviri that governe ſacred Feaſts;
he learned Augurs, and *Apolloes* Prieſts:
he noble *Flamen*, Salius that beares
n his glad neck the target of great *Mars*.
hilſt they the towne compaſſe in winding tracts,
runs the Lightnings diſpers'd fire collects,
nd into th'earth with a ſad murmure flings:
hen names the places, and to th'Altar brings
choſen Bull: then wine betwixt his hornes
powres, and ſprinkles ore with Salt and Corne
s knife: the Bull impatient long denies
mſelfe to ſo abhorr'd a Sacrifice:
t by the girded Sacrificers ſtrength
nging upon his hornes, orecome at length
nding his knees holds forth his conquer'd neck;
or did pure blood come out, but poyſon black.

Instead of blood, from the wound open'd flyes.
Arruns grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
And the gods wrath he in the Entrailes seekes,
Whose colour scar'd him: pale they were with streakes
Of blew: th'infected blood congealed showes
(Sprinkled with different paleness) various.
The liver putrifi'd, on th'hostile side
Were threatning veines; the lungs their fillets hide;
A narrow line divides the vitall parts;
The heart lyes still, and corrupt matter starts
Through gaping clefts: no part oth'caule is hid:
And that which never without danger did
Appeare, on th'entrailes was a double head,
One head was sicke, feeble, and languished:
The other quicke his pulses nimbly beates.
By this when he perceiv'd what woe the Fates
Prepar'd, he cry'd aloud, all that you doe
O gods, I must not to the People show;
Nor with this hapless sacrifice can I
Great *Iupiter* thy anger pacifie:
The black infernall Deities appeare
In th'entrailes: woes unspeakable we feare,
But greater will ensue: you gods lend ayde,
And let no credit to our Art be had,
But counted *Tages* fiction: thus with long
Ambages darkly the old Tuscan sung.
But *Figulus*, whose care it was aright
To know the gods and heavens; to whom for sight
Of Planets, and the motion of each Starre,
Not great Ægyptian *Memphis* might compare,
Either no lawes direct the world, quoth he,
And all the starres doe move uncertainly;
Or if Fates rule, a swift destruction
Threatens mankind, and th'earth; shall Cities downe
By earthquakes swallow'd be? intemperately
Shall ayre grow hot? false earth her seeds deny?

Or ſhall the waters poyſon'd be? what kinde
Of ruine is it, gods, what miſchiefes finde
Your cruelties? many dire aſpects meete;
If *Saturne* cold in midſt of heaven ſhould ſit,
Aquarius would *Deucations* flood have bred,
And all the earth with waters overſpred;
If *Sol* ſhould mount the Nemean Lions backe,
In flames would all the worlds whole fabrick cracke,
And all the ſky with *Sol's* burnt chariot blaze.
Theſe aſpects ceaſe; but thou that burnſt the clawes,
And fir'ſt the tayle of threatning Scorpion,
What great thing breedſt thou *Mars*? milde *Iove* goes (downe
Oppreſſed in his fall, and in the ſkyes
The wholeſome ſtarre of *Venus* dulled is;
Mercurie loſes his ſwift motion,
And fiery *Mars* rules in the ſky alone.
Why doe the ſtarres their courſe forſaking, glide
Obſcurely through the ayre? why does the ſide
Of ſword-bearing *Orion* ſhine too bright?
Warres rage is threatned; the ſword's power all right
Confounds by force: impietie ſhall beare
The name of Virtue, and for many a yeare
This fury laſts; it boots us not to crave
A peace: with peace a maſter we ſhall have.
Draw out the ſeries of thy miſery,
O Rome, to longer yeares, now onely free
From civill warre. Theſe prodigies did ſcare
The multitude enough; but greater farre
Enſue: as on the top of Pindus mount
The Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
To rave; ſo now a Matron ran poſſeſt
By *Phœbus* urging her inſpired breaſt.
Where am I carried now? where leav'ſt thou me,
Poem, already rapt above the Sky?
Pangæa's ſnowy top, Philippi plaines
I ſee: ſpeake, *Phœbus*, what this fury meanes:

What swords, what hands shall in Romes battels meet,
What warres without a foe? oh whither yet
Am I distracted? to that Easterne land,
Where *Nile* discolours the blew Ocean:
There, there alas I know what man it is,
That on *Nile's* banke a trunke deformed lies.
Ore Syrtes sands, ore scorched Libya,
Whither the reliques of Pharsalia
Erinnys carri'd; ore th' Alpes cloudy hill,
And high Pyrene am I carried still.
Then backe againe to Rome, where impious,
And fatall warre defiles the Senate house.
The Factions rise againe; againe I goe
Ore all the world; shew me new Kingdomes now,
New Seas; *Philippi* I have seene; this spoke
The furious fit her wearied breast forsooke.

FINIS Libri primi.

Annotations on the first BOOKE.

(a) *Romane Darts or Iavelins which their Foot-men used, about five foot long. If any man quarrell at the word* Pile, *as thinking it scarce English, I desire them to give a better word. For Dart or Iavelin is a word too generall, and cannot intimate a civill warre: for darts had fought against darts, though a Romane Army had fought against barbarous, and forreigne Nations. Lat.* Pilum *was a peculiar name to the Roman darts, and so meant by* Lucan, *which if any deny, let him read these Verses in the seventh booke of our Author:*

——scelus is sed crimine nullo
Externam maculant Chalybem, stetit omne coactum
Circà pila nefas.——.

(b) Marcus Crassus *a great, and rich Roman, ruling*

the Province of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the Parthian warre, and was there defeated, and slaine, together with his sonne, and his whole Army, by Surena the Kings Generall.

(c) Neere Munda a Citie in Spaine, the two Sonnes of Pompey were overcome by Iulius Cæsar. Cneius was slaine, and Sextus fled, thirty thousand Pompeians were there slaine: insomuch that Cæsar to besiedge the conquered, made a countermure of dead carkasses.

(d) Antonius besiedged D. Brutus in Mutina a citie of Gallia Cisalpina: in raising which siedge, both the Consuls, Hircius and Pansa were slaine: but Augustus afterwards raised it.

(e) Perusia a Citie in Thuscia, whither Lucius Antonius had fled, was by Augustus forced to yeeld through Famine.

(f) Where Augustus in a Sea fight vanquished Antonius and Cleopatra.

(g) A fight on the Sicilian Sea, where Sextus Pompeius had armed Slaves and bondmen against Augustus, by whom hee was there defeated.

(h) These three were Crassus, Cæsar, and Pompey; who all excelling in wealth, dignity, fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in affinity, entred into such a league, that nothing should bee done in the Common wealth; that displeased themselves, dividing among themselves, Provinces, and Armies. Pompey by his Lieutenants governed Spaine and Affrica; Cæsar had his government over all Gallia prorogued for another five yeares; Crassus governed all Syria.

(i) Iulia a vertuous Roman Lady daughter to Cæsar, and wife to Pompey the great; who died untimely for the Common-wealth, since her life might have preserved peace betweene her husband and her father.

(k) Besides Rubicon was a pillar raised up, and upon it a Decree of the Senate engraven, that it should not bee

lawfull for any to come armed homeward beyond that place.

(l) Quintus Cassius and Marcus Antonius Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalfe of Cæsar, were commanded out of the Court by the two Consuls, Marcellus and Lentulus, who upbraided them with the sedition of the Gracchi, and threatned the same end to them unlesse they departed, the Tribunes escaping out of the Citie by night, in poore and base attire, fled to Cæsar, and with them Curio.

(m) This Curio had lately beene Tribune of the people, and a great enemy to Cæsar; he was beloved by the Vulgar, and an excellent speaker, but being much in debt, Cæsar relieved him, and made him of his faction.

(n) The lawfull age to triumph in was thirtie yeares old; but Pompey the great had triumphed over Hiarbas King of Numidia, when hee was but foure and twentie yeares old.

(o) The prætorship Pompey, without voyces, tooke to himselfe, being twenty three yeares old; hee was Consull alone, and had held other Honours contrary to Custome.

(p) Pompey the Great, that hee might bee chosen at Rome Overseer for Corne, tooke a course that none should bee brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the Citie endured Famine: upon which Clodius could say, The Law was not made for the Famine, but a Famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might bee made.

(q) When Milo was arraigned for Clodius death, Pompey to suppresse the tumult of the people, environed the Iudgement place with armed men, a thing unlawfull to doe.

(r) Sylla 60. yeares old gave over his Dictatorship, and lived privately at Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates King of Pontus warred with the Romans fortie yeares; hee was weakened, and received overthrowes from Sylla and Lucullus, and conquered by Pompey,

ey, being beſieged in a towne by his ſonne Pharnaces, hee uld not poyſon himſelfe, having much uſed Antidotes, but ll upon his ſword, and dyed.

(t) Pompey the great had made a Colony of Cicilian irats, whom he had vanquiſhed.

(v) Lac de Lorange; thoſe ſeverall Townes and Coun-ies of France, where Cæſars Armie lay in Garriſon, and om whence they were now drawne, are heere ſet downe by eir old names; and this little volume will not afford roome far to enlarge my Annotations, as to ſet downe the names they are now called, being all changed.

(x) The moſt fierce people of the Belgians, where Tetu-us Sabinus, and Arunculus Cotta, two of Cæſars Lieu-nants, with five Cohorts were entrapped, and ſlaine by aud of Ambiotix.

LVCANS

LUCANUS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Second Booke.

The Argument.

The Author complaines that future fates are knowne,
The sorrow of affrighted Rome is showne.
An old man cals to mind the civill crimes
Of Marius, and Sylla's bloody times.
Brutus with Cato does conferre; to whom
Chaste Martia come from dead Hortensius Toombe
Againe is married in a funerall dresse.
Pompey to Capua flies. What Fortresses
Cæsar are surpriz'd; who without fight,
Puts Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus to flight,
And takes Domitius at Corfinium.
Pompey's Oration. From Brundusium
He sends his eldest Sonne to bring from farre
The Easterne Monarchs to this civill Warre.
But there besieg'd by Cæsar, scarse can hee
Escape safe away by nights obscuritie.

NOw the gods wrath was seene: plaine signes of warre
The world had given: forespeaking nature, farre
From her true course; tumultuous monsters made,
Proclaming woe; Oh *Iove*, why dost thou adde
This care to wretched men; to let them soe

By

By dire portents their following misery:
Whether the worlds Creator, when he did
From the darke formelesse *Chaos* light divide,
Stablisht eternall lawes, to which he ty'd
The creatures, and himselfe, and did divide
The worlds set ages by unchanged fate:
Or whether (nothing preordain'd) the state
Of mortall things chance rules: yet let that be
Secret that thou intendst: let no eye see
His future Fate, but hope as well as feare.
When the sad City had conceiv'd how deare
Heavens truce would cost the world, her generall woe
Proclam'd a Fast: the mourning Senat goe
Like the Plebeians clad: the Consuls weare
No purple Robes: no words their griefe declare:
Mute is their Sorrow; such a silent woe
A dying man's amazed household show
Before his funerall conclamation,
Before the mothers lamentation
Call on the servants weeping; but when she
Feeles his stiffe limmes, dead lookes, and standing eye,
Then tis no feare but griefe: downe she doth fall
Howling upon him. So Romes Matrons all
Leave off their habits, and attires of grace,
And in sad troopes the Altars doe embrace.
One weepes before the gods: one her torne locks
Throwes in the sacred porch: another knocks
Her breast against the ground: the god, whose eares
Were usde to prayers, now onely howling heares:
Nor to *Ioves* temple did they all repaire:
They part the gods: no alter wants his share
Of enry making mothers: but one there
Her plaine-beats'd armes, & moystned cheekes did tear
Now, now, quoth she, o'h mothers teare your haire,
Now beat your breasts; doe not this griefe deferre
Till the last ills: while the Chiefes doubtfull are

e may lament: when one is conquerer,
e muſt rejoyce; thus griefe it ſelfe did move.
Such juſt complaints againſt the powers above
he Souldiers make, that to each army turne:
h miſerable men, that were not borne
hen Carthage warr'd, at Trebia's overthrow,
r Cannæ's mortall field; nor beg we now
or peace, oh gods; ſtirre each fierce Nation,
aiſe mighty Cities: let the world in one
onſpire: let Median powers from Suſæ come,
or let cold Iſter hold his Schythians from
his war: the Suevians from the Northern clime
et Albis ſend, and the rude head of Rhine:
ake us all peoples foes, ſo not our owne:
ere let the Daci, there the Getes come on:
et one his forces againſt Spaine imploy;
ainſt th'Eaſterne bowes let tothers Eagles fly;
et Rome have warre withall; or if our names
ou gods would ruine, let the sky to flames
iſſolv'd fall downe, and quite conſume our coaſts,
r thunder ſtrike both Captaines with their hoaſts.
hile they be guiltleſſe, *Iove*; ſeeke they to try
ith ſo much miſchiefe who Romes Lord ſhould be?
were ſcarſe worth civill war that none ſhould reigne.
hus then did bootleſſe piety complaine.
t the old men mov'd with particular griefe
urſe their old age, and ill prolonged life,
heir yeares reſerv'd againe to civill warre:
) One ſeeking Preſidents for their great feare,
ch woes, quoth he, the gods intended us,
hen afrer (*b*) both his triumphs, *Marius*
is flying head among the Reeds and Sedge
nce hid, the Fens then cover'd Fortunes pledge:
t taken he indur'd a priſons ſtinch,
nd his old limms did yron ſhackles pinch.
o dye a Conſull, happy, and in Rome

Before (c) hand suffered he for guilt to come,
Death fled him oft, and power to shed his blood
In vaine a Cimbrian (d) had, who trembling stood;
Offring a stroke, his faultring hand the sword
Let fall; his dungeon did strange light afford.
Th'affrighted Cimbrian furies seem'd to see,
And heard what *Marius* afterward should be:
Thou canst not touch this life: to fate he owes
Thousands of lives, ere he his owne can lose:
Cease thy vaine fury: if you Cimbrians wou'd
Revenge on Rome your slaughtred Nations blood,
Save this old man, whom their sterne will to serve
Not the gods love, but anger did preserve:
A cruell and fit man, when Fate contriv'd
Romes ruine: he on Libyan coasts arriv'd
Wandred through empty cottages upon
Triumphed *Iugurth's* spoyld Dominion,
And Punicke ashes troad: each others state
Carthage (e) and *Marius* there commiserate,
And both cast downe, both now the Gods excus'd;
But into *Marius* mind that ayre infus'd
A Libyan rage; when Fortune turn'd againe,
Slaves from their (f) Lords, and prisoners from the ch
He free'd, and arm'd: no man his Ensignes bore,
But who the badge of some knowne mischiefe wore,
And brought guilt to the campe: oh Fates how sad
A day was that, when conquering *Marius* had
Surpriz'd the walls? how swift flevy cruell death?
Senators with Plebeians lost their breath.
The sword rag'd uncontroul'd: no breast was free;
The Temples stain'd with blood, and slippery
Were the red stones with slaughter, no age then
Was free, the neere spent time of aged men
They hasten'd on; nor sham'd with bloody knife
To cut the Infants new-spun thread of life.
What crime had Infants done to merit death?

'was enough that they could loſe their breath.
directs them; guilty lives to take
e, ſeem'd too remiſſe; for number ſake
fall; one cuts off heads he does not know,
ſt empty-handed hee's aſham'd to goe;
ope to ſcape, but liſſe the bloud-ſtaind (g) hand
Marius; though a thouſand ſwords did ſtand
ly, baſe People, did you not diſdaine
ch a price a life, though long, to gaine,
leſſe a time ſo ſhort, ſo troubleſome,
breath but reſpited till *Sylla* come?
now has time to waile Plebeian fates?
e can we thine, brave *Babius*, (h) whom the hates
he fierce multitude in pieces tore:
thine *Antonius* (i) that thy death before
ldſt propheſie, whoſe gray-head bleeding yet
Marius table the rude Souldiers ſet.
ne are the headleſſe *Craſſi*, (k) impious wood
ain'd with ſacred Tribunitiall (l) blood.
u *Scævola* (m) that didſt a kiſſe diſdaine
Marius hand, at *Veſtaes* Altar ſtaine,
never quenched fires; but ages drought
thee not ſo much blood, as would put out
flame. His ſeventh (n) Conſulſhip now come,
Marius dies: a man, that had orecome
unes worſt hate, and her beſt love injoy'd,
taſted all that Fates for man provide.
ow many neere the Colline port were kill'd?
many Carcaſſes on heapes were pil'd
acriportum? (o) where almoſt her ſeat
the worlds Empire chang'd, and Samnis yet
d deeper farre to wound the Roman name
n at the Caudine (p) Forks; then *Sylla* came
a Revenge more bloody: His ſword reſt
ne of that little blood before was left.
ſt cutting off (cruell Chirurgian)

Th'affected parts, too farre his lancing hand
Followes the sore; first guilty men are slaine,
At last when none but guilty could remaine,
Their hates take greater freedome; forth they breake
Without the curbe of any Law; they wreake
Their private angers now; for *Sylla's* sake
All is not done: for every one fulfills
Their owne bloud-thirsty, and revengefull wills
Pretending his command; with impious steele
Servants their masters, sonnes their fathers kill;
Which Son shall be the paricide by strife
They seeke: a brother sels a brothers life.
Some hide themselves in tombes; live men remaine
Among the dead; beasts dens can scarce containe
The flying multitude: one strangled dyes
By his owne hand; one from a precipice
Dyes broken with the fall, preventing so
The tyrany of his insulting foe.
His funerall pile one making, ere he dyes
Leapes in, and whilst he may, those rites enjoyes.
Great Captaines heads borne through the streets on speares
Are pil'd up in the Market; there appeares
Each secret murther; not so many heads
In stables of the tyrant *Diomed's*
Thrace saw; nor Libya on *Antæus* wall,
Nor mourning Greece in *Oenomäus* hall.
Limmes putrifi'd, which all knowne marks had left
Worne out by eating time, by fearefull theft
The wretched parents take, and beare away:
My selfe (I still remember that sad day)
Desirous those forbidden rites to do
To my slaine brothers head, searcht to and fro
The carkasses of *Sylla's* peace, to see
What trunke 'mongst all would with that head agree.
What need I tell how *Catulus* was paid
With bloud, how *Marius* a sad offring made,

And wretched ſacrifice before the tombe
Of his perchance unwilling foe did come.
His (q) mangled joynts, as many wounds as limbs
We ſaw: yet no wound deadly given him
Through his ſpoyl'd body, an example rare
Of cruelty, a dying life to ſpare,
His hands chopt off, his tongue cut out as yet
Wagg'd, and the ayre did with dumbe motions beat;
One ſlits his noſtrils, one cuts off his eares;
His eyes out laſt of all another teares,
Left in till then his mangled limbs to ſee,
A thing paſt credit, one poore man ſhould be
The ſubject of ſo many cruelties.
A lumpe deform'd his mangled body lyes
So ſtrangely ſlaughter'd, not disfigur'd more
Floates a torne ſhipwrackt carkaſſe to the ſhore
From the mid-Sea. The fruit of all your toile
Why doe you loſe, and *Marius* face ſo ſpoile,
That none can now diſcerne him; t'were more need
Sylla ſhould know him to applaud the deed.
(r) *Præneſte's* fortune ſaw her men all dy
In one death's ſpace, the flower of (s) Italy,
The onely youth of Latium ſadly ſlaine
And wretched Romes Ovilia diſtaine.
So many men to cruell death at once
Nor Earthquakes, Shipwracks, or infections
Of Ayre or Earth, Famine, or War hath ſent;
Never before a doome of puniſhment.
The Souldiers throng'd could ſcarcely wield at all
Their killing hands, the ſlaine could hardly fall
Supported ſo; but number did oppreſſe
The dying people, and dead carkaſſes
Increas'd the ſlaughter, falling heavily
On living bodies; his ſtrange cruelty
Sure and feareleſſe *Sylla* from above
Beheld; nor could ſo many thouſands move

His heart, by him commanded all to dye;
Ith' Tyrrhene gulfe their pil'd up bodies lye.
The first throwne in under the water lay,
The last on bodies, strongest ships they stay.
And Tyber parted by that fatall bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carkasses stay
The other; till the violent streame of blood
Enforc'd the waters course to Tybers flood.
Nor can the banks the River now containe,
But ore the fields the bodies floate againe,
Rowling at last into the Tyrrhene maine
On the blew waves it sets a purple staine.
For this did *Sylla* merit to be stil'd
Happy, and (*t*) saviour, and in *Mars* his field
To be interr'd? but these black mischiefes are
To be indur'd againe; this cruell warre
Will the same order, and conclusion take,
But feares more horrid suppositions make,
And in this warre mankind shall suffer more.
The exil'd *Marij* sought but to restore
Themselves againe; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruine of his enemies,
Their aymes are higher; both long powerfull take
Vp armes; and neither civill warre would make
To doe as *Sylla* did. Thus wayles old age
Remembring past, and fearing future rage.
This terror strucke not noble *Brutus* heart,
Nor in this frightfull furre was he apart
Of the lamenters; but at midnight he
(When now her waine *Parrhasian Helice*
Turn'd) at his unckle *Catoes* no large house
Knocks; him he finds waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearfull man,
Not for himselfe; when *Brutus* thus began.
Banisht, and flying vertues onely hold,
And refuge, which no storme of Fortune could

Ere reave thee of; guide thou this wavering heart,
And to my thoughts a certaine strength impart.
At *Cæsar's* side, or *Pompey's* others stand,
Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* shall command.
Wilt thou keepe peace, and in this doubtfull age
Vnshaken stand? or mingling with the rage
Of the mad rout, this civill warre approve?
Others to this sad warre bad causes move:
One his staind house in peace, and feare of Lawes,
Another fights for want, mingling that cause
With the worlds wrack; blind fury leades on none:
All drawne with gainfull hopes; but thee alone
The war it selfe affects. What bootes it thee
T'have beene so long from the times vices free?
This onely meed of thy long vertue take,
The wars find others guilty, thee they make.
But let not wicked war have power t'employ
These hands, O gods, let not thy lavelin fly
Mongst others in a thicke sky darkning cloud;
Let not such vertue be in vaine bestow'd.
The wars whole chance will cast it selfe on thee.
Who would not dy upon that sword, and be
Cato's offence, though slaine by another hand?
Thou might'st alone, and quiet better stand,
As starres in heaven still unshaken are,
When lightnings, stormes and tempest rend the ayre
Nearer to earth: Winds rage, and Thunders spight
Plaine grounds must suffer; when *Olympus* height
Plac'd by the gods above the clouds, is free;
Small things jarres vex, the great ones quiet be.
T'will glad proud *Cæsar*, in this warre, to heare
So great a Citizen has deign'd t'appeare;
Nor will it grieve him that great *Pompey's* side
Chose, not his; t'will be enough his pride
That *Cato* has approv'd of civill war.
Romes Senate, and both Consuls armed are

Vnder a private man, and many moe
Of note and worth, to these adde *Cato* too
Vnder command of *Pompey*, none lives free
In all the world but *Cæsar*; but if we
Doe for our countries, Lawes, and freedome goe
To war; then *Brutus* is not *Cæsars* foe,
Nor *pompey's*, but the Conquerors, who ere:
Thus *Brutus* spake; when from an inside cleare
These sacred words drew *Cato*; we confesse,
Brutus, that civill war's great wickednesse:
But where the Fates will leade, vertue shall goe
Securely on; to make me guilty now
Shall be the gods owne crime; who would endure
To see the world dissolve, himselfe secure?
Who could looke on, when heaven should fall, earth
And the confus'd world perish, and not waile? (faile,
Shall unknowne Nations in our Roman war
Engage themselves? and forreigne Kings from far
Crossing the Seas? and shall I rest alone?
Farre be it, gods, the *Daci*, and *Getes* should mone
Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* lye
Secure: as parents, when their children dye,
In person mourne, build up with their owne hands
The funerall pile, and light the fatall brands;
I will not leave thee, Rome, till I embrace
Thy hearse, and liberty, thy dying face,
And fleeting Ghost with honour doe attend.
So let it goe; let th'angry Gods intend
A compleat Roman sacrifice; no blouds
Will we defraud the war of; would the gods
Of heaven, and *Erebus* would now strike dead
For all our crimes this one condemned head.
Devoted *Decius* by his foes could fall:
Me let both Roman hoasts assault, and all
Rhines barbarous troopes; let me i'th middst receive
All darts, all wounds, that this sad war can give.

Let me redeeme the people: let my Fate
What ere Romes maners merit, expiate.
Why ſhould the eaſily conquer'd people die,
That can endure a Lord? Strike onely me,
Me with all ſwords, and Piles, that all in vaine
Our wronged lawes, and liberties maintaine:
This throat ſhall peace to Italy obtaine.
After my death, he that deſires to raigne,
Neede not make warre: but now lets follow all
The common Enſignes, *Pompey* Generall.
Though he orecome, 'tis not yet knowne that he
Meanes to himſelfe the worlds ſole Monarchy.
Ile helpe him conquer, leſt he ſhould ſuppoſe
He conquers for himſelfe. From this aroſe
Young *Brutus* courage: this grave ſpeech too farre
Made the young man in love with civill warre.
Now *Phœbus* driving the cold darke away,
They heard a noyſe at doore; (v) chaſt *Martia*
Come from *Hortenſius* tombe, ſtood knocking there;
Once given a Mayd in marriage happier:
But when the fruit, and price of wedlocke ſhe
Three births had paid, another Family
To fill, was fruitfull *Martia* lent a Bride,
To joyne two houſes by the Mothers ſide.
Now when *Hortenſius* aſhes urned reſt,
She in her funerall robes, beating her breaſt
With often ſtrokes, and tearing her looſe haire,
Sprinkled with aſhes from the Sepulchre,
To pleaſe ſowre *Cato*, with a geſture ſad
Thus ſpeakes: Whilſt blood, and childing ſtrength I had,
Cato, I did thy will, two husbands tooke:
Now worne away, and with oft travell broke
Come, no more to part: grant now our old
Wedlocks untaſted rites; grant me to hold
The emptie name of wife, and on my Tombe
Write *Cato's Martia*, leſt in time to come

It may be ask'd whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord bestow'd or banished.
Nor come I now prosperity to share,
But to partake thy labours, and sad care.
Let me attend the Campe; leave me not here
In peace, *Cornelia* to the war so neere.
These speaches mov'd the man; though those times are
Vnfit for *Hymen*, when fate calls to wars,
Without vaine pompe to tye a nuptiall knot
In the gods presence, he refuses not.
No garlands on the marriage doores were set,
Nor linnen fillets did the posts adorne:
No bridall Tapers shone: no bed on high
With Ivory steps, and gold embrodery:
No Matron in a towred crowne, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread:
No yellow veile cover'd her face, to hide
The fearefull blushes of a modest Bride:
No precious girdle guirded her loose Gowne:
No Chaine adorn'd her necke; nor linnen downe
From off her shoulders her nak'd armes orespred;
So as she was, funerall habited,
Even like her Sonnes, her Husband she embrac'd,
A funerall Robe above her purple plac'd.
The usuall Iests were spar'd: the husband wants,
Afrer the Sabine use, his marriage tants.
None of their kinred met; the knot they tye
Silent: content with *Brutus* auspicie.
His ore-growne haire hee from that sacred face
Shaves not, nor will in his sad lookes embrace
One joy (since first that wicked war begun
He lets his unshorne hoary lockes fall downe
Ore his rough front, and a sad beard to hide
His cheekes, for he alone from factions freed,
Or hate, had leasure for mankind to weepe)
Nor in his Bridall bed would *Cato* sleepe,

Even lawfull love could continence reject.
These were his maners, this sowre *Cato's* sect,
To keepe a meane, hold fast the end, and make
Nature his guide, dye for his Countreys sake.
For all the world, not him, his life was lent.
He thinks; his feasts but hungers banishments
His choisest buildings were but fence for cold:
His best attire rough gownes, such as of old
Was Romane weare; and nothing but desire
Of progeny in him warm'd *Venus* fire:
Father, and husband both to Rome was hee,
Servant to Iustice, and strict honestie:
For th'publike good, in none of *Catoes* acts
Creepes selfe-borne pleasure, or her share exacts.
Now with his fearefull troopes *Pompey* the great
To Trojan *Capua* fled, meant there to seat
The war: his scatter'd strength there to unite,
And his aspiring foes assaults to meet.
Where *Apenine* rais'd somewhat higher fills
The middst of Italy with shady hills:
Then which no part of earth does swell mote high
In any place, nor neerer meets the skie.
The mountaine twixt two seas extended stands
Th'upper, and lower sea: on the right hand
Is *Pisæ* seated on the Tyrrhene shore:
Ancona on the left vext evermore
With stormes and winds, that from Dalmatia blow.
Heere from vast fountaines doe great Rivers flow,
And into th'double seas divorced doe slide
In severall channells; downe on the left side
Metaurus swift, and strong Crustumium flow,
Isapis joyn'd t'Isaurus, Senna too
And Ausidus the Adriaticke beats:
Eridanus, then which no River gets
More ground; whole forrests rowles into the Sea
Oreturn'd: and robs of Rivers Italy.

They say that Poplars on this Rivers side
First grew, when *Phaëton* amisse did guide
The Day; his wandring Chariot burnt the skie,
And scorcht the earth: all Rivers then were drie
But this; whose streames did *Phœbus* fires withstand,
Not lesse then Nile, if on plaine Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile: not lesse then Ister 'twere,
Vnlesse that Ister running every where
The streames that fall into all seas does meet,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean greet.
From springs, that downe the hils right side doe flow,
Rutuba, Tyber, swift Vulturnus grow:
Night-ayre infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runnes, strength'ned by the Vestine rivers, through
Maricaes wooddy lands: Siler that glides
Through Salerne's fields; Macra whose Ford abides
No Ships, into the sea neere *Luna* fall.
The hill (where hee in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alpes France oversees)
To th'Vmbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and does with woody armes embrace
The people of the ancient Latine race:
Nor leaves hee Italy, before hee end
In the Scyllæan cavernes, and extend
Vnto Lacinian *Iuno's* house his hill,
Longer hee was than Italy, untill
The sea divided him, and water forc'd
The land; then when two meeting seas divorc'd
What was conjoyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gave to *Pelorus* in Sicilia.
Cæsar now mad of war loves not to finde,
But make his way by blood, nor is his minde
Joy'd that in Italy hee sees no foes,
No Countreys guarded from him, meets no blowes:
But counts his journey lost; desires to breake,
Not open gates, and loves his march to make

By fire and ſword, not ſufferance; thinkes it ſhame
To tread permitted paths, and beare the name
Of Citizen. The Italian Cities are
Doubtfull which way to leane; and though when warre
Makes her firſt feard approach, all eaſily
Will yeeld: with Bulwarks yet they fortifie
Their walls, dig trenches round about belovv:
Vaſt ſtones and weapons from above to throvv
They get, and engines on their walles provide.
The People moſt encline to *Pompey's* ſide:
But faith with terrour fights: ſo when we ſee
The South-windes horrid blaſts poſſeſſe the Sea,
The waves all follovv him, till by the ſtroake
Of *Aeolus* his Speare, the open'd Rocke
To the rough Seas lets out the Eaſterne winde:
They ſtill retaine, though novv aſſaults they finde,
The old, though th'Eaſt wind ch'aire with darke ſtormes fill,
The Ocean does the Southwinde challenge ſtill.
Our peoples mindes feare changes eaſily,
And Fortune ſwaies their wavering loyaltie.
By *Libo's* flight *Etruria's* naked left,
And *Vmbria*, *Thermus* (*y*) gone, of freedome reft:
Gella farre differing from his Fathers fame
In civill warre, flyes hearing *Cæſars* name.
Varus, (*z*) before the firſt aſſault, forſakes
Maximum's walles, and flight diſordered takes
Ore rockes and deſarts: *Lentulus* (*a*) is beate
From Aſculum: the Foes purſuing get
His men; that novv alone the Captaine flies
With empty Standards reft of Companies.
Thou *Scipio* (*b*) leav'ſt the truſt committed thee
Luceria's Fort, though in thy Campe there be
The valiantſt Youth, whom feare of Parthian warre
From *Cæſar* tooke; whom *Pompey* to repaire
His French loſſe, lent him; and while he thought good
Beſtow'd on *Cæſar* th'uſe of Romane blood.

But

But faire Corfinium's weal-fenc'd walls containe
Thee, stout *Domitius*: (t) in thy Campe remaine
Those that arraigned *Milo* did inclose.
Hee, when a cloud of dust from far arose,
And on bright Armes the Sunne reflecting shone,
And glittering swords, cries, run my Souldiers, run
Downe to the River, drowne the Bridge, and thou
Encreas'd from all thy empti'd fountaines now
Rise swelling streame: breake downe and beare away
This scatter'd Bridge: there let the war now stay:
Let thy bankes make our furious enemie
Linger a while: weele count it victorie,
That *Cæsar* first stayes heere. This said, in vaine
He sends swift Cohorts from the towne amaine.
For *Cæsar* first, when from the fields he spy'd
His passage lost by Bridge, enraged cry'd,
Cannot your walls, base cowards, shelter you
Enough, but that the fields and rivers too
Must helpe? Ile passe, though Ganges in my way
Rowl'd all his strength; no streame shall *Cæsar* stay,
Since Rubicon is past; goe winged Horse,
Second bold Foot, the Bridge now falling force.
Thus spake hee: forth the winged Horse-men ride,
And like a storme of Haile on tother side
The water, their well brandisht Javelins light.
Cæsar then takes the River, puts to flight
The Souldiers all that were in station
To guard the banke, and safe before the towne
Is come: when straight up loftie works are thrown,
And Engines rais'd the walles to batter downe.
When loe (oh shame of war) opening the gate,
The Souldiers brought their Captaine bound, and at
The feet of his proud Foe present: but hee
With lookes not shaming high Nobilitie,
Offers his throat undaunted: *Cæsar* sees
Death's sought, and mercy fear'd, then thus replies,

Live, though thou wouldst not, by our bounty live,
Enjoy this light, and to the conquer'd give
Good hope: th'example of our clemency
Be thou: or else againe warres fortunes try:
Nought for this pardon *Cæsar* from thy hands
Expects, if thou orecome: with that commends
T'unbinde him: had his death the Conquerour pleas'd,
How much a Romans blush had fortune eas'd.
For following Romes, the Senates, *Pompey's* armes,
Pardon t'a Roman was the worst of harmes.
He yet unfear'd, his anger doth retaine,
Speakes thus t'himselfe: Wilt thou, base man, againe
See Rome, or seeke peacefull retirements? No,
Rather into warres fury dying goe,
Rush boldly through the midst, sure end to make
Of this loath'd life, and *Cæsars* gift forsake.
Pompey, not knowing he was tane, provides
Forces, to strengthen with joyn'd power his sides;
Meaning his campe next morning to remove,
The Souldiers spirits before their march to prove
He thus with a Majesticke voice bespake
His silent troopes; guile-punishers, that take
The better side, you truely Roman band
Arm'd By the State, no private mans command,
Feare not to fight: Italy's wasted all
By barbarous troopes: through the cold Alpes the Gaule
Is broken loose; blood has already dy'd
Cæsars polluted swords: the gods provide
Well that the mischiefe there begins, and we
First suffer wrong; oh now let Rome by me
Take punishment: nor can you call it here
True warre, but our revenging countrye's ire:
Nor is this more a warre, then that wherein
Mad-brain'd *Cethegus*, and fierce *Catiline*
Meant to fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates.
Oh madnesse to be pittyed! when the Fates

Would with *Camillus*, and *Metellus* joyne
Thee *Cæsar*, thou to *Marius* shouldst encline,
And *Cinna*: fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
Fell under *Catulus*, *Carbo* by us
Beheaded then, that in Sicilia lies,
And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
Banisht *Sertorius*: though I grudge with those
Thou *Cæsar* shouldst be plac'd: and Rome oppose
My armes 'gainst thee. Would from the Parthian War
Crassus had safe return'd, and Conquerer:
That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
Mightst fall: but if the gods intend to us
Thou shalt one title adde: this arme a dart
Can ably brandish yet: about this heart
The blood is hot; know then not all that love
To live in peace, in war will cowards prove:
Nor let my age affright you, though he call
Me worne, and weake: let an old Generall
Be in this Campe; in that old Souldiers be.
I have attain'd what ere a people free
Can give, and nothing but a Monarchie
Above me left: he that in Rome would be
Greater then I, no private state demands.
Here both Romes Consuls, here her Senate stands.
Shall *Cæsar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th'art not quit shameleſſe fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turne. Does rebell France
So long a taming, and those warres advance
His thoughts so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small streame a Sea
On the sought Britaines turn'd his flying backe?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsake
The Citie, hearing his fierce troopes are nigh?
Ah foole, they fly not thee, all follow me,
My glorious Ensignes on the Ocean borne,
Ere *Cynthia* twyce had fill'd her waned horne,

ll Pirates fled the Seas, and at my hand
umbly crav'd dwellings in a narrow Land.
hat ſtout King, that ſtay'd Romes growth did force
ying along the Scythian Seas divorce,
Vhich *Sylla* nere could bring to paſſe) to dye
y his owne hand; no land from me is free:
y Trophæs all that *Titan* ſees poſſeſſe.
oing from thence Phaſis cold river ſees
e conquerour in the North: in the hot Zone
nowne Ægypt, and Syene, that at noone
o ſhadow ſpreads: my Lawes the Weſt obeyes,
etis, that meets the fartheſt Weſterne Seas;
e tam'd Arabia knowes, th'Æniochs bold,
nd Colchos fam'd for her ſtolne fleece of gold.
he Cappadocians from my Colours flie,
nd Iewes, that ſerve an unknowne Deitie:
e ſoft Sophene feares, th'Armenians,
aurus, and the ſubdu'd Cilicians:
hat wars for him, but civill, doe I leave?
These words his Souldiers with no ſhout receive,
or are they eager of the fight: their feares
reat *Pompey* ſees, and backe his Standard beares,
oath in ſo great a war to venture men
recome with fame of *Cæſar* yet not ſeene.
s a Bull heat in the firſt fight he tries,
hrough th'empty fields, and deſart forreſts flies
il'd, and tries gainſt ev'ry tree his hornes,
or till his ſtrength be perfited, returnes
o paſture, then recovering his command,
augure the Heardſman, leads them to what land
e liſt: ſo now as weakeſt, Italy
oes *Pompey* leave, and through Apulia fly,
imſelfe immuring in Brunduſium's hold,
towne by Cretan colonies of old
ſſeſt, that in th'Athenian navy fled,
hen lying ſailes reported *Theſeus* dead,

Hence

Hence Italy's now straightned coast extends
Her selfe in forme of a thin tongue, and bends
Her hornes t'encloſe the Adriatick ſea:
Nor yet could theſe ſtraights ſhut up waters be
A haven, if high cliffes winds violence
Did not reſtraine, and the tir'd waters fence.
On both ſides, Nature, the winds tyranny
To ſtop, high cliffes oppoſes to the ſea;
That ſhips by trembling cables held may ſtand.
Hence all the maine lyes ope, if to thy land
We ſayle *Corcyra*, or our courſes bend
On the left hand, where *Epidamnus* tends
To the Ionian; thither Sayles ſly
When th'Adrian's rough, and clouds obſcure the high
Ceraunian mountaines, and with violent dash
The foaming ſeas Calabrian Saſon waſh.
When of forſaken Italy there was
No hope at all, nor that the warre could paſſe
Into the Spaniſh coaſt, for t'wixt that land
The lofty Alpes did interpoſed ſtand;
Thus th'eldeſt of his noble progeny
Pompey beſpake: the worlds far Regions try,
Nile and Euphrates, whereſoere my name
Is ſpred: and all the Cities where Romes fame
I have advanc'd: bring backe unto the ſeas
The now diſpers'd Cilician colonies.
The ſtrength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring:
Arme my *Tigranes*, and th'Ægyptian King.
Thoſe that inhabit both Armenia's ore,
And the fierce nation by the Euxine Shore:
Riphæan bands, and thoſe, where Scythian carres
On his ſlow backe congeal'd Meotis beares.
Why ſpeake I more? through all the Eaſt my Son
Carry this war; through every conquer'd towne
Ith'world: to us all triumph'd regions joyne.
But you, whoſe names the Latian feaſts doe ſigne,

To

o Epire saile with the first Northeast wind,
hrough Greece and Macedon new strength to find
hile winter gives us respite from the war.
o his commands they all obedient are,
nd from th'Italian shore their anchors weigh.
Cæsar impatient of wars long delay,
r rest, lest changing fates might ought withstand,
is flying Son in law pursues at hand.
o many townes at first assault surpriz'd,
nd Forts disarmed others had suffic'd;
ome the worlds head, wars greatest booty, left
prey; but *Cæsar* in all actions swift,
hinking nought done, whilst ought undone remain'd,
ercely pursues, and though he have obtain'd
ll Italy, and that great *Pompey* lives
th'utmost edge, that both are there, he grieves,
or would he let his foes passe forth againe
Sea, but seekes to stop the watry maine,
nd with vast hills dam up the Ocean;
t this great labour is bestow'd in vaine:
he Sea those mountaines swallowes, mixing all
ith sands below: so if high Erix fall
to the middst of the Ægæan Sea,
o land above the water seene can be;
if the loftly Gaurus quite torne downe
ere to the bottome of Avernus throwne.
t when no earth throwne in would firmely stand,
en with a Bridge of fastned Ships the land
joynes; each Galley doe foure anchors stay;
ce ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
de by report, when joyn'd by bridge he saw
os t'Abydos, Europe t'Asia;
d fearing not th'East wind, nor Wests affront
alk'd ore the curled banke of Hellespont,
en ships their sayles round about Athos spred;
now this Haven's mouth Ships straightened,

On

On which their Bulwarks up apace they raiſe,
And lofty towres ſtand trembling on the Seas.
When *Pompey* ſaw that a new land oreſpread
The Ocean's face: care in his breaſt is bred
To ope the Sea, and carry forth the war.
Fill'd ſailes, and ſtretching ſhrowds the Ships oft beate
Againſt theſe works, breaking them downe made roome
Into the Sea for other Ships to come,
Oft well driven Engines lighten'd the darke night
With flying fires. When time for their ſtolne flight
Was come: he warnes his men, no Saylers noyſe
Might on the ſhore be heard: nor trumpets voice
Divide the houres: nor corners ſound at all
The Marriners ſhould to their charges call.
Now neere her end *Virgo* began to be;
And *Libra* followes his firſt day to ſee.
The ſilent fleet departs: the anchors made
No noiſe, when from thick ſands their hooks are weigh'd
Silent, while they the ſayle-yard bow, and reare
The maine-maſt up the fearefull maſters are:
The Saylers ſoftly ſpread their ſayles, nor dare
Shake their ſtrong ſhrowds within the whizzing aire.
The Generall makes his prayer, Fortune, to thee
To give him leave t'abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keepe it; but alas
The Fates will ſcarce grant that: the waters flaſh,
And furrow'd with ſo many keeles at once
The ſtem-beat Sea with a vaſt murmure grones.
The foes let in by gates, and up the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
Along the Havens ſtagge-like Hornes they run
Swiftly to ſhore, griev'd that the fleet was gone,
Is *Pompey's* flight ſo ſmall a victory?
A ſtraighter paſſage let him out to Sea,
Then where th'Eubœan channell Chalcis beats,
Here ſtuck two Ships, which faſt the Engine gets.

In

In sight, and neere the shore the skirmish try'd:
Here first the Sea with civill blood was dy'd.
The Fleet escap'd of those two ships bereft:
So when Thessalia *Iasons* Argo left
For Colchos bound, Cyanean Isles at Sea
Shot forth; the tayle-maim'd ship escap'd away
Amiddst the rocks: in vaine the Ilands beat
The empty Sea: she comes a sayler yet.
Now that the Sun was neere the Easterne sky
Declar'd, palefac'd before his rosie dye:
The Pleiades grow dim; each neerer star
Looses his light: *Bootes* lazy carre
Turnes to the plaine complexion of the skies,
And *Lucifer*, the great starres darkned, flies
From the hot day: and now wert thou at Sea
Pompey, not with such Fate, as when from thee
The fearefull Pirates through all Seas retir'd:
Fortune revolts with thy oft triumphs tir'd:
Now with thy Countrey, Houshold gods, thy Son,
And Wife, art thou a mighty exile gone.
A place for thy sad death is sought a far,
Not that the gods envy thee Sepulcher
At home; but damn'd is Ægypt to that crime,
And Latium spar'd: that Fates in forreine clime
May hide this mischiefe, and the Roman land
Cleare from the bloud of her deare *Pompey* stand.

FINIS Libri secundi.

Annotations on the second Booke.

(a) *An old man to expresse the present calamity, repeats the whole course of the civill war, betweene* Marius *and* Sylla, *as it followes in this discourse.*

(b) Marius *had twice triumphed, once over* Iugur-

tha the King of Numidia, and afterward over the Cimbrians and Teutones; but afterwards envying the honour of Sylla, to whose hands Bocchas King of Mauritania had delivered Iugurtha, and endeavouring by the ayde of Sulpitius Tribune of the People to hinder Sylla from his expedition against Mithridates King of Pontus, had incensed Sylla being then warring in Campania, so farre, that Sylla brought his army to Rome, and entring the Citie, subduing his adversaries, got them to be judged enemies by the Senates decree, and banished the citie; Marius escaping by flight, hid himselfe in the Fennes neere Minturnæ; but being there taken, hee was put in a dungeon at Minturnæ.

(c) Marius suffered before hand at Minturnæ for those cruelties, which he afterwards acted at Rome, when he returned and was Consul the seventh time.

(d) The executioner of Minturnæ being a Cimbrian, entring the darke dungeon to kill Marius, saw fire sparkling out of Marius his eyes, and heard a voice saying, darest thou kill Cajus Marius? at which the Cimbrian affrighted fled away, and the men of Minturnæ moved with pity, and reverence of the man, that once had saved Italy, released Cajus Marius, and let him goe.

(e) Marius escaped from Minturnæ, tooke flight by obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a tempest arising, was cast upon the Ilands called Meninges, where he received some companions, and heard that his Son with Cethegus were gotten safe into Africk, to Hyempsall; he then sayled to the coast of Carthage, but being forbidden by the Lictor of Sextilius the Prætor, to set foot in Africk; Goe tell thy Prætor, quoth he, that thou hast seene Cajus Marius sitting in the ruines of Carthage: not unfitly comparing the ruin'd estate of that great City to his owne now decayed Fortunes.

(f) When Cajus Cinna the Consul appealed to the people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate

requ

request of Sylla *had judged enemies: a great contention arising,* Cinna *was expelled the City, by his colleague* Cneius Octavius, *and flying, solicited the Cities of Italy to wars by armed slaves and prisoners, and joyning himselfe to* Marius *returning, they entred Rome in a fourefold army,* Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sertorius, *and tyrannized over their Adversaries.*

(g) Marius *had given this token to his Souldiers, that they should kill all, whom he did not resalute, and offer his hand to kisse.*

(h) Bæbius *was torne in pieces by the Souldiers.*

(i) Marcus Antonius *an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murtherers relent: at last his head being cut off,* Anius *the Tribune brought it to* Marius, *as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to be nayled to the Rostra.*

(k) Fimbria *a cruell Souldier of* Marius *killed the two* Crassi, *Father and Son, in each others sight.*

(l) *That place of the prison, from whence offenders used to be cast downe headlong, was stained with the blood of* Licinius *the Tribune, whose office was sacred.*

(m) Mucius Scævola *the high Priest, an old man, embracing the Altar of* Vesta, *was there slaine.*

(n) C. Marius *entring his seventh Consulship, within thirteene dayes after dyed mad of a disease in his side, being seventy yeares old, having tasted the extremities of prosperity, and adversity.*

(o) *At Sacriportum, not far from Præneste,* Sylla *overcame* Cajus Marius *the Son of old* C. Marius, *who fled to Præneste;* Sylla *sent* Lucretius Ofella *to besiege him there; but* Marius *offring to escape through a Mine under ground, and being discovered there killed himselfe;* Sylla *then not ten furlongs from* Porta Collina *overthrew* Lamponius, *and* Telesinus, *two Captaines of the Samnites, who came to raise* Ofella's *siege. At these two places* Sylla *slew about twenty thousand men.*

(p) Marius had promised the Samnites, who had beene of his party, that hee would translate the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceived a hope of subjecting the Romans more than once they did ad Furcas Caudinas, where the Romans under the conduct of Titus Veturius, and Spurius Posthumius received a disgraceful overthrow.

(q) Quintus Luctarius Catulus, which had beene Colleague with C. Marius, and triumphed with him over the Cimbrians, hearing that Marius was determined to put him to death, entring his chamber, voluntarily choaked himselfe. In revenge of which, his brother Catulus obtained of Sylla, that Marius the brother of C. Marius might be delivered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his brothers Tombe, and wounding his armes, thighes, and legs, he cut off his nose, and eares, cut out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so live a while, that he might die in paine of every lim.

(r) Lucretius Offella by Sylla's command having taken Praeneste, had killed, or cast in prison, all the Senators, that he found there of Marius faction: but Sylla comming thither, commanded five thousand men of Praeneste, who in hope of mercie had cast away their armes, and prostrated themselves upon the ground, to be all slaine.

(s) Sylla commanded foure whole Legions, which had been of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of Mars.

(t) Sylla called himselfe Felix; hee named his Son Faustus, and his Daughter Fausta; leaving his Dictatorship, lived privately at Puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice. his Funeralls were kept with great honour in the field of Mars.

(u) Martia being a virgin was married to Cato, by whom shee had three children; and then his friend Hortensius desiring to have her, and wanting children, Cato bestowed her upon him, being then great with child: of

Hortensius his death, she returned then to Cato.

(x) Cornelia the Daughter of Lucius Scipio, and widdow of Publius Crassus, was marryed to Pompey after Iulia's death.

(y) At the fame of Cæsars approch, the Governors thorow Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him; or maintaine any Forts against him; many of those are here named: First Scribonius Libo leaves his charge at Hetruria, and Thermos forsakes Vmbria: Faustus Sylla, seruing to Sylla the Dictator, wanting his Fathers spirit, and fortune in ciuill warre, fled at the name of Cæsar.

(z) Atius Varus, when hee perceived that the chiefe Citizens of Auximum favoured Cæsar, took his Garison from thence, and fled.

(a) Lentulus Spinther, with ten cohorts, kept the Towne of Asculum, who hearing of Cæsars comming, fled away, thinking to carry with him his cohorts, but was forsaken by most of his souldiers.

(b) Lucius Scipio, father in law to Pompey the great, fled from Luceria, although hee had two strong Legions. Marcellus to diminish the strength of Cæsar, counselled the Senate to make a decree, that Cæsar should deliver one Legion, and Pompey another to Bibulus, whom they pretended to send to the Parthian warre: Cæsar, according to the Senates decree, delivered to him one Legion for himselfe, and another Legion which hee had borrowed of Pompey for a present supply, after the great losse received by his two Prætors, Terurius, and Cotta; both these Legions Cæsar delivered, and they were now in Scipio's Campe.

(c) Lu. Domitius Ænobarbus with twenty cohorts was in Corfinium: hee had with him those souldiers of Pompey's who had incloſed the Forum, when Milo was arraigned for Clodius death. Hee sent five cohorts to breake downe the bridge of the River which was three miles from the Towne; but those cohorts meeting the fore-

vnderminers of Cæsars army, were beaten backe againe.

(d) *Spartacus a Thracian Feuter fled with seuentie companions of his, from* Lentulus *his games at Capua, and gathering slaues to his party, and arming them, made vp an Army of 70000. hee ouercame many Roman Prators, and Consuls; at last hee was vanquished and slaine by* Marcus Crassus.

(e) *Cæsar hauing wasted Germany with fire and sword, after eighteene dayes returned into France, cutting downe the Bridge behinde him, that it should not be vsefull to the Germans; which* Pompey *detractingly calls a flight.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Third Booke.

The Argument.

Faire Iulias *Ghoſt a dreame to* Pompey *ſhowes.*
Curio *for* Corne *into* Sicilia *goes.*
To Rome comes Cæſar *with unarmed Bands,*
Where, though Metellus *all in vaine withſtands,*
He robs the Treaſury. Each Nations name
That to the Warre in ayd of Pompey *came.*
Cæſar *thence haſts to Spaine, and by the way*
Layes cruell Siedge to true Maſſilia,
But ſtaies not there himſelfe: Brutus *maintaines*
The ſiedge, and Cæſars *firſt Sea-conqueſt gaines.*

THe wind ſtuff'd ſailes had forth the Navy ſent
Into the maine, the Sailers lookes were bent
Vpon th' Ionian waves: but *Pompey's* eye
Was nere turn'd backe from his deare Italy,
His native coaſt; and that beloved ſhore,
Which Fate ordaines he nere ſhall viſit more,
Till the high cliffes no more for cloudes he ſees,
And the hilles leſſening vaniſh from his eyes;
Sweet ſleepe did then his weary limbes compoſe,
When *Iulia's* Ghoſt through the cleft ground aroſe

In wofull wiſe, and with a funerall brand,
Seem'd Fury-like before his face to ſtand.
From the bleſt ſoules abode, th'Elizian field,
To Stygian darkneſſe, and damn'd Ghoſts exil'd
Since this ſad war, I ſaw the Furies fire
Their brands (quoth ſhee) to move your wicked ire.
Charon prepares more boates for ſoules to come,
And hell's enlarged for tormenting roome.
Three Siſters ſpeedy hands cannot ſuffice,
For breaking threads has tyr'd the Deſtinies,
Pompey, whileſt mine, a life triumphant led:
Thy fortunes changed with thy marriage bed:
Strumpet *Cornelia*, damn'd by Deſtinie
To ruine her great Lords, could marry thee,
My funerall fire ſcarſe out. Let her in flight
Attend thee now, and through this civill fight
Follow thy Standard, whilſt I ſtill have power
To breake your reſt at every ſleepy hower.
No howre gives freedome to your loves delight;
The day holds *Cæſar*, *Iulia* holds the night.
Lethe's dull waters made not mee forget
Thee husband, and hell princes did permit
That I ſhould follow thee; through both the hoſts
Ile ruſh, while thou art fighting: *Iuliaes* ghoſt
Shall tell thee ſtill whoſe Sonne in law thou art;
Thinke not that warre ſhall this alliance part:
This warre ſhall make us meete againe. This ſed
She through her fearefull Lords embraces fled.
He, though the gods by ghoſts doe threaten, ſtill
Madder of warre, with ſure preſage of ill,
Why are we ſcar'd (quoth he) with fancies vaine?
Either no ſenſe doth after death remaine,
Or death is nothing. Now the ſetting Sunne
To drowne as much of his bright Orbe begun,
As the Moone wants, when after full ſhe wanes,
Or groves neere full. *Dyrrachium* entertaines

His Navie now; the Saylers make to shore,
Pull downe the Sayles, and labour at the Oare.
Cæsar perceiving all the Ships were gone
Past sight with prosperous winds, and he alone
Left Lord in Italy, no joy receiv'd
In th' honour of great *Pompey's* flight, but griev'd
His foes fled safe along the Ocean;
No fortune could suffice this eager man,
Deferring of the war to him seem'd more
Than this small conquest; but he now gives ore
Warres care awhile, intent on peace againe,
And knowing how the peoples loves to gaine,
That corne most stirres their hate, most drawes their loves,
That onely famine to rebellion moves.
Cities, and feare is bought, where great men feed
The sloathfull Commons; nought starv'd people dread.
Curio is sent to the Sicilian Townes,
Where once the violent Sea did either drowne,
Or cut the land, and made it selfe a shore
In the mid-land, the waters ever roare,
And struggle there, lest the two hills should close.
Part of the war into Sardinia goes:
Both famous Ilands for rich fruitfull fields,
No land to Italy more harvest yeelds,
Nor with more Corne the Roman Garners fills:
Not Lybia these, as Granaries, excells,
When *Boreas* blasts (the Southwinds ceasing) teare
The showring clouds, and make a fruitfull yeare.
These things provided thus, with peacefull showes,
And Troopes unarm'd to Rome the Conquetour goes.
Oh had hee but come home with victory
Onely of *Britaine*, *France* and *Germany*,
What long triumphant pompe, what honour than,
What stories had he brought? How th'Ocean,
And the Rhine both his Conquests brideled,
The noble *Gaules*, and yellow *Britaines* led

Behind

Behind his lofty Charriot; winning more,
He loſt thoſe triumphs were deſerv'd before.
No flockes of people now his comming greet
With joy; all feare his lookes, none ſtand to meet
His troopes; yet proud is he ſuch feare to moove,
And would not change it for the peoples love.
Now Anxurs ſteepeſt hills he had orepaſt,
Where a moiſt path ore Pontine fennes is plac'd;
Where the high wood does Scythian *Diana* ſhow;
Where to long *Albas* feaſts the Conſuls goe.
From an high rocke he viewes the towne a farre
Not ſeene before in all his Northern warre.
Then thus (admiring his Romes walls) he ſpake,
Could men not forc'd by any fight forſake
Thee the gods ſeate? What Citie will they dare
To fight for? here the gods their loves declare,
That not the furious Eaſterne nations,
Pannonians, or ſwift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getes invade thee: Fortune ſpares
Thee Rome in this, to ſend thee civill wars
Having ſo faine a chiefe. Then fearefull Rome
He enters with his Troopes; they thinke him come
To fire and ſacke the Citie, not to ſpare
The gods themſelves; This meaſure had their feare.
They thinke hee'le doe what ere he can; no ſongs,
No ſhouts they counterfeit in joyfull throngs;
They ſcarſe have time to haſte; the fathers meet
In *Phœbus* temple by no lawfull right
Of convocation, from their houſes fet,
And lurking holes: the Conſuls ſacred ſeat
Was not ſuppli'd; next them no Prætor fills
His roome, but empty ſtand thoſe honor'd Sells.
Cæſar was all; the Senate ſit to beare
Witneſſe of private power, and grant what ere
He pleaſe to aske; Crownes, Temples, their owne blood
Or baniſhment; fortune in this was good:

bluſht more to command, then Rome t'obay,
t libertie in this durſt make aſſay
one, if law could overmaſter force;
etellus ſeeing the vaſt maſſie doores
Saturn's Temple ready to fly ope;
nning enrag'd, breaking through Cæſars troope,
fore the yet unopen'd doore he ſtay'd.
Onely the love of gold is not afraid
f Death and threatning ſwords; the lawes are gone
nd broke without one conflict: wealth alone
he worſt of things had power this jarre to make)
aying the rapine thus the Tribune ſpake
loud to *Cæſar*; Through this breaſt of mine
he Temple opes; no treaſure ſhalt thou finde,
obber, but wha: thou buy'ſt with ſacred blood;
his office wrong'd will finde a vengefull God.
Tribunes curſe purſuing *Craſſus*, made
fatall Parthian warre; but draw thy blade:
et not the peoples eyes ſcare thee from this
hy wickedneſſe; the Towne forſaken is:
o wicked Souldiers from our treaſuries
all pay himſelfe; finde other enemies
o ſpoyle, and conquer, other townes to give.
o needde can thee to this foule rapine drive;
me alone, *Cæſar*, thou findſt a warre:
heſe words incens'd the angry Conquerer;
vaine, *Metellus*, hop'ſt thou to obtaine
noble death (quoth he) we ſcorne to ſtaine
ur hand in ſuch a throat; no dignitie
akes thee worth *Cæſars* ire, muſt libertie
e ſav'd by thee; the Fates confound not ſo
ll this, but that the lawes, rather then owe
o thee their preſervation, would be broke,
nd tane away by *Cæſar*; thus he ſpoke;
ut when the Temple doores the Tribune ſtout
eft not, more angry growne, he lookes about

On his keene swords, to play the gowne-man now
Hee had forgot; when *Cottagan* to wooe
Metellus to give ore his enterprise;
The freedome of men subjugated dies
By freedomes selfe (quoth hee) whose shadow thou
Shalt keep: if all his proud commands thou doe.
So many unjust things have conquer'd we
Already suffer'd, and this now must be
The excuse t'our shame, and most degenerate feare,
That nought can be deny'd; now let him beare
Away from hence these seeds of wicked warre.
Losse hurts those people that in freedome are.
Worst to the Lord is serving povertie,
Metellus is remov'd, and open'd be
The temple doores; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noise the broken hinges fill,
And from the bottome of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a yeare
Had not beene touch't, which Carthage warres to us,
And the two Kings, *Philip* and *Perseus*
Both conquer'd brought, is ransackt; gold they reave
Which flying *Pyrrhus* to thee, Rome, did leave,
For which *Fabritius* would no traytor be.
What ere the vertuous frugality
Of our forefathers had yet kept unspent,
And Asia's wealthy tributaries sent.
What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
And ore the seas from Cyprus *Cato* fet.
The spoiles of all the East, and treasures proud
Of captive Kings, which *Pompey's* triumphs shew'd.
This temples impious robbing brought to passe
That Rome then first then *Cæsar* poorer was.
Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawne from all
The world strong nations with himselfe to fall.
Aid to the warre so neere first Græcia lends,
And Cyrrha on the Rocke; Amphissa sends

er Phocian bands, Parnassus learned hill
rom both her tops sends men, Bæotians fill
he campe, neere whom th'oraculous waters flow
Of swift Cephisus: men from Pisa too,
And Theban Dirce, and where under sea
lphæus sends his streames to Sicily.
h'Arcadians leave their Mænalus, and from
erculian Oeta the Trachinians come.
The Thesprots came, and their now silent oake
Th'Epirots neere Chaonia forsooke.
Athens, though wasted now with musters quite,
Yet levies men, and to this civill fight
Three Saliminian ships sends from her fleet
To *Phœbus* dedicated: *Iove*-lov'd Creete
From Gnossus, and Gortina sends to'th field
Archers, that need not to the Parthians yield:
Souldiers from out Dardanian Oricum,
From Athamas, and from Encheleæ come,
Fam'd for transformed *Cadmus* funeralls:
From Colchos, where *Absyrtus* foaming falls
Into the Adrian: those where Peneus flowes:
He that Iolchos in Thessalia plowes:
Thence was the sea first try'd, when Argo bore
Those that first sayled to a forreine shore,
And first of all commited fraile mankind
To mercie of the raging sea and wind:
That ship taught men a way unknowne to die:
From Thracian Æmus, and from Pholoe
Beely'd with Centraures, and from Strymon too,
From whence the birds to Nile in winter goe:
From barbarous Cone, where into the seas
Sixe headed Ister does one channell ease
At Peuce, souldiers come: the Mysian,
And cold Caicus-washt Idalian,
Barren Arisbe helpes, and Pisane:
Celenæ by *Apolloes* victory

Coe-

Condemn'd, that curst *Minervaes* fatall gift;
Where into crook'd Mæander Marsyas swift
Falling, there mingled backe againe does flow;
The land, that from gold Mines lets Hermus goe,
And rich Pactolus; those of Ilium
With Ilium's fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of Troy, and *Cæsars* pedegree
Drawne from *Iulus* could no hindrance be.
The Syrian people from Orontes goe,
Windy Damascus, happy Minos too;
Gaza, and Idumæa rich in Palmes;
Instable Tyre; Sidon, whom purple fames:
These ships bound to the war, the Cynosure
Guides straight along the Sea, to none more sure;
Phænicians, that (if fame we dare believe)
To humane speech first characters did give.
The rivers yet had not with paper serv'd
Ægypt; but carv'd, beasts, birds, and stones preserv'd
Their magicke language. Taurus lofty wood
Forsaken is; Tarsus, where Perseus flood,
From Coricus, digg'd from an hallow rocke,
Mallos, and Ægæ, the Cilicians flocke
No Pirates now, but to a just war prest.
Fame of this war had flirt'd the farthest East
Where Ganges is, that onely crosse does run
Of all earth's Rivers to the rising Sun,
And roules his waves against the Easterne wind.
Philips great Son, there stay'd, was raughe to find
The world more large, then his ambitious mind
Conceiv'd it: and where double channel'd Inde
Feeles not Hydaspes mixture: Indians,
That sucke sweet liquor from their sugar canes:
And those, whose haire with saffron is bedy'd,
Whose garments loose with colour'd gems are ty'd;
Those that alive their funerall piles erect,
And leape into the flames helping t'effect

Fauo

tes worke; what glory 'tis, content to live
o more, the remnant to the gods to give;
erce Cappadocians, th'hardy Nations
eere to Ammannus, the Armenians
eere strong Niphates; the Coastres from
heir lofty woods, and the Arabians come
to an unknowne world, wondring to see
adowes of woods on the right hand to be.
artheſt Oloſtrians come to Roman war;
armanian Captaines too; who Southward far
e not the ſet of the whole Northern Beare;
y night but little ſhines *Bootes* there.
he Æthiopian land not ſeene at all
y any of the ſignes Septentrionall
ut crooked Taurus hoofe; thoſe people too
Vhence great Euphrates, and ſwift Tygris flow,
rom one ſpring Perſis ſends them; 'tis unknowne
Vhat name, ſhould theſe two Channels meet in one
They'd beare: Euphrates flowing on the fields,
That profit there, that Nile in Ægypt yields.
ut Tygris ſwallowed by the gaping earth,
Long hides his courſe: but at his ſecond birth
Denies not to the Sea his new-borne flood.
Betwixt both Campes fierce Parthians neuers ſtood,
Content that they alone had caus'd this war.
Vith poyſon'd arrowes wandring Scythians far
Come to the Campe, whom Baſtros ycie flood
Encloſes, and Hyrcania's deſert wood.
The valiant Heniochian Horſemen there
Sprung from the Spartan race: Sarmatians neere
To the fierce Moſchi, where cold Phaſis glides,
And Colchos richeſt paſture fields divides.
Where Halys fatall to the Lydian King
Does flow; where Tanais, that drawes his ſpring
From the Riphæan hills, and doth divide
Europe from Aſia, giving to each ſide

The name of severall worlds, and (as he bends)
Now to this world, now that increase he lends.
Where slow Mœotis driven into the seas,
Takes from the pillars of great *Hercules*
Their fame; denying that the Gades alone
Admit the sea. Scythonian nations,
The valiant Arians, Arimaspians
With gold-deck't locks, and swift Gelonians.
The Massegets, their thirst that satisfie
With the same horses bloods, whereon they fly.
Not *Cyrus* leading th'Eastern troopes, nor when
Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men
Came downe; nor *Agamemnon* bound to fet
His brothers ravisht wife with that fam'd fleet,
So many kings brought under their commands
So many nations drawne from severall lands,
Different in language, and attire; nor ere
Did fortune bring so many men to beare
Part in a mighty ruine, making all
Sad obsequies at *Pompeys* funerall.
Marmarick troopes the horned Ammon prest,
And all scortcht Affricke from the farthest West
To th'Eastern shore, send ayde, as far as ly
The Syrtes gulfes; lest *Cæsar* severally,
And oft be troubled, here all nations
Pharsalia brings to be subdu'd at once.
Cæsar now leaving fearfull Rome in haste
With his swift troopes the cloudy Alpes orepast:
But though his fame all people else affright
Phocian Massilia (*s*) dares yet keepe aright
Her faith, and far from Greekish levity
The cause, the lawes, not fortune followes she:
But first of all they labour to affwage
With peacefull parley his uncurbed rage,
And stubborne mind: and to their foe nowe nigh
They send an Olive-bearing Embassy.

As *Latiums* annals can true mention make,
Maſſilia ſtill was ready to partake
The fate of Rome in any forraine warre:
And now if triumphs over nations farre,
Cæſar, thou ſeeke, to ſuch a conflict take
Theſe hands, and lives of ours; but if you make
Sad civill warre, then give us leave to bend
To neither ſide, and naught but teares to ſpend.
Let not our hands in wounds ſo ſacred be:
If th'heavenly Gods had civill enmitie,
Or earth-borne Giants ſhould aſſault the ſky,
No ayde to *Iove* durſt humane pietie
By armes or prayers lend; their ſtates above
We know not, but are bound to thinke that *Iove*
Has thunder ſtill; beſides how many from
All nations now doe voluntaries come?
The ſlothfull world is not from vice ſo far
That you ſhould need forc'd ſword to civill war.
Would ev'ry people would this cauſe refuſe,
And this ſad war no hands, but Roman uſe.
Some hands would falter at their fathers ſight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainſt brothers fight.
The war will ſoone have end, if forreine ſtates
You uſe not t'exerciſe their ancient hates.
Our humble ſuite is, that within our wall
Thou'ldſt truſt thy ſelfe, and leaue behinde thee all
Thy threatning Eagles; let us this obtaine
To ſhut out war, and *Cæſar* entertaine.
Let this place free from guilt ſafely receive
Thy ſelfe and *Pompey*, if fates pleaſe to give
Peace to unconquer'd Rome; here both may meete
Vnarm'd; but why, when danger did invite
Thy wars to Spaine, turn'dſt thou to us aſide?
We are of no availe to turne the tide
Of your great wars; our armes have proved ſtill
Vnfortunate; when fortune did exile

Vs from our firſt plantation, here we ſate,
And Phocis ſackt towers hither did tranſlate:
Here in a forreine coaſt, and weake wall'd towne
Safe have wee liv'd; our Faith is our renowne.
If thou intend ſiege to our walles to lay,
Or through our gates t'enforce a ſpeedy way;
In the defence we are reſolv'd to dye,
And fury of the ſword, and fire to try.
If thou divert our waters courſe, the ground
Weele dig, and licke the puddle we have found:
If food ſhould faile, fleſh of our children ſlaine
(Fearefull to touch or ſee) our jawes ſhould ſtaine:
For libertie to ſuffer weele not feare
What once Saguntum, when beſieg'd, could beare
In Carthage war: our babes in vaine that ſtrive
To ſucke their Mothers dry'd up breaſts, weele give
Freely to th' fire: a wife ſhall ſue for death
At her deare husbands hand: a brothers breath
A brothers hand ſhall ſtop; this civill war
Weele chooſe o'th two; ſo ſpoke th'Embaſſador.
But *Cæſar's* troubled looke his anger ſpeakes
Before his words; but this at laſt; theſe Greekes
Vaine hope of our departure has poſſeſt;
Though we were marching to the fartheſt Weſt,
Yet have we time to ſacke Maſſilia.
Souldiers rejoyce, Fate meets us in the way
With war; as winds in th'emptie ayre doe loſe
Their force, unleſſe ſome ſtrong growne oake oppoſe:
As mighty fires for want of fuell dye,
So want of foes breeds our calamitie.
Our ſtrength were loſt unleſſe ſome durſt ſtand out
To be ſubdu'd: but if I come without
My armes, they will receive mee; they deſire
Not to exclude, but take mee priſoner.
But they (forſooth) would faine that guilt eſchew
That followes civill war; Ile make them rue

Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
Safer then warre to those serve under me.
Then on hee marches; the towne fearlesse shut
Their gates, and souldiers on the Rampiers put.
Not farr off from the walls a hill there stood,
Whose top was like a field levell and broad,
Which *Cæsar* in surveying judg'd to be
Safe for a campe, and fit to fortifie:
The townes neer'st part did an high castle raise
Æquall to th'hill; in midst a valley was.
Cæsar resolves on a laborious thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills; but first to shut up quite the towne
By land, from both sides his high campe brings downe
A long worke to the sea, a bulwarke rais'd
Of turfes, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all convoyes from the towne.
This was a thing for ever to renowne
This Greekish towne, to stay the violent course
Of this hot warre, not tane by suddaine force,
Or feare; when *Cæsar* all the rest orerunne,
This Cities conquest ask'd him time alone:
'Twas much to stay his fates: fortune in haste
To make him lord of all the world did Waste
Time at this siege: now round about the towne
The lofty woods are fell'd; large Okes hew'n downe,
To fortifie with posts the bulwarkes side.
Lest earth too brittle of it selfe should slide
Away, not able the tow'rs weight to beare.
A wood untoucht of old was growing there
Of thicke set trees, whose boughs spreading and faire
Meeting obscured the incosed aire,
And made darke shades exiling *Phœbus* rayes,
There no rude Fawne, nor wanton Sylvan playes;
No Nymph disports, but cruell Deities
Claim barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice:

Each trees defil'd with humane blood: if wee
Believe traditions of antiquity,
No bird dares light upon those hallowed bowes:
No beasts make there their dens: no wind there blowes,
No lightning falls; a sad religious awe
The quiet trees unstirr'd by wind doe draw.
Blacke water currents from darke fountaines flow:
The gods unpolisht images doe know
No art, but plaine and formelesse trunkes they are.
Their mosse, and mouldinesse procures a feare:
The common figures of knowne Deities
Are not so fear'd: not knowing what God 'tis
Makes him more awfull; by relation
The shaken earths darke cavernes oft did grone:
Fall'n Yew trees often of themselves would rise:
With seeming fire oft flam'd th'unburned trees:
And winding dragons the cold okes imbrace:
None give neere worship to that balefull place;
The people leave it to the gods alone.
When blacke night reignes, or *Phœbus* gilds the noone,
The Priest himselfe trembles, afrayd to spie
Or finde this woods tutelar Deitie.
This wood he bids them fell: not standing far
From off their worke: untoucht in former war,
Among the other bared hils it stands:
Of a thicke growth; the Souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to strike, moov'd with the majestie,
And thinke the axe from off the sacred tree
Rebounding backe would their owne bodies wound:
Th'amazement of his men when *Cæsar* found,
In his bold hand himselfe an hatchet tooke,
And first of all assaults a lofty oake,
And having wounded the religious tree,
Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæsar* beare.
The souldiers all obey, not voide of feare,

But ballancing the gods, and *Cæsars* frowne.
The knotty Holmes, the tall wild Ashes downe,
Ioves sacred Oake, ship-building Alder falls,
And Cypresse worne at great mens funeralls,
Then first cut downe, admit the sight of day.
The falling trees so thicke each other stay.
The Gaules lament to see the woods destroy'd:
But the besieged townesmen all orejoy'd
Hope that the wronged gods will vengeance take;
But gods oft spare the guilti'st men, and make
Poore wretches onely feele their vengefull hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
From every part, plowmen their seasons lose,
Whilst in this worke souldiers their teames dispose.
But weary in this (g) lingring war to stay
Before the walls, *Cæsar* goes farre away
To meet his troopes in Spaine; his army stayes
Before the towne: there lofty forts they raise,
And bulwarks equalling the height o'th towne,
Which had in earth no fixt foundation,
But rowled to and fro the cause unknowne,
The townesmen viewing this strange motion,
Thought it some earthquake, where the strugling wind
From the earths cavernes could no passage find:
But much they wonder their owne walls stand fast:
From thence against the towne their Piles they cast;
But the Greeks missill weapons did more harme
To *Cæsars* men, sent from no feeble arme,
But mighty engines with a whirlewinds might;
These not content one breast alone to split,
Through many bodies, bones and armours cleave,
Not loosing in one wound their strength, and leave
Behind them many deaths; but when they throw
Great massie stones, the mortall force is so
As from a mountaines top a falling rocke,
Which the winds force, and running time has broke;

Not onely kills what man ſoe're it daſh,
But every limb does into pieces paſh.
But when with fence of ſhields conjoyned all
The ſheltred ſouldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all cover'd like a fiſhes ſhell,
Thoſe darts, and ſtones flew over them, which fell
With danger on their heads before; but now
The Greekes at ſuch ſmall diſtance could not throw,
Nor th'Engine change, content with weight alone
On their foes heads they roule downe heavie ſtone:
But while the fence did laſt, hurtleſſe did all
Their ſtones, and darts, like haile on houſes fall;
Vntill the townesmens teaſed valour broke
(When *Cæſar's* men were tir'd with often ſtrokes)
The fence, and did their joyned ſhields divide:
Then did a thin earth cover'd worke proceed;
Vnder whoſe covert thoſe that lay did fall
To worke in undermining of the wall,
Sometimes the back-forc'd ram did ſtrongly drive
Forward, the well compacted wall to rive.
But from above with fires, with often ſtrokes
Of broken bars, ſtakes, and fire harden'd oaks,
They force the fence; the work broke downe and vaine,
The ſouldiers tir'd fly to their campe againe.
The Greeks then ſally forth, not ſatisfi'd
That their walls ſafely ſtand, and fire works hide
(*b*) Vnder their armes, no mortall bow nor ſpeare
Armes the bold youth, but flaming fire they beare,
Which with ſwift wings into the Roman trench
The ſtrong winds carry; nought has power to quench
Or ſlacken it, the wood though greene diſſolves,
And in blacke clouds of ſmoake the ayre involves,
But fire all pieces of the buildings take,
Not onely wood, but ſtones, and rocks doe crack,
And moulder into aſhes: greater now
The falling bulwarks in their ruines ſhow.

The

The conquer'd now looſing all hope by land
Reſolve the hazard of ſea-fight to ſtand,
Their ſhips fore-deck no gilded names adorne;
But timber plaine, ſuch as the woods had borne
Growing, make ſtations firme for Navall fight,
Now downe the ſtreame of Rodanus the fleet
From Stæchas comes to ſea, and there attends
Brutus Prætorian ſhips: Maſſilia ſends
Her utmoſt ſtrength to triall of the war;
Old men, and beardleſſe boyes all armed are.
The fleet then ready on the Ocean
Was rigg'd, and old worne ſhips repair'd againe.
Now when the ſky is cleare, and his bright rayes
On the calme ſea the riſing Sun diſplayes:
The North and Southern winds their fury ſpare,
And leave the calmed Ocean fit for war:
Both nations rowing from their ſtations meet,
Here the Cæſarian, there the Græcian fleet.
With oft and luſty ſtrokes of Rowers from
The havens trembling the great Gallies come.
The hornes of *Cæſar's* fleet Gallies that bore
Three Oares a ſide, and ſome that went with foure
Or more did make, themſelves oppoſing ſo
In front, behind them ſmaller veſſels goe,
Libumian Gallies with two Oares content.
Conjoyn'd in forme of an halfe Moone they went.
Brutus Prætorian galley ſwept the ſea
Like a vaſt houſe, then th'reſt more high was ſhe,
And row'd with ſixe ſtrong Oares on a ſide.
But when ſo little ſea-roome did divide
Both fleets, as that one ſtroke would make them meet,
Numberleſſe voyces the vaſt ayre did greet
Of thoſe that plow'd the ſeas loud ſhouts quite drown'd.
The noiſe of rowing, and ſhrill trumpets ſound.
Then ſweepe they the blew waves: the rowers ſeat (feet
Themſelves, and 'gainſt their breaſts ſtrong ſtrokes they

Ships againſt ſhips, beakes meeting beakes reſound;
And run aſterne; the ayre is darkned round
With flying darts, which falling th'Ocean hide.
Then turning their forecaſtles far more wide,
They make their homes t'engirt the adverſe fleet.
As when ſtrong winds with tides repugnant meet,
One way the Sea, the waves another go,
The ſhips upon the furrow'd Ocean ſo
Make different tracts, and waves upon the maine,
Which oares rais'd, the ſea beats downe againe.
But the Greeke veſſels were more nimble far
Either to flye, or turne about the war,
They could without long tedious turning wield
Themſelves, and quickly to the ſterne could yield.
The Roman ſhips ſlow keel'd would firmely ſtand,
And lend ſure footing like a fight by land.
The maſter then of his Prætorian ſhip
Brutus beſpake, why doſt thou let them ſlip?
Leave thy Sea-tricks and joyne the battels cloſe,
'Gainſt the Phocaicke ſtems our ſhips oppoſe:
He ſtraight obeyes, and turnes his owne broad ſide
Againſt their ſtems; what ſhip ſoere then tride
T'encounter her, with her owne ſtroke orecome
Stickes faſt, and is ſurpris'd; they hooke in ſome,
With oares ſome, ſome they with chaines hold faſt:
On the ſeas cover'd face the war is plac'd.
No brandiſht Iavelins manage now the war,
No dared ſteele beſtowing wounds from far:
Hands joyne with hands, and in this Navall fight
The ſword acts all: in their owne ſhips upright
They face their foes prone ſtrokes, ſome fall downe
In their owne ſhips: dy'd is the Ocean, (ſlaine
And the waves ſtiffen'd with congealed blood:
Ships hooc'd together could not meet, withſtood
By falling carkaſſes; ſome halfe dead ſinke;
And their owne blood mixt with ſalt water drinke:

ome, that desire their strugling lives to keepe,
all in the ruines of their broken ship.
avelins, that mist the aime they did intend,
all in the sea, and finish there their end,
inding their bodies to receive a wound.
A Roman ship by Greeks inviron'd round
ights stiffely still, on left hand, and on right
aintaining long 'gainst all a doubtfull fight;
pon whose lofty decke whilst *Tagus* bold
Strived a seazed Græcian flag to hold,
Two darts together sent together split
His breast and backe, and in the middle meet:
The blood not knowing yet which way to run
Makes stand; but out at last both darts are throwne:
He in two wounds his dying soule divides.
Hither his ship whilst hapless *Telo* guides,
Then whom none better on a boystrous sea
Could guide a ship, none better knew then he
To morrow's weather, if the Sun he spi'd,
Or Moone, and could for future stormes provide.
He with his stem a Roman ship had broke,
But through his heart a trembling Iavelin stroke;
The ship turnes off following his dying hand;
Gyareus leaping to his friends command
Straight with a Roman javelin strongly slung
Was slaine, and to the ship fast nailed hung.
Two twins stand up, their fruitfull mothers fame,
That from one wombe with fates far different came.
(Death parts them: their sad parents reft of one
Without mistaking know their living son,
Whose lookes the cause of lasting sorrow keepe,
And make his friends for his slaine brother weepe.)
One of those twins from his Greeke ship was bold
Vpon a Roman keele to lay strong hold:
But from above a stroke cut off his hand,
Which in the place did still fast bended stand,

And

And kept the hold; the nerves more stiffe became
By death, his courage by this noble maime
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand 'gainst his foes he bent,
And rushes on his lost right hand to reach,
But that (alas) another sword did fetch
Off by the shoulder: now both hands were gone,
Nor sword, nor target could he wield; yet downe
He did not sinke, but naked breasted stood
Formost to save his armed brothers blood,
And there all darts, all wounds that were ordain'd
For many deaths one dying breast contain'd;
And then his soule fleeting so many wayes
He recollects, and in his tir'd limbs stayes
That little strength, and blood was left, to skip
Before his death into the Roman ship
His enemies by weight alone t'oppresse:
For now the ship laden with carkasses,
And full of blood bor'd through the side had beene,
And through her leakes drinking the water in
Was fill'd up to the hatches, sinking than
It turn'd the face of the neere Ocean:
The waters to the sinking ship gave way,
And in her roome clos'd up againe. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold.
An iron hooke throwne to lay violent hold
Vpon a ship, on *Lycidas* did light:
Drown'd had he beene, but his friends hinder'd it,
And in his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt: nor did his blood spin flow
As from a wound, but gushing in one spout
From all his broken vaines at once let out:
Into the sea falls his life carrying blood.
Never so great a passage open stood
To let out any soule, life straight forsakes
His lower halfe, since vitall parts it lacks:

in his upper halfe (since in that part
the soft lungs, and life sustaining heart)
th stayes awhile, and findes repugnancie.
at one time could all his members die.
he men that mann'd one ship, eager of fight
pressing to one side leave empty quite
e other side; whose weight orturn'd the ship,
ich topsie turvie sinking downe did keep
e Saylers vnder water; all of them
re drownd, nor could their arms have roome to swim.
e horrid kinde of death that day was seene,
young man swimming was, whose brest betweene
vo meeting ships sharpe stemmes was bored through.
e brazen stemmes through bones and flesh did goe,
d made a noise; his squiezed belly sent
through his mouth blood mixt with excrement.
t when the Ships divide themselves againe,
e body throwne into the Ocean,
e water through his bored bosome came:
ow in the sea ship-wrackt Massilians swame
owards their fellowes ship to save their lives,
t that already over-burden'd strives
o keep her friends (though thus distressed) out,
nd from above with swords the souldiers cut
heir armes, when hold upon the ship they lay,
hen downe againe into the sea fall they
eaving their hands behind, the Ocean
an now no longer their maim'd trunkes sustaine.
t now when all the souldiers darts were gone,
ury findes weapons, Oares by some are throwne
gainst their foes, with a strong arme. The mast
o some teare downe, and in their fury cast;
ome teare the Sailers seats, boords from the decke
ome throw: for weapons they their ships doe breake:
ome wanting swords, their friends dead bodies spoile;
rom his owne brest one drawes the mortall File,

With

With the left hand holding the wound, so long
To keep in blood and strength, till he had flung
The javelin at his foe, then lets it run.
But nothing wrought so much destruction
At sea, as seas opposed element
The fire, which wrapt in unctious stuffe was sent,
And sulphur balls, the ships apt fuell were,
Their pitch and melting waxe tooke easily fire;
Nor now could water quench th'unruly flame,
Fragments of broken ships full burning swame:
Into the sea to quench his fire one skips,
For feare of drowning to the burning ships
Another cleaves: that death, that was most neare,
Among a thousand deaths they most did feare.
Nor did their ship-wrackt valour idly live:
Darts floating on the waves they take and give
Their fellowes in the ship, or on the seas
Themselves those darts (though feebly) exercise.
When weapons want, the seas their weapons be;
Foes grasping foes together gladly die.
But in that fight one *Phocian* did excell,
To search the seas he under water well
Could keepe his breath, dive to the lowest sands,
And loosen fastend anchors with his hands.
He grapling with a foe downe in the maine
Had sunke and drown'd him, and himselfe againe
Safe, and a conquerer rose; but rising found
Ships in his way, and so at last was drown'd.
Some with their armes on their foes oares lay hold
To stay their flight: deare as they could they sold
Their lives: some wounded, to keep off the blowes
From their friend's ships, their bodies interpose.
Tyrrhenus standing on the deck aloft
Lycormas with a Balearicke shaft
Wounded: the ponderous lead his temples broke,
His falling eyes their hollow seat forsooke,

e opticke nerves, and ligaments were broke:
e now ſtarke blind, amazed at the ſtroake
hinkes this to be deaths darkeneſſe: finding than
hat all his limbs their perfect ſtrength retaine,
llowes (quoth he) place me where I may throw
pile, and plant me as you uſe to doe
gines of war: this little life that now
emaines, *Tyrrheus*, on all hazzards throw;
his body, though in part already dead,
ill ſerve for warlike uſes, and inſtead
f men alive take wounds; Thus having ſpoke
his blind aimleſſe hand a Pile he ſhooke,
nd threw it not in vaine, which as it light
elow his belly noble *Argus* hit,
hoſe weight now falling made it further glide.
Argus unhappy Sire on t'other ſide
he beaten ſhip then ſtood (to none would he,
hen he was young, in feats of ſouldiery
ive place, his ſtrength is now by age decay'd,
nd he no ſouldier, but a patterne made)
lee ſeeing his ſon fall, with trembling ſtep
tumbling along came to that ſide the ſhip,
nd finding there the body panting yet,
No teares fell from his cheekes, nor did he beat
His wofull breſt; his hands now ſtiffe were growne,
nd all his joints cold numneſſe ſeizes on:
A ſudden darkneſſe cloſes up his eyes,
hat he diſcernes not *Argus*, whom he ſees.
Argus his dying head began to reare,
nd feeble necke ſeeing his father there
peechleſſe, yet ſeem'd in ſilence to demand
kiſſe, and to invite his fathers hand
o cloſe his dying eyes; but the old man
ree from amaze, when bloody griefe began
o recollect his ſtrength, I will not loſe
hat time (quoth he) that angry fate beſtowes.

Pardon

Pardon thy wretched father, that from thee
Argus, and from thy last imbrace I flee;
Thy wounds warme blood yet signes of life doe give
Th'art but halfe dead, and yet awhile mayst live:
Ile goe before thee Sonne: these words expreſt,
And with a bloody ſword piercing his breſt,
He leape into the ſea, hasting to death:
Before his deareſt Sonne: his flitting breath
Vnto one ſingle kinde of deſtiny
He durſt not truſt. Now great commanders dye:
And now no longer doubtfull is the fight;
Some of the Grecks are ſunke; by haſty flight
Some get into the haven; others beare
(Changing their load) the Romane Conquerer.
But now ſad Parents mournings fill the towne:
The ſhore with mothers lamentation
Did ring; in ſtead of her deare husbands face,
A weeping wife miſtaking did imbrace
A Roman; Fathers funerall rites to give
About their Sonnes deformed bodies ſtrive.
But *Brutus* Conquerer on the Ocean,
To *Ceſar's* ſide firſt navall honour wan.

FINIS Libri tertij.

Annotations on the third Booke:

(a) *The uſuall time of mourning among the Romans for the loſſe of husband or wife, was ten moneths; which ſpace of time it was accounted infamous to marry, and therefore* Cornelia, *Daughter to* Lucius Scipio, *Widow of* Pub. Craſſus, *who was married to* Pompey *within that time, is here ſtiled by* Iulia *a ſtrumpet.*

(b) Cæ

(b) Cæsar, although it much concerned him to pursue Pompey, and overtake him before his strength were too much encreased by forreine ayde, yet partly for want of ships, and partly fearing lest in his absence there might happen some new commotion in Italy, and withall fearing the Pompeyan army, that was then in Spaine under the conduct of Afranius and Petreius, hee resolved first to goe and settle things at Rome, and afterwards to goe fight against those enemies in Spaine.

(c) Valerius was sent into Sardinia to fetch Corne, and Curio into Sicily, as Propretor with three legions; those Countreyes were then the greatest Granaries of the Romane Empire.

(d) Cæsar assembled the Senators into Apolloes temple, and there with courteous language excused himselfe concerning this war, as a thing undertaken onely to preserve his owne dignitie against the envie and injury of a few, hee entreateth them to take care of the Commonwealth, and joyne with him in it: likewise to send Embassadors to Pompey, and the Consuls concerning peace.

(e) The Tribunitiall power was held so sacred, that whosoever did offer any violence unto it, they thought the gods would take revenge, and conceived the reason of that great and miserable overthrow, which Marcus Crassus received in Parthia, to be because Ateius the Tribune had cursed him as he went away.

(f) Cæsar passing through the further Gallia, and understanding that Domitius, whom hee had lately taken prisoner at Corfinium, and released againe, was come into Massylia, a Citie that favoured Pompey's faction, hee called out some of the chiefe of the Citie, and admonished them not too much to obey one man, and so drew a warre upon themselves; they shut the gates against Cæsar, but requested him gently to passe by them, hoping by that meanes to have kept themselves in safetie, and to have remained as neuters in the Warre, but that drew this heavy sedge upon

upon them. Vnhappy Massilia (saith Florus) which
suffring too much to preserve her peace, for feare of war
into a war.

(g) Cæsar had sent Caius Fabius his Lieutenant w
three legions into Spaine, to dislodge Afranius a Lieu
nant of Pompey's in the Pyrenæan straights: and
himselfe leaving Caius Trebonius to besiege Massilia
land, and Decius Brutus to besiege it by sea, goes with
hundred horsemen into Spaine to Fabius his campe.

(h) The story in the place concerning the firing of th
workes which Cæsars Souldiers had raised, and the assi
of the Massilians is not rightly related by Lucan, but diffe
much from the relation of true Historie.

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Fourth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Spaine neere high Ilerdaes walls
Encampes 'gainst two Pompeian Generalls.
By suddaine floods his Campe endanger'd is:
Cæsar divides the streame of Sicoris;
Oretakes Petreius *flight, who bloodily*
Breaks off his Souldiers new made amitie;
But by extremitie of thirst compell'd
Afranius, *and himselfe to Cæsar yield.*
Famish'd Antonius *yields t' his enemy.*
Vulteius, *and his valiant cohort dye*
By their owne swords. Curio *on Libyan sands*
Is slaine by Iubaes *Mauritanian bands.*

BVt now sterne *Cæsar* in Spaines fartheſt coaſt
Makes warre: on which, though little blood
it (a) coſt;
The fortunes of both Generalls much did
ſtand.
Affranius (b) and *Petreius* did command
Thoſe campes with equall povver, but concord made
Their government more firme: their men obay'd
Alternally

Alternally both Generalls commands.
Heere besides Romans bold *Asturian* bands,
Light *Vestones*, and *Celtæ* (c) were, that came
From *France*, and with th' *Iberi* mixt their name.
A little hill not steepe of fertile lands
Swells up, on which the old Ilerda stands;
Before the towne flowes Sicoris soft streame,
Among *Spaines* Rivers of no small esteeme,
On which a Bridge of stone high arched stood
T'endure the violence of a winters flood.
The next hill the *Pompeyans* campe did beare,
Æquall to which *Cæsar* his tents did reare.
The River in the midst both campes divides,
From whence the champion fields upon both sides
Extend themselves beyond the ken of man.
Swift Cinga bounds them, that to th'Ocean
Carries no name, (d) Iber, where you two joyne,
That gives the land her name, takes from thee thine.
The first day they encamp'd from fight was free:
The Captaines stood each others strength to see,
Numbring the Eagles; shame did then begin
To damne their rage, and hold their fury in;
One poore dayes respite to their country they
And broke lawes gave, but *Cæsar* when the day
Declin'd, did with a suddaine trench enclose
His campe about, and to deceive the foes
His army in the front kept station
To hide the worke; and when the morne drew on,
He sends swift troopes the next hill to surprise,
That twixt the foes campe, and Ilerda lies;
Thither the foes with shame and terrour make,
And by a neerer way the hill they take.
The fight growes there; on sword, and valour one
Relyes, the other on possession.
Laden with armes march *Cæsar*'s souldiers up
'Gainst the steepe hill: their following fellowes prop

Their backes with targets up, to keepe them so
From falling backe; their Pikes against the foe
They could not use, Riders hide their faltring steps;
Hold, as they climbe, they catch on shrubs and slips;
Their swords serve not to fight, but cut their way.
This danger *Cæsar* saw, and sent away
His horse to wheele charging in flanke the foe,
And all his foot retreat in safety so.
The skirmish ended thus, and neither side
Obtain'd the conquest. Thus farre fighting try'd.
What other fates were added to this warre
Grew from th'unconstant motions of the aire,
For by cold winters dry North-winds the raine
The clouds congealed bowells did containe.
Snowes on the hills, and rops of mountaines lie,
And frosts that at the Sunnes appearance flie.
All lands within those Westerne climates are
Hardned by winters dry congealing aire.
But when the Sunne now warmer came
To take possession of the heav'nly Ram,
Making the Æquinoctiall againe,
When day t'exceed the night in length beganne,
When *Cynthia* from the Sunne's conjunction
But newly come could hardly yet be knowne;
Boreas th'excludes, and fire from *Eurus* takes;
He all the clouds that his whole quarter makes
Throwes to the West with Nabathæan blasts,
The fogs that India, that Arabia casts
Exhal'd, and growne under the rising Sun,
Sky-darkning Ceres exhalation,
Which cooles the Indian aire, now blowne away
From thence make hot the Easterne countrey's day.
Nor could the loads of those thicke clouds fall downe
On the mid world, strong tempests drive them on
From North and South; alone does Calpe ground
Drinke the moyst aire, the farthest Westerne bound,

Where heavens bow'd hinge does with the Ocean meet:
The clouds driv'n thither could no further get:
Their vastnesse hardly could involved be
In such straight roome, as 'twixe that earth and skie.
Those clouds then crusht together by the Pole
Contract in th'aire, and downe amaine they role
In gushing showres; lightnings though thick retaine
No flashing fire, extinguisht by the raine.
Iris no colours can distinctly show
Circling the aire with an imperfect bow;
She drinkes the sea, and to the Ocean
The ponderous waves fall from the sky again.
The Pyrænean snowes, which *Titan* yet
Could never melt, flow downe: the rockes are wet
With broken ice: rivers their wonted way
Forsake; as channels the whole fields display
Themselves: and now as ship-wrackt on the seas
Flote *Cæsars* tents, and drenched companies;
The streame breakes downe his campe: rivers orflow
His trench and workes, nor can the souldiers goe
To forrage: the drown'd fields no victaile leave:
The wayes by water cover'd all deceive
The fetchers of provision; then came on
A famine, still the sad companion
Of other woes: the souldiers by no foes
Besieg'd, are pin'd; one his whole wealth bestowes
Vpon a crust of bread not dearly sold:
(Oh meagre thirst of gaine) for ready gold
An hungry seller is not wanting there.
The waters now have all, no hills appeare;
The joyning rivers like ore-spreading fennes
Cover high rockes; transported are the dennes
Of beasts; the streame carries the strugling horse
Not touching ground, and as of greater force
Then th'Ocean repells the Oceans tide.
The dark'ned Pole does *Phœbus* lustre hide,

nd the black skies all colours doe confound.
o lyes the farthest part of the worlds ground,
Vhich the cold zone, and frosts perpetuall
over: those countries see no stars at all:
heir barren yce breeds nothing: good alone
o temper with their cold the torrid zone.
o let it be, great *Ioue*, so let it be.
Neptune, whose three fork'd sceptre rules the sea.
hou, *Ioue*, with stormes perpetuall fill the ayre;
hou, *Neptune*, let no rivers home repaire,
et no streames find prone passage to the maine,
ut with the Oceans tide turne backe againe.
ake the strooke earth to deluge pervious:
hese fields let Rhine oreflow, and Rhodanus.
ither their course let all great rivers bend:
ither Riphæan snowes, lakes, fountaines send;
ither all standing pooles from far command,
nd save from civill war this wretched land.
But *Cæsar*, fortune, with this little feare
f his content, returnes greater then ere:
he gods gan favour, and deserv'd t'obtaine
ardon: the clouded ayre clear'd up againe:
he master'd waters *Sol* in fleeces spred:
he night, presaging a faire morne, look'd red;
hings keepe their place; moysture the skie forsakes;
ater (late high) her owne low center takes;
rees, and emergent hills t'appeare began:
he fields at sight of day grow dry againe.
When *Sicoris* to his owne bankes restor'd
ad left the field, of twigs, and willow boord
hey made small botes cover'd with bullocks hide,
n which they reacht the rivers further side.
o saile the Veneti if Padus flow,
he Britaines saile on their calme Ocean so.
o the Ægyptians saile with woven boats
f papery rushes in their Nilus floats.

The army in these boats transported now
Build up a bridge, and fearing th'overflow
Of the fierce streame, their work they doe not end
Vpon the banke, but ore the fields extend.
And lest againe Sicoris should overflow,
In severall channels cut, he suffers now
For his first crime: but when *Perseus* spi'd,
That *Cæsars* fortune did all actions guide,
Ilerda he forsakes, trusting no more
The strength of that knowne world, but seeking for
Vntamed nations fierce with warre dire love,
(*e*) To that worlds end the battell to remove.
When *Cæsar* saw the hills and campe forsooke,
He bids his men take armes, and never looke
For bridge, or ford, but with their hardy armes
Swim ore the streame: the Souldiers his alarmes
Obey with speed, and rushing on to fight
Venture those wayes, that they would feare in flight,
Then taking armes cherish their bodies wet,
And their benummed joynts with running heat,
Till noone made shadowes short; the horsemen then
Oretake the hindmost of *Perseus* men,
Who doubtfull are whither to fight or fly.
Two rocky hills lift their proud tops on high
Making a vale beneath: above the ground
Is joyn'd: below safe passages are found
Through windings darke: which straights if once the foe
Had in possession, *Cæsar* well did know
He might from thence carry the war as far
As Spaines remote, and barbarous nations are.
Run without ranke (quoth he) pursue your foes:
Turne backe the war, that by their flight you lose:
Make them turne face to face: though they would fly,
Give not the cowards leave basely to dy,
But on their breasts let them receive our blowes;
This said, with swiftnesse they prevent their foes

Flight

flight to the hils, encamping eloſe beſide.
A narrow trench did both the campes divide,
And of ſo little diſtance was the place,
They might diſtinctly know each others face.
There finding fathers, brothers, ſons, they ſee
The wickednesſe of civill enmity.
And firſt for feare ſtanding a little mute
With nods, and ſwords lift up friends friends ſalute;
But when deare love conquer'd the law of wars,
Over the trenches leape the ſouldiers
T'embrace each other: ſome their old hoſts meet,
Some their ſchoolefellows, ſome their kinſmen greet;
He was no Roman that no enemy knew:
Sighs breake their kiſſes, teares their armes bedew,
And though no act of blood were yet begun,
They feare the miſchiefe that they might have done.
Why mourn'ſt thou foole? why doſt thou beat thy breaſt,
And weepe in vaine? why haſt thou now confeſt
Thou 'gainſt thy will to wicked war doſt goe?
Stand'ſt thou in ſuch great feare of him whom thou
Thy ſelfe mak'ſt dreadfull? let his trumpets ſound,
Neglect the cruell noiſe, let none be found
To beare his Eagles, and the war there ends;
Cæſar and *Pompey* private men are friends.
Now concord come, that all things doeſt enfold
In thy white armes, and the worlds ſafety hold,
The earths bleſt love: future impieties
Our age may feare; the ignorance heere dies
Of their miſdeeds: and from excuſe does bar
Their guilt, they know their foes their kinſmen are.
Siniſter fates, that will by this ſhort peace
Their future woes, and wickednesſe increaſe.
'Twas peace, and in both camps mixt ſouldiers ſtray'd,
And on the graſſe their friendly banquets made;
By the ſame fire together *Bacchus* rites
They celebrate, and ſpend the watchfull nights

In ſtories of the vvar as lovingly
Together they in joyning lodgings ly.
Where firſt they did encampe, from what hand fled
Each Pile, and boaſt of every valiant deed.
Denying much they grant the wiſh of Fate,
And love the wretched ſouldiers renovate.
This love their future wickedneſſe increaſt,
For when *Petreius* ſaw their friendly feaſt,
Thinking himſelfe and campe to ſale betray'd
He armes his houſhold ſervants to invade
Dire war: and guarded with a troope of thoſe
Out of his campe th'unarm'd Cæſarians throws.
The ſword, as in embraces joyn'd they ſtood,
Divides them, and diſturbes the peace with blood.
Then wrath theſe war provoking ſpeeches gave,
Souldiers unmindfull of the cauſe you have,
Though *Cæſars* conqueſt you cannot beſtow
Vpon the Senates cauſe, this you can doe
Fight till you are orecome: whilſt you have hands,
And blood, and whilſt the war yet doubtfull ſtands,
Will you goe ſerve, and traiterous Eagles take?
And beg of *Cæſar* he no odds would make
Betweene his ſlaves, and at his hands deſire
Your Captaines lives? our ſafeties treaſons hire
Shall never be; nor make we civill war
To live: by name of peace betray'd we are.
People for veines of braſſe, which deep-hid ly
Would never ſeeke, nor townes would fortify:
No ſtately horſes to the war ſhould goe,
No towre-like ſhips the Oceans face ſhould plow,
If liberty for peace were ere well ſold,
Shall *Cæſars* Souldiers damn'd obedience hold
Bound by a wicked oath, and you make light
Your faith, becauſe in a good cauſe you fight?
But pardon's hop'd: oh ſhames dire funerall,
Not knowing this, great *Pompey*, thou ore all

The world art mustring, and each farthest King
Bringing to fight, whilst we are articling
Basely about thy safety. This fierce speech
Turn'd backe their minds, and stirr'd wars wicked itch;
As when wild beasts wean'd from the woods, and shut
Vp close to tame, have off their wildnesse put,
And learn'd t'endure a man, if blood once staine
Their jawes, their wildnesse straight returnes againe,
Their jawes grow hot, and their new boyling rage
The trembling keeper hardly can asswage.
They run on wickednesse, and what might seeme
In a blind war the gods or fortunes crime,
Deceived trust makes ours; at bord, and bed
The late embraced breasts are murthered;
And though unwillingly at first they draw,
Yet when the ir wicked swords drawne out they save,
And striking were, their friends they truly hate,
And with the stroke themselves they animate.
Petreius campe is with strange tumult fill'd,
And horrid murther: sons their fathers kill'd:
And as if hidden mischiefe lost should be,
They boast their guilt, and let their Captaines see.
Cæsar, though robbed of thy men, yet see
The gods high favour: not so much for thee
On Ægypt, or Massilias seas is done,
Nor so much honour in Pharsalia won.
(f) For this sole crime of civill war does make
That thou at length the better cause shalt take.
The Generals now their blood-stain'd Souldier
No more dare trust within the campe so neere.
But by swift flight toward Ilerda make,
From whom all passage *Cæsars* horsmen take,
And there in those dry hils shut up their foes,
Whom *Cæsar* strives with a deepe trench t'enclose
Cutting all water off, he lets them take
No springs, nor tents neere to the river make.

They

They seeing the way of death, convert their feare
To rage; their horses, that unusefull were
To men besieg'd, they kill, and since in flight
T'were vaine to hope, addresse themselves to fight.
Cæsar perceines them comming, and well knowes
That death is sought by his devoted foes:
Containe your piles, and swords, souldiers (quoth he)
Ile lose no blood to get this victorie.
That foe, that meets the sword, nere gratis dies;
Hating their lives, and cheap in their owne eyes
They come to mine our losses with their death;
They'l feele no wounds, but joy in losse of breath.
But let this heat forsake um, this mad fit,
They'l lose their with of death. *Cæsar* the fight
Forbids, and lets their choller spend in vaine
Till Sol descended to the Ocean,
And starres appear'd; then when no hope's at all
Of fight, their fiercenesse does by little fall,
Their mindes grow cold. So is most courage found
In late hurt men, whil'st freshnesse of the wound,
And the blood hot gives nimble motion
To ev'ry nerve, and muscles guide the bone:
If the wound-giver hold his hand and stay,
Then a cold numnesse (strength being tane away)
Seizes the minde, and the stiffe members tyes,
The wound growne cold (the blood congealing) dies.
The souldiers wanting water through each creeke
Of the digg'd earth for hidden fountaines seeke.
Not onely now the mattocke and the spade,
But swords earth-digging instruments are made.
Downe from the tops of mountaines as profound
They goe, as lies the lowest marish ground.
Farther from day, and deeper in earths mould
Dives not the searcher for Assyrian gold.
But no sought rivers hidden course is shown;
No springs soft gliding on the Pummice stone:

Among

Among the gravell no coole veine at all
Is found: no drops from ſweating cavernes fall.
Weary with digging then the ſweating men
Are from thoſe rocky pits drawne out agen:
And this vaine ſearch of water the dry ayre
Makes them leſſe able to indure, nor dare
They feed their weary bodies, eating nought,
As medicine againſt thirſt is hunger ſought.
If the ſoft earth doe moiſture yield, they bring
The clods, and ore their mouths with both hands wring.
The blacke unſtirred mud, that ev'ry ſinke
Affords, by ſtrife the greedy ſouldiers drinke.
And what to ſave their lives they would have ſtucke
To take, now dying drinke; like beaſts ſome ſucke
Beaſts dugs, and when milke failes with greedy jaw
Meere blood from their exhauſted udders draw.
Herbs, and greene leaves they wring: bedewed twigs
They licke, and juice of bleeding vines: ſmall ſprigs
Of trees they for their tender ſap doe ſquieze.
Oh happy men, whom barbarous enemies
Flying by (e) poyſoning all the rivers kill'd:
But, *Caeſar*, though theſe rivers ſhould be fill'd
With poyſons, carrions, and pale Aconite
Growing on Cretan rockes: yet knowing it
Theſe Romans then would drinke, their bowells now
Are ſcorche, their mouths & tongues dry'd rougher grow.
Their veines ſhrinke up, their lungs in this diſtreſſe
Not moiſt contract the breathing paſſages.
Breathings hard drawne their ulcer'd palats teare;
They ope their thirſty mouths to drinke nights aire,
And wiſh ſuch ſhowres, as all did lately drowne,
And the dry clouds their lookes are fixt upon.
But that which moſt increas'd their miſery,
They were encamp'd not on dry Meroe,
Nor where the naked Garamantes plow
Hot *Cancers* tropick; but betweene the ſnow

Of

Of ſwift Iberus, and full Sicoris:
The thirſtie campe two neighbouring rivers ſees.
Now both the Generalls yeeld; *Afranius* layes
Downe armes, and peace (become a ſuppliant) prayes.
Into the enemies campe his ſtarved bands
Drawing, before the Conquerors feet he ſtands:
And begging pardon with a careleſſe breaſt,
He loſt no Majeſtie; but twixt his laſt,
And former ſtate he bore himſelfe in all,
A conquer'd man, but yet a Generall.
Had I fall'n under a baſe enemie,
I had not lack'd an hand my ſelfe to free:
Know then the cauſe that now I beg to live,
I thinke thee, *Cæſar*, worthy life to give.
For no ſides favour, nor as foes to thee
Did we take armes, both Generalls were we
Before this civill war, and have maintain'd
The former cauſe: now wee'l not fate withſtand.
Spaine we deliver up, and ope the Eaſt:
Of all the world behind thou now maiſt reſt
Secure: nor has much bloods effuſion,
Sharpe ſwords, or weari'd armes this conqueſt won:
Onely thy foes, that thou haſt conquered,
Forgive: nor beg we much, grant us to lead
Vnarm'd thoſe lives, that thou haſt now beſtow'd:
Suppoſe that all our ſlaughtred troopes lay ſtrow'd
Over the fields: to mixe unfortunate
With happy armes, and we participate
Thy triumphs were unfit: our fates we know:
(*b*) Compell us not with thee to conquer now.
But *Cæſar* gently, and with ſmiling cheare
Both pardons, and diſmiſſes them from war.
But when the league was firmly 'greed upon
The Souldiers to th' unguarded rivers run,
Fall on the banks, troubling the granted ſtreame.
But long continued draughts in many of them

Not suffring aire through th'empty veines to flie,
Shut up their lives: nor could they easily
Cease this dry plague, but though their guts they fill,
The covetous disease is craving still.
At last their nerves and strength againe it brings.
Oh luxury too prodigall of things,
Content with no provision easily brought;
Ambitious hunger for things dearely sought
Ore land, and sea, pride of a sumptuous table:
See what small store to cherish life is able,
And nature please: these souldiers fainting soules
No unknowne Consulls noble wine in boles
Of mirrhe, and gold restores: from fountaines pure
Water and bread their fleeting lives assure.
Wretches that follow warres, these souldiers
Being now disarm'd are made secure, from cares
Exempt, and innocent returne againe
To their owne townes, When peace they did obtaine,
How much they griev'd that ever they had cast
One pile, or suffer'd thirst, or ever askt
The gods in vaine to grant them prosp'rous warrs?
For to the happier fighting souldiers,
What toiles through all the world, what doubtfull fields
Remaine to fight? Though fortune alwayes yields
Happy successe, yet must they oftentimes
Conquer, spill blood throughout all lands, and climes,
And follow *Cæsar* through all fates of his,
When the worlds ruine's neare, he happy is
That knowes his settled place. Their weary armes
No war calls forth: their sleeps no loud alarmes
Disturbe: their wives, children, and houses they,
And lands (though no deducted colony)
Injoy; by fortune from this burden freed;
No favour does their mindes disquiet breed:
One generall sav'd their lives; th'other their owne
Commander was. Thus happy they alone

Free'd

Freed from desires the civill warres behold.
But through the world this fortune did not hold,
She durst act somewhat against *Cæsars* side.
Where long (*s*) Salonæ's beaten with the tide
Of th'Adriaticke sea; where Zephyre blowes
Vpon the warme Iader's gentle flowes,
Antonius there trusting the warlike bands
Of his Curetes, whose environ'd lands
The Adriaticke sea incircles round,
Was straight besieged in the utmost bound,
Safe from warres reach, if famine, that alone
Conquers the strongest fortresses, were gone:
The ground no pasture for their horses yields,
Nor yellow Ceres cloathes the fallow'd fields.
The men eat grasse, and when the fields grow bare,
The grasse from off their camps dry turfes they teare.
But when their friends on th'adverse shore they spy'd,
And *Bassus* the admirall, they try'd
New wayes of flight by sea; for their sterne end
They did not hoist, nor did their keele extend
(As custome was) but with unusuall sleight
Firme timber boates to beare a mighty weight
They made. These empty boats on every side
Susteine the ship; whose double ranke was ty'd
With chaines asrosse; nor were the oares dispos'd
On th'open front to the foes darts expos'd;
Onely that sea, that was inclosed round
By those conjoyned boats, their oares did wound.
A miracle of silent flight it show'd;
She bore no sailes, or sea discoverd row'd.
Now they observe the tides, till th'ebbing seas
Leave the sands bare, and make the shore increase.
Then from above into the ocean prone
The ship falls by two galleyes wayted on;
Ore which a lofty threatning tower was rear'd,
Where spires and trembling pinnacles appear'd.

Officius

Iovius keeper of th'Illyrian sea
ould not assault this ship too suddainly:
t his swift vessells thought it good to stay
till th'easie passage might encrease his prey,
nd farther on to sea by peace invites
is rashly enter'd foes; such are the slights
f huntsmen, when their toyles they have dispos'd:
nd fearefull Deere in plumed nets enclos'd:
heir dogs of Crete and Sparta they containe,
nd their wide mouth'd Molossians restraine:
o dog is trusted in the wood, but hee,
hat can upon a full sent silent be,
And never open when hee finds the game,
Content alone to signifie the same
y wagging of the string: then presently
The souldiers leave the Ile, and eagerly
They come aboord the ship, when day's last light
Gave place to the approach of duskie night.
But the Cilicians of great *Pompey's* side
According to their old Sea-craft, had ty'd
Chaines through the midst o'th sea, of which no shew
Appear'd above, but loosely let them flow:
The chaine was fasten'd to th'Illyrian shore.
The first, and second ships not staid got o're:
The third was caught of burden much more vast,
And to the rocke by a drawne rope was cast.
The rocke hangs ore the sea (a wonder tis)
Hollow, and still (though falling) hands, with trees
Making a shade: hither the sea by tides
Oft drives: and in those darke some caverns hides
Ships broke by Aquilon, and drowned men:
Which hidden store the rocke restores againe;
And when the caverns belch it up, in heat
Sicilian Charybdis cannot get
Prehemineace. Heere did the great ship stand,
That was with valiant Opitergians mann'd

Her from all havens did all ships enclose:
Some from the rocke, some from the shore oppose.
Vulteius found this under-water traine
(The Captaine of the ship) who all in vaine
Striving to cut the chaines, did then desire
Without all hope, to fight: where to retire,
Or how to conquer is not seene: but here
As much as snared valour could appeare,
It did: against so many thousand wights,
That did enclose, scarse one full Cohort fights,
Not long indeed, for night in her blacke shade
Shut up the day, and peace the darkenesse made.
Then stout *Vulteius* thus gan animate
The cohort fearing sad ensuing fate.
Young men, that but for one short night are free,
Provide in time for fates extremitie;
There's no mans life is short, that does allow
Him time to seeke his death: nor thinke it now
Lesse glorious that we meet a fate at hand.
The times of future life none understand.
Tis æquall praise of mind to give away
Our lives last moment, and the hoped stay
Of many yeares, so wee the actors be:
No man can be compell'd to wish to dye.
No way for flight is left: at every hand
Bent 'gainst our throats the sterne Cilicians stand.
Let feare be banisht then: resolve to dye,
And let your wishes meet necessitie.
Nor shall we fall in a blind cloud of war,
As when two battels joyn'd in darkenesse are,
When heapes of carcases bestrow the field,
Valour lies buried, all are æquall held.
But in a ship the gods have placed us,
Both to our friends and foes conspicuous.
The Ile, the Continent, the Seas allow
Witnesses to us, and two parties now

From divers ſhores behold us: in our ends
What great, and rare example Fate intends
I know not. What ere Chronicles afford
Of truſt, of Souldiers faith maintain'd by ſword,
We ſhall excell: 'tis a ſmall thing to dye
Vpon our ſwords, *Cæſar*, we know for thee:
But greater pledges in this ſad diſtreſſe
We want, our great affections to expreſſe,
And envious Fates us of much praiſes barre
That not our Parents, nor our children are
Here with us. Let our foes our valour find,
And feare our force, and death-contemning minde:
Let them be glad that no more ſhips were caught,
Perchance they'll try by leagues what can be wrought
Proffering baſe life: would they would promiſe us
Pardon, to make our deaths more glorious,
Leſt when we fall our killing ſwords upon
Our foes ſhould call it deſperation.
Much valour muſt deſerve that *Cæſar* may
Account the loſſe of us a fatall day
Among ſo many thouſand. Should fate give
Egreſſe from hence, I would not wiſh to live;
I have already caſt away my breath,
Drawen by the ſweetneſſe of approaching death:
A fury 'tis, which none but they can know,
To whom nere Fates ſuch knowledge doe allow;
The Gods deaths ſweetneſſe doe conceale to make
Men live. A noble courage ſtraight did take
The young mens minds; though all with weeping eyes
Before the Captaines ſpeech) had view'd the skies,
And fear'd to ſee the turne of *Charles* his waine:
But now their valiant minds wiſh day againe
After this ſpeech; nor was day ſlow t'appeare:
Of leaving *Gemini*, and drawning neere
His height in *Cancer*, when the ſhorteſt night
Org'd the Theſſalian Archer. Day growne ligh

Discover'd warlike Istrians on the land,
The fierce Liburnians, and Greeke fleet, that stand
Covering the seas. They first suspending fight,
Strive to orecome by covenants, and invite
The ship to yeeld by granting life; but they
Devoted, scorning life, stand in aray,
Secure in fight, resolv'd what end to take:
No stormes their strong resolved minds could shake:
And though but few, by land, and sea they fought
(Such confidence deaths resolution brought)
Against innumerable hands; but when
Warre had drawne blood enough, their fury then
Turn'd from their foes. The Captaine first of all
Vulteius offring his bare throat gan call
Seeking for death, Is there no Souldier here
Worthy to shed my blood? let him appeare;
And killing me, shew that himselfe dares bleed.
With that of life his wounded breast was free'd
By many swords; *Vulteius* thankes bestow'd
On all; but dying, him to whom he ow'd
His first kind wound, he thankfully againe
Requites with death. Thus meeting, all were slaine,
And on one side the warres whole mischiefe hung.
So the serpentine brood by *Cadmus* sprung
Fell by each others hand, a dire presage
Of the ensuing Theban brothers rage.
So those of waking Dragons teeth once fram'd
In Colchos fields, by Magicke spells inflam'd,
With kindred blood the fields plowe'd furrowes dy'd;
Which mischiefe wrought by hearbs before untry'd
Medea fear'd her selfe. So fell these men
By bargain'd fate, and in the death of them
To dye was the least valour: they both fall,
And kill at once: no right hand miss at all,
Though at the point of death: nor to their blades
Ow'd they their wounds; a breast the sword invades,

Their throats invade their hands; and if blind chance
A brothers ſword 'gainſt brother did advance,
Or ſonnes 'gainſt father, with undanted hand,
And all their ſtrength they ſtrike; in this did ſtand
Their piety alone, that at one blow
They would diſpatch them; on the hatches now
Halfe dead they draw their bowells, and much blood
Stream'd downe into the ſea; it did them good
To ſee the ſcorned day, death to preferre,
And with proud looks deſpiſe the conquerer.
Now on the ſhip the heaps of bodies ſhow'd
The ſlaughter made: on which the foes beſtow'd
Fit funeralls, admiring much to ſee
So any Captaine ſuch fidelitie.
Fame flying through the world did never raiſe
Any one ſhip with ſuch reſounding praiſe.
Yet will not coward nations, ſince ſuch brave
Examples, learne to know, that death to ſave
Their liberty is not a price ſo deare;
But kingdomes arm'd with power of ſword they feare:
Liberty can uſe armes, and ſwords ſhould be
(As men ſhould know) to keep their liberty.
Oh that the fates would let the fearfull live,
That valour only death to men might give.
Nor was that warre that did in Libya grow
Leſſe terrible then this: bold (g) *Curio*
By a mild Northern wind was wafted ore
From Lilybæum to that well knowne ſhore,
Where Clupea ſeated is, and where he ſpies
Great Carthages halfe ruin'd ædifice:
And pitching his firſt tents far from the maine,
Where Bagrada ſorrowes the ſandy plaine,
Thoſe hills, and eaten roches goes to behold,
Which were *Antæus* kingdome call'd of old;
Asking the cauſe of this old name, a clowne
Thus tells the tale by long tradition knowne.

For Giants births Earth yet not barren made
In Libyan caves a feared issue had,
Which to his mother brought as true a fame,
As *Typhon*, *Tityus*, and *Briareus* name.
'Twas good for heav'n *Anteus* was not borne
At Phlegra; but this gift did more adorne
His mighty strength: into his limbs (though tir'd)
His mothers touch a vigour fresh inspir'd.
This cave his dwelling was, this mountaine here
He lurkt about, his food slaine lions were:
His bed no leaves of trees, no skin of beasts:
His strength by sleeping on the ground increast.
By him th'inhabitants of Libya dy'd,
And strangers all, that to our coast apply'd.
His strength (not using a long time to fall)
Needed not earths rich gift; too strong for all
He was though standing up: at length through fame
Of this dire plague the great *Alcides* came,
Whose hand both sea and land from monsters freed,
And for th'encounter each put off his weed,
One's Nemean, tother's Libyan lions skin:
Hercules oiles his limbs ere he begin
According to th'Olympicke rites: but he
Rubb'd ore his limbes with sand: it could not be
Enough to touch his mother with his feet.
They grapple then, and armes armes folded meet.
Striving each others necke with heavie hand
To bend; yet both fixt and unbended stand.
Both wond'red much to meet their match at length:
But *Hercules* ... not his utmost strength
At the first bout, but weary'd out his foe,
Which his oft blowing, and cold sweats did show.
His shaking necke, nor breast could firmely stand:
His bending hammes yield to *Alcides* hand:
Alcides then about his short ribs cast
His conqu'ring armes, and grip'd his yielding wast,

hen tripping up his legs he fairely layes
is foe ſtretch'd out upon the ſand; earth ſtayes
is ſweat, and fills with freſh blood every vaine,
is armes grow brawny, his joynts ſtiffe againe,
nd his freſh limbs unclaſpe the others hands.
maz'd at this new ſtrength *Alcides* ſtands.
Nor fear'd he *Hydra* ſo in Lerna lakes
ruitfull by loſſe of her reviving ſnakes,
hough then but young; Now both were equall grown,
ne in earths ſtrength, the other in his owne.
Were had ſterne *Iuno* more encouragement
o hope; ſhe ſees his limbs with ſweating ſpent,
nd his neck dry'd, as when he did ſuſtaine
he heavens: but when he claſp'd his foe againe,
Antæus ſtaying not till he be throwne,
alls of himſelfe, and riſes ſtronger growne:
is mother earth to his tir'd members gives
hat ſpirit ſhe has, and labours when he ſtrives.
ut when *Alcides* found earths touch to be
trengthning to him, now thou ſhalt ſtand (quoth he)
o more thou fall'ſt, nor will we truſt againe
he ground: this breaſt ſhall thy cruſht limbs ſuſteine;
ither, *Antæus*, ſhalt thou fall: this ſpoke,
im ſtriving to fall downe aloft he tooke,
nd graſp'd his middle faſt: earth could not lend
trength to her dying Son, nor ſuccour ſend.
ut till his foes breaſt ſtarke and cold he found
lcides durſt not truſt him on the ground.
rom hence ſelfe loy'd antiquity, and fame
ld times recorder, gave this place a name.
ut to theſe hils a nobler name gave he,
hat drew the Punick foe from Italy.
ipio arriving on our Libya, here
itch'd his firſt campe: the ruines yet appeare
f that old trench; this place of all the reſt
as firſt by Roman victory poſſeſt.

Curio as if the place were fortunate,
And ſtill retain'd thoſe former Captaines fate
In war, rejoyc'd, and in this lucky place
Pitch'd his unlucky tents, which did deface
The places Omen: and provok'd ſterne foes
With ſtrength unequall; Africk all that owes
Obedience to the Roman Eagles, then
Was under *Varus*, who, (though ſtrong in men
Of Italy) ayde from the Libyan King
Requires, to whom the worlds far regions bring
Their force with *Iuba*; no one King alone
Was maſter of ſuch large dominion:
In length th'extent of his great Kingdomes ground
Gades neighbouring Atlas, and *Ioves* Ammon bound
Neere Thera; but in breadth the torrid zone,
Betwixt the ſea and it, it coaſts upon.
So many people to his army preſſe,
Th'Autolodes, and wandring Nomades:
Getulians hors'd without capariſon:
The Mauritanians of complexion
Like Indians: poore Naſamonians,
Scorcht Garamantes, ſwift Marmaricans:
Maſſylians, that without ſaddles ride,
And with a wand their bitleſſe horſes guide:
Mazacian darts, that Median ſhafts excell;
Thoſe that in empty cottages doe dwell;
African hunters, that all darts refuſe,
And their looſe coates 'gainſt angry Lions uſe.
Nor did the cauſe of civill war alone,
But private anger bring King *Iuba* on.
Curio that yeare, wherein he did defile
Divine, and human lawes, ſtriv'd to exile
By tribunitiall law from Libya's throne
This King, and bar him his forefathers crowne,
Whilſt he would make thee, Rome, a monarchy.
He mindfull of the wrong thinks this to be

The greateſt gift his ſcepter could beſtow.
This *Iuba's* fame affrighted *Curio*:
Beſides no ſouldiers firme to *Cæſars* ſide
Were in his army; none that had beene tri'd
In Germany; but at Corfinium tane
Falſe to new Lords did to their firſt remaine
Doubtfull, and thought both ſides indifferent were.
But when he ſaw all ſlacke through ſlavish feare,
That the night-guards their trenches did forſake,
With a diſtracted ſpirit thus he ſpake:
Daring conceales great feare. Ile firſt aſſay
The fight, and put my ſouldiers in array
While they are mine: doubt growes from reſt alone:
Fight ſhall prevent their conſultation:
When ſwords whet their dire wills, and helmets hide
Their bluſhes, who can then compare the ſide,
Or weigh the cauſe? they favour as they ſtand:
As no old hate does on the ſtage command
Sword-players to meet: they hate by faction.
This ſaid, in open field he leads them on;
Whom the wars fortune, meaning to deceive
After, at firſt does proſperouſly receive.
For *Varus* he defeated, following on
Their flying backs in execution
Even to the campe. When *Iuba* firſt did know
Of this ſad field, and *Varus* overthrow,
Glad that the glory of the vvar did ſtay
For him, by ſtealth he leads his troopes avvay:
And vvithout noiſe (commanding ſilence) goes,
Fearing he ſhould be feared of his foes.
Sabura next in honour to the King
With a ſmall troope is ſent before to bring
Curio on by provocation,
As if the vvar vvere left to him alone:
Himſelfe vvith all his kingdomes ſtrength belovv
Keepes in the valley. The ſchneumon ſo

Provoking

Provoking by his tailes deceitfull shade
Th'Ægyptian Aspe, does at the last invade
(Free'd from the deadly venoms danger quite)
The serpents throat stretch'd out in vaine to meet
A flying shade: out the lost poyson goes,
And all about the Aspes jawes vainly flowes.
Fortune assists this fraud: fierce *Curio*
Descrying not the strength of his hid foe,
Injoynes his horsmen all to issue out
By night, and range the unknowne fields about;
And after them himselfe by breake of day
With all his Ensignes spread marches away,
Much (but in vaine) intreated to suspect
Libyan deceit, and frauds that still infect
The Punick wars: but to his funerall
Fate gave him up, and civill war did call
Her author on: ore rocks and mountaines high
They march; when on the hill from far they spy
The foe: who cunning, seemes to fly away
Till he have set his battels in array
Vnder the hill: this *Curio* did not know,
But thought it flight, and like a conqueror now
Brings forth his troopes into the open plaine;
Then first discover'd they this guilefull traine:
The seeming fled Numidians they espy'd
On the hils tops enclosing every side:
Curio, and his lost troopes astonisht quite;
The fearfull could not fly, the valiant fight:
The horses now not fierce at trumpets sound
Chaw not their foaming bits, beat not the ground;
Spread not their manes, nor doe their eares advance,
Nor with their wonted spright curvet and prance:
Their sweating shoulders fum'd, their tir'd necks hung
And their dry'd mouth thrust out their weary tongue;
Their breasts, and throats hoarse with oft blowing grew:
Their heavie pulse far their spent bowels drew;

The foamings dry and hot grew hard upon
The bloody bits: no strokes could force them on,
Nor often spurrings make them mend their speed;
Wounds make them goe: to hasten on the steed
Boots not the rider, for the weary horse
In comming on wants courage, strength and force;
He onely brings his Rider to the foes,
And does his breast to all their speares expose.
But when the Libyan horse came coursing nigh,
The ground did shake, and clouds of dust did fly
(As great as Thracian whirlewinds blow about)
Ore the skies cover'd face, and darkenesse wrought.
But when wars miserable fate did fall
Vpon the foot, no doubtfull field at all
Was fought: the battell in that time was done
That men could die: for forth they could not run
To make their flight, enclos'd on every side.
From far by darts directly throwne they dy'd,
Oblikely neere: nor wounds alone they feele
Orewhelm'd with stormes of darts, and weight of steele:
Pent up in a straight roome the armi's kept:
Those that for feare neer'st to the middle crept,
Amongst their fellowes swords are not secure,
For the forefront not able to endure
The foes assault, stept back, and straighter made
The Globe: no roome to wield their armes they had:
Their crowded limbs are prest: one armed breast
Against another driven to death is prest.
The conquering Mauritanian could not have
So glad a spectacle as fortune gave;
He saw no bodies fall: no streames of blood;
Kept so by crowd upright the bodies stood.
Let fortune this new parentation make
For hated Carthages dire spirits sake:
Let bloody *Hannibal*, and Punick ghosts
Of this sad Roman expiation boast.

Let

Let not in Libya, gods, a Roman's fall
For *Pompey* or the Senate make at all:
Vs rather for her selfe let Africa
Conquer: his men orethrowne when *Curio* lavv,
For the dust lay'd with blood gave leave to see,
Scorning t'out-live such a calamity,
Or hope in flight, he meets his death, to dy
Forward, and valiant by necessity.
What novv availes thy place, and troubled bars,
From whence a Tribune to seditious vvars
Thou stirr'dst the people, and the Senates right
Betrayd'st, and couldst to civill vvar incite
The son, and father in law? thy death is vvrought
Before these Lords have in Pharsalia fought.
To see that field is not permitted thee.
This satisfaction in your bloods give ye
Great ones to wretched Rome, and pay for vvar;
Oh happy Rome, and Romans happier far
Would but the gods above as carefull be
To keepe, as to revenge our liberty.
Vnburied *Curio's* noble flesh is food
For Libyan birds: but (since 'tvvill doe no good
To conceale that, which from times injury
Fame still vvill vindicate) vvee'l give to thee
The praise that to thy life does appertaine.
Rome never nurtur'd a more able man,
Nor one to whom (whilst good) the lavves ovv'd more:
But vice then hurt our cittie, when the store
Of Wealth, Ambition, Riot had declin'd
To the vvorst part his yet unsetled mind,
And changed *Curio* the states fate controul'd
Brib'd by the spoyles of France, and *Cæsars* gold.
Though potent *Sylla*, and fierce *Marius*,
Cinna, and *Cæsars* line got rule ore us
By sword: to whom did such power ever fall?
This man sold Rome, the other bought it all.

FINIS Libri quarti.

Annotations

Annotations on the fourth Booke.

(a) *For this conquest much availed* Cæsar, *having quieted Spaine hee might securely prosecute the rest of the war, having debarr'd* Pompey *of those legions on which he most retyed, this conquest cost little blood, for* Afranius *and* Petreius *forced by famine yielded to* Cæsar.

(b) Afranius *and* Petreius *with æquall power, with mutuall love and care governed five legions for* Pompey *in Spaine, and chose Ilerda by the appointment of* Pompey *as a convenient seat for the warre.*

(c) *The Celtæ leaving France and passing the Pyreneā mountaines seated themselves by the river Iberus, and were called Celtiberi.*

(d) *Cinga falling into Iber loses his name to Iber, which also gives name to all Spaine.*

(e) Afranius *and* Petreius, *when* Cæsars *horsemen had stopped their wayes of forraging and fetching in Corne, and withall frighted, because many cities in that part had revolted to* Cæsar, *and the rest were like to follow their example, resolved to transferre the warre into Celtiberia, which remained yet in the friendship of* Pompey, *as having received great benefits from him in the Sertorian warre; besides they supposed that the fame of* Cæsar *was yet more obscure among those barbarous people: therefore at the third watch they secretly dislodged, and passing over the river Sicoris they marched with speede toward Iberus. When* Cæsar *by his scouts understood this, and hearing that beyond there were mountainous, strait, and rugged passages, which if the enemy should first enter, they might with ease keepe him backe, and carry the warre into Celtiberia, and those farre countreyes, hee commanded his horsemen with speede to prevent them, and himselfe marching through devious and rough wayes, arrived first at those places, and encamped himselfe betweene* Afranius *and the river Iberus. The two campes were hee fortifyed so were to*

each

each other, that the souldiers distinctly knew each others faces, and talked with their kindred, and ancient acquaintance.

(f) In this appeared a strange clemencie of Cæsar, that after hee had heard the cruelty of Petreius towards his souldiers, how taking them from their friends company, (that had upon promise secured them) hee caused them to be murthered (as the Poet relates plainly) Cæsar notwithstanding seeking out Petreius his souldiers in his campe, spared their lives all, and suffered as many of them as would to depart: but many Tribunes, Centurions, and others would not returne, but stayed and served after under Cæsar.

(g) It was a policie had often beene used by barbarous enemies against the pursuing armies of the Romanes, to poyson all their rivers: It was done by Iugurtha King of Numidia, Mithridates King of Pontus, and Iuba King of Mauritania.

(h) These two Generalls, Afranius and Petreius, though they were here pardoned by Cæsar, upon promise to serve no more against him, did notwithstanding afterwards in the African warre follow Scipio against Cæsar, where they were againe overthrowne. Afranius was taken prisoner, and by Cæsars command was slaine. Petreius despairing of pardon (as is afterwards shewne) slew himselfe upon King Iuba's sword.

(i) Fortune yet presumed to doe somewhat against Cæsar in his absence about Illyrium, for Dolabella and Antonius commanded by Cæsar to possesse the Straights of the Adriaticke sea, encamped one on the Illyrian, the other on the Corcyræan shore. Pompey farre and neere was master of the seas, whose Lievtenants Octavius and Libo with great strength of shipping besieged Antonius, and by famine forced him to yeeld. Basilus from the other shore sent ships to ayde Antonius, which were caught by the Pompeians in a strange snare, casting ropes crosse the sea under water not to be spyed. Two of the ships escaped,

and

and got over the ropes, the third which carryed the men of Opitergium was ensnared, and held fast. The Opitergians in that place left an example memorable to all posterity; for being scarse a thousand men, they endured from morning to night the assaults of a great Armie round about them, and at last when valour could not possibly release them, rather then yield themselves into their enemies hands, by the exhortation of their Captain Vulteius, all killd themselves.

(k) In Africa also the side of Cæsar enduring the like calamity shewed the like valour. Curio sent by Cæsar to winne Libya, having vanquished, and put to flight Varus, was encloſed on the ſuddaine by the unexpected horsemen and armie of Iuba King of Mauritania. Curio might have fled when hee saw the day loſt, but much ashamed, and scorning to returne to Cæsar after the losse of his legions, hee dyed with all his men.

LVCANS

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Fifth Booke.

The Argument.

Romes flying Senate met at Epire, chose
Great Pompey *Generall, faint* Appius *goes*
To Delphos Oracle to seeke advise,
Which his owne death obscurely signifies.
Cæsar *return'd from Spaine with victorie*
Quiets his Souldiers dangerous mutinie:
Dictator then, and Consull both at Rome
Hee makes himselfe, sayles from Brundusium
To Greece: but vex'd with Anthony's *delayes,*
In a small Boat himselfe alone assayes
By night the stormie Sea, and crosses ore.
His Legions all met on the Græcian shore
Addresse themselves for triall of the day.
Pompey *to Lesbos sends his wife away.*

THus Fortune kept (mixing her good with ill)
The two (a) war-wounded Generalls æquall still
For Macedonia; when with Winter's snow
The Pleiades did Oemus top bestrow:

And

And when the times new-naming day drew neere
Old *Ianus* feast beginner of the yeare;
Then both the Consuls at the utmost date
Of their expiring honour convocate
To Epire the fled fathers; where a plaine
And forraine seat Rome's Nobles did containe:
A borrowed court in forraine land heard all
The secrets of the State. For who can call
That place a campe, where all Romes Fasces were,
And axes borne? The reverend order there
Taught all the people 'twas not *Pompey's* side,
But *Pompey* there a member did abide.
Silence possessing the sad Senate than,
From an high seat thus *Lentulus* began:
If you retaine a strength of minde as good
As Roman spirits, and your ancient blood
Befitts; then thinke not in what land you are
As banisht, from surprised Rome how farre:
But know the face of your owne company:
Fathers, that governe all, this first decree,
Which yet all kingdomes, and all people know,
We are the Senate. For if fortune now
Should carry us under the frozen waine
Of *Vrsa major*, or where daies remaine
Æquall in length with nights, the totrid zone,
Thither the Empire and dominion
Would follow us. When Rome by *Gaules* was fir'd,
And that to Vey *Camillus* was retir'd,
There then was Rome; this order never lost
Their right by changing place. *Cæsar* can boast
Onely of mourning walls possession,
And judgment seates by sad vacation
Shut up, and silenc'd, empty mansions.
That court those fathers onely sees, whom once,
When full, it banisht; of that ranke, who ere
Is not a banisht man, is sitting here.

We

Ye that long peacefull, free from guilt have ſtood;
At warres firſt fury vvere diſpers'd abroad:
Now to his place each part returnes againe;
And for the loſſe of Italy and Spaine,
The gods the ſtrength of all the world beſtow.
Th' Illyrian Sea has overwhelm'd one foe:
And Libyan fields does ſlaughtred *Curio*
No little part of *Cæſar's* Senate ſtrow.
Advance your Eagles, follow fate, and grant
The gods your hope: doe not that courage want
In this good fortune, vvhich when firſt you fled,
Your cauſe ſtirr'd up. The yeare has finiſhed
Our power: you fathers, vvhoſe authorities
No time ſhall end, for th' publike good adviſe:
Command great *Pompey* to be Generall;
His name with joyfull cries the Senate all
Receive, impoſing upon *Pompey* ſtraight
His countrey's, and his owne moſt wretched fate.
Then faithfull Kings, and Nations had their praiſe:
Phœbus ſea-powerfull Rhodes rewarded vvas,
And Spartans rough; prais'd were th' Athenians:
(b) *Phocis* made free with her Maſſylians.
Faithfull (c) *Deiotarus*, young *Sadalis*,
The valiant (d) *Corys*, and (e) *Rhaſipolis*
Of Macedon vvere prays'd; *Iuba* to thee
The Senate gives all Libya by decree;
And (oh ſad fate) ignoble *Prolomy*,
Worthy of treacherous ſubjects, unto thee
The crime of all the gods, and fortunes ſhame;
Is granted the Pellæan diadem.
A tyrants ſword over thy Nation
Thou tak'ſt, proud boy, would 'twere ore them alone,
Ore (f) *Pompey's* throat it is; thy ſiſters crovvne
Thou tak'ſt, and *Cæſar's* impious action.
The Senate now broke up, the troopes all take
Their armes: the people, and the captaines make

For warres uncertaine preparation.
But (g) *Appius* feares warres doubtfull chance alone
Sollicting the gods th'events to heare,
And *Phœbus* Temple that for many a yeare
Had beene shut up at Delphos, opens he.
Parnassus with two tops reaching the sky
Twixt East, and West æqually distant lyes,
To *Bacchus*, and *Apollo's* deityes
Sacred: to whom in mixed sacrifice
The Theban wives at Delphos solemnize
Their Trieterickes; this one hill alone
Appear'd, when all the world was overflowne,
And stood as middle twixt the sea and skie.
One top, Parnassus, then contented thee:
For one alone did above water shew.
Young *Phœbus* there with shafts unused slew
The speckled Python, that in wayt long lay
His banisht mother great with child to slay;
Themis the kingdome then, and *Tripos* held.
But when (h) *Apollo* the cleft ground beheld
T'inspire oraculous truth, and further findes
The gaping earth exhale propheticke windes:
Downe in that sacred cave himselfe he hides,
And now turn'd Prophet there *Apollo* bides.
Which of the gods lurkes here? what Deitie
Shot downe from heaven vouchsafes to dignifie
This cave? what heavenly god dwells heere below,
That does the Fates eternall courses knowe,
And things to come? and telling people sure
Vouchsafes the touch of woman to endure?
Whether this powerfull god barely relate
The fates, or his relation makes them fate?
Perchance that spirit, that all the world maintaines,
And the poyz'd earth in emptie ayre sustaines,
Through these Cirrhæan caves does passage get,
Striving with his æthereall part to meet.

This ſpirit once entered the virgins breſt,
Striking her humane ſoule, ſounds forth expreſt
With hideous noiſe; ſo urging flames come from
Sicilian Ætna's overburd'ned wombe:
Typheus ſo throwes up his ſtones abroad
Preſt with *Inarime's* eternall load.
This god expos'd to all, deny'd to none,
Is freed from hearing human crimes alone.
To him no man whiſpers unlawfull prayers;
For he things fixt unchangeable declares,
Forbidding men to wiſh: and gratiouſly
Gives juſt men dwellings, though whole townes they be,
As once to *Tyre*; he teaches us wars ſlight,
As to th'Athenians in their navall fight
At Salamine; he cleares, the cauſes ſhowne,
Earths barrenneſſe, and aires infection.
Our age no gift of heaven wants more then this
Of Delphos oracle, which ſilent is
Since kings afrayd to have their fates expreſt
Forbid the gods to ſpeake; nor is the Prieſt
Of Delphos for the gods long ſilence ſad:
This Oracles ceſſation makes them glad.
For to that breſt, where ere he doe inſpire,
Vntimely death is puniſhment or hire
Of his reception, the fitt's vehemence
Too much orecomes the ſtrength of humane ſenſe,
And their fraile ſoules the god's high motion ſhakes;
Appius, whilſt too too neere a ſearch he makes
To know Romes fate, to th'unſtirr'd Tripodes,
And ſilent cavernes does his ſteps addreſſe,
The Prieſt commanded t'ope that dreadfull ſeat,
And for the god a propheteſſe to get,
Findes young Phemonoe, as ſhe careleſſe roves
'Mongſt the Caſtalian ſprings, and ſilent groves,
And makes her breake the temple doores. The mayd
To ſtand in that moſt horrid place afraid

Thought

Thought by a vaine deceipt *Appius* to bring
From his desire of knowing future things.
Why hop'st thou, Roman, truth should here be shown?
The hill (quoth she) is mute, the god is gone;
Whether the spirit have left these cavernes quite,
And to the worlds farre regions tane his flight:
Or *Pytho* burnt by barbarous *Brennus* up
Did with the ashes fill this hole, and stop
Great *Phœbus* way: or that the gods decree
Make *Cyrrha* mute, thinking it prophecie
Enough that *Sibyll's* bookes among you live:
Or *Phœbus* wont from out his temple drive
All wicked persons, now no mouth have found
Worthy enough his Oracles to sound.
The mayds deceipt appear'd; her feare imply'd
She falsly had the present gods deny'd.
Then a white fillet tyes her lockes behind
With Delphian bayes; and wreathed garlands bind
Her haire before. The Priest thrusts on the mayd,
Who fearfull still about the entrance stayd,
And durst no neerer to the god to come,
Nor to approach the temples inmost roome.
There counterfeiting that she was possest
She utters from an undisturbed brest
Feign'd words with no confused murmure flowing,
Nor the least signe of divine fury showing.
Her words so deeply could not *Appius* wound
As great *Apollo's* truth; no trembling sound
That broke her speech there was, no voice so shrill
As all the caves capacious throat might fill:
Her lawrell fell not from her frighted haire;
The temple and the wood unshaken were.
These signes betrayd her fearfull to receive
The god; when angry *Appius* did perceive
That 'twas no oracle, Thou wretch, quoth he,
Both I, and these abused gods will be

Reveng'

Reveng'd for this, unleſſe thou ſtraight deſcend,
And truly tell what all theſe ſtirs portend
To the affrighted world; with that the maid
Deſcends downe to the Oracle afraid,
And ſtanding ore the vault, the god poſſeſt
With a full ſpirit her unaccuſtom'd breſt.
The rocks ſo many yeeres unwaſted ſpirit
He fills her with, and comming to inherit
A Delphian breaſt, nere fill'd he Propheteſſe
Fuller: her former mind he baniſhes,
And bids all woman from her breſt be gone.
She raging beares in this diſtraction
Not her owne necke; her haire upright throwes downe
The ſacred ornaments, and *Phœbus* crowne:
Her necke turnes wildly round: and downe ſhe throwes
All Tripodes ſhee meets with as ſhe goes.
And with an inward fire ſhe burnes, which ſhewes
Thee, *Phœbus* wrath: nor doſt thou only uſe
Thy pricks, thy flames, and incitations now,
But bridles too, the Propheteſſe ſhall know
More then ſhe muſt reveale; all times are heapt
Vp in one heape, and many ages crept
Into her wretched breaſt; things orders too,
And all contend out into light to goe.
The Fates deſiring utterance ſtrive within:
When the world ends, and when it ſhall begin
The Propheteſſe can tell, and underſtands
The oceans depth, and number of the ſands.
As the Cumæan *Sibyll* in a ſcorne
Her prophecies ſhould ſerve all nations turne,
From the vaſt heape of univerſall Fate,
With a proud hand cull'd out the Roman ſtate:
So now the *Phœbus*-fill'd *Phemonoe*
Strives, obſcure *Appius*, where to find out thee
'Mongſt all the Delphian inſpirations:
Then firſt from her mad mouth the foaming runs,

And in the horrid cave were heard at once
Broke-winded murmurs, howlings and sad grones.
At last these words fall from the maid orecome:
Great threats of war thou only freed from
Shalt in Eubœa's pleasant valleyes rest.
And there she stopt: *Phœbus* her speech suppresst.
Ye Tripodes keepers of fates, that know
All the world's secrets, and *Apollo* thou
Skill'd in all truth, from whom the gods conceale
No future times, why fear'st thou to reveale
That action, that our Empire's ruine brings,
Great Captaines deaths, and funeralls of Kings,
And all the people that with Rome shall bleed?
Have not the gods this mischiefe yet decree'd?
Or stay those fates, whilst planets are at strife
And doubt about condemning *Pompey's* life?
Or hid'st thou, fortune, to effect more sure
Our liberties revenge, and *Brutus* cure
Of monarchy againe? then the maids breast
Shov'd ope the temple doores, and out she prest.
Her mad fit holds, nor had she all explain'd,
Part of the god within her still remain'd.
And round about her wandring eyes she rowl'd;
Nor does her face one constant posture hold;
But sometimes threatning, sometimes fearfull 'is;
Sometimes a fiery red her count'nance dies;
Sometimes her pallid cheekes anger expresst,
Not feare; nor can her wearied heart find rest;
But as a while after the winds are ceas'd
The Ocean murmurs; so oft sobbings ceas'd
The maidens breast. But twixt this inspir'd light,
And her plaine humane understandings sight
A darknesse came; *Phœbus* oblivion sent;
Then from her breasts the gods high secrets went,
And divinations to the Tripodes
Return'd againe. But when her fit gan cease

She falls. Nor didst thou, beguil'd (i) *Appius*, feare
From doubtfull Oracles thy death so neare;
But in that tottering world with hopes most vaine
Thought quietly Eubœa to retaine.
Ah foole what god but death could set thee free
Out of the world's generall calamity,
And war? there shall thy hearse entombed ly,
And so possesse Eubœa quietly,
Where th'sea by marble-fam'd Carystos is
Straighten'd, and pride revenging Nemesis
Rhamnus adores; a straighten'd current strong
That channell holds, and Eurypus along
Beares ships by violence, changing oft his tide,
From Chalcis to ill harbouring Aulis side.
By this time *Cæsar* come from conquer'd Spaine
With his victorious Eagles was againe
Marching (k) another way; when fate almost
The prosperous course of this whole war had crost:
For conquer'd in no fight, the generall
In his owne campe gan feare the losse of all
His treason's fruit, those hands that faithfull still
Had serv'd his wars, now glutted with the fill
Of blood, began to quit their generall.
Th'alarmes tragick sounds not heard at all
A while, and cold sheath'd swords their thirst of war
Had cool'd; or else the greedy souldier
Damning for gaine both cause and generall,
Would set his blood-stain'd sword at higher sale.
Cæsar not more in any danger try'd
How tottering and unfirme a prop his pride
Had lean'd upon, and well might stagger, reft
Of all those souldiers hands, and almost left
To his owne sword; he that so many lands
Had drawne to war, knowes now the souldiers hands,
Not his must doe the deed. Their plaints now be
Not dumbe, not timorous is their mutiny.

That

That cause, that does suspitious minds restraine,
Whilst each one feares, where he is fear'd againe,
And thinks that he himselfe distasts alone
His rulers tyranny, in this was gone.
Their number to secure their feare is able,
Where all offend, the crime's unpunishable.
They poure out threats; now *Cæsar* let us cease
From wicked war; thou seek'st by land and seas
Swords for these throats, and upon any foe
Wouldst our too cheap-esteemed lives bestow:
Some of us slaine in war in Gallia ly,
In Spaine ly some, and some in Italy;
Ore all the world thy army's slaughtered
While thou orecom'st, what boots our blood that's shed
'Gainst Gaules and Germans in the North so far?
For all thou pay'st us with a civill war.
When Rome we tooke and made the Senate fly,
What spoyles from men or Temples gathered we?
Guilty in swords and hands, all villany
We goe upon; vertuous in poverty
Alone: what end is there of war at all,
Or what can be enough, if Rome too small?
See our gray haires, weake hands, and bloodlesse armes,
Our use of life is gone; in wars alarmes
Our age consum'd; send us now old at least
To close our deaths, this is our bad request:
Our dying limbs on hard ground not to lay,
Nor strike steele helmets till our dying day:
To seeke some friends to close our eyes in death;
To get our proper Piles; our last to breath
In our wives armes; let sickneſſe end our dayes;
Let's under *Cæsar* find some other wayes
Of death then sword; why hoodwinkt leadst thou us
With a vaine hope on acts portentuous?
As if in civill war we were not able
To know what treason is most profitable?

Our wars have taught him nothing, if not this,
What we can doe; nor is this enterprise
Forbid by law; he was our generall
In th'German wars; here we are fellowes all:
Whom treason foyles, it makes of equall state.
Besides in this unthankfull estimate
Our valour's lost, and whatsoete we doe
Is call'd his fortune; but let *Cæsar* knowe
We are his fate. Though friended by the gods,
Cæsar is nothing if with us at ods.
This said, about his tent they muster all
With angry lookes seeking their generall.
So let it goe, ye gods, since piety
Forsakes us, and our hopes on vice rely,
Let discord make an end of civill war.
What generall would not such a tumult fear?
But *Cæsar*, that the fates still sudden tries,
And loves through greatest danger t'exercise
His fortunes, comes; nor till their rage abate
Stayes he, but meets the fury of their hate.
Cities, and Temples spoyles to them he nere
Deny'd, though *Iove's* Trapeian house it were,
Senators wives and daughters to deflower.
All villanies would *Cæsar* from his power
Have them aske freely, and wars guerdon love:
And nothing feares, but that his men should prove
Honest. Ah *Cæsar* art thou not asham'd
That civill war by thine owne souldiers damn'd
Should be allow'd by thee? shall they first be (right?
Weary of blood, and hate impiety,
Whilst thou runn'st headlong on through wrong and
Give ore, and learne to live out of a fight;
Give thy guilt leave to end. Why to these ware
Dost thou enforce unwilling souldiers?
The civill war flies from thee; on the top
Of a turfe mount stands *Cæsar* fearlesse up,

Deserving

Deſerving feare by his undaunted looke;
And thus, as anger prompted him, he ſpoke:
Whom you with hands and lookes did abſent beare
Souldiers, unarm'd, and preſent now you have.
Here ſheath your ſwords, if you would end the warre
Sedition, that no act of valour dares,
Faint hearted fooles, and flying ſpirits declares,
Tir'd with their matchleſſe Captaines conquering ſtate
But goe; leave me to war with mine owne fate:
Theſe weapons will find hands, when I cathiere
All you, as many men, as ſwords are here,
Will fortune ſend me, ſhall all Italy
In ſuch a fleet with vanquiſht *Pompey* fly?
And ſhall my conqueſts not bring men to ſhare
The wealthy ſpoyles of this neere finiſht warre,
Reaping the profit of your toyle, and ſo
Unwounded with my laurell'd chariot goe?
You an old worne, and bloodleſſe company
(Then Rome's Plebeians) ſhall my triumphs ſee.
Can *Ceſars* fortune feele the loſſe of you?
If all the ſtreames, that into th'Ocean flow,
Should threaten to withdraw themſelves, the ſeas
Would by the loſſe of them no more decreaſe
Then now they fill. Thinke you that ſuch as ye
Can any moment to my fortunes be?
The gods care never will ſo low deſcend
That fates your deaths or ſafeties ſhould attend;
The fates attend on great mens actions:
Mankind lives for a few; and you, whom once
Spaine fear'd, and all the North, whilſt under me,
If *Pompey* were your generall, would flye.
Whilſt *Labienus* did with *Ceſar* ſtay,
He was a man; now a baſe runaway
Flies with his choſen chiefe ore ſea and land.
Nor ſhall your faith in my opinion ſtand

Better,

ter, though me ye make nor enemy
r generall; he that revolts from me,
d does not *Pompey's* faction straight maintaine.
never will my souldier be againe.
e gods themselves over my campe have care,
d would not venture me in such a war
e I have chang'd my men. A burden maine
s fortune from my weary shoulders tane;
nay disarme those hands now lawfully,
hose boundlesse hopes earth could not satisfie.
ut of my campe; Ile for my selfe make wars;
esigne those Eagles up to souldiers
ese citizens: but those that authors were
f this sedition punishment shall here
etaine, not *Cæsar*; fall upon the ground,
ield your disloyall heads and necks to wound;
nd you, which now my campes sole strength shall be,
oung souldiers, learne to strike, and learne to die
iewing their death; the foolish people than
an tremble at his anger; and one man
ade them all feare, who had it in their hand
o ruine him, as if he could command
he swords themselves, and without souldiers make
is warres; but in this punishment to lacke
ssisting swords he feares: they patient all
xceed the hope of their sterne generall;
Not onely swords, but throats they offer; he
eares nought but abatement of their cruelties.
A (*l*) cov'nant dire this quarrell does decide,
With punishment the armie's pacify'd.
n ten dayes march to reach Brundusium
He bids them straight, and call all slipping home,
That on crookt Hidrus, and old Taras then,
Leucas close shores, and the Salapanian fen
Dispersed were, and Sypus, ore which stands
Fruitfull Garganus on Italian sands.

Reaching

Reaching the Adriaticke, and there tasts
Dalmatian North, Calabrian Southerne blasts.
Cæsar without his troops goes safe alone
To trembling Rome, now taught to serve a gowne,
And (kind forsooth) yields at the peoples prayer
To be Dictator (*m*) honours highest staire,
And joyfull Calenders, being Consul, made.
For all those words (*n*) then their beginning had,
With which ere since our Emperours we claw.
But *Cæsar*, that his power might want no law,
Falsely the name of Magistrate purloines,
And to his swords the Roman axes joynes,
Fasces t'his Eagles, and with fitting shame
Signes the sad times; for by what Consuls name
Will the Pharsalian yeare be better knowne?
A feign'd assembly in the field is (*o*) showne;
The people give their suffrages compell'd,
Not lawfully admitted, th'urnes are held,
The tribes are cited; voices throwne in vaine
Into the urne; th'Augurs deafe remaine
Though loud in thunder, and are fore'd to sweare
That birds auspicious, though sad owles, appeare.
Thence that once honour'd power her dignitie
First lost; but lest the times unnam'd should be,
Our Calenders doe (*p*) monthly Consuls fill.
That god that dwells on Trojan Alba's hill
Though not deserving (Latium conquer'd) sees
The Consuls solemne nightly sacrifice.
Cæsar departing thence runnes forward right
Swifter then whelp-robb'd Tyger, or the flight
Of lightning ore Apulia, where the field
Vnplowd no corne, but slothfull grasse does yield.
And come to Cretan crooke Brundusium findes
The sea unsailable for dangerous windes,
And the fleet fearfull of cold winters face.
He thinkes it shame thus to delay the space

war, and keep the haven, when the ſea
s ope to men leſſe fortunate then he,
d thus perſwades his men to try the ſeas:
e Northerne winds more conſtantly poſſeſſe
th aire and ocean, when they once begin,
en thoſe which the unconſtant ſpring brings in.
e have no turnings different ſhores upon,
ir way's forth right; the North wind ſerves alone.
Would he would ſtuffe our ſailes, bending our maſts,
nd force us upon Greece with furious blaſts,
eſt *Pompey's* galleyes from Dyrrachium meet
ith their ſwift oares our becalmed fleet.
hen cut the cables that our fleet doe ſtay,
e loſe the ſtormes, theſe clouds will paſſe away.
Now in the ſea bright *Sol* had hid his head,
nd ſtarres appeard, the Moone her ſhadowes ſpread:
he fleet at once weigh'd anchor, and drew out
he ſailes at length, which ſtraight they turn'd about
o the ſhips length and ſpread the topſailes too
o loſe no guſt of wind what ever blow.
hen a ſoft gale had made the ſailes to ſwell,
or a ſhort ſpace, downe to the maſt they fell
gaine; that wind that put them from the ſhore
as able now to follow them no more.
he ſeas flat face now all becalmed lies
ike ſtanding pooles; no waves, no billowes riſe.
o bridled is the Euxine ſea, whoſe courſe
ſter, nor Thracian Boſphorus can force:
he frozen ſea lets goe thoſe ſhips no more,
hat once it takes; the horſes trample ore
afely where ſhips have ſail'd; the Beſſians
urrow Mæotis frozen backe with waines.
his cruell calme does the ſad ocean make
(As if the ſeas their nature did forſake)
ike ſtanding pooles, the ſea obſerves no more
is ancient courſe; he had forgot to rore:

No

No tides flow to and fro, nor seemes the Sun
To dance upon the waters motion.
To many dangers this becalmed fleet
Is subject; on one side they feare to meet
Pompey's swift galleyes; on the other side
Detain'd at sea a famine to abide.
From these new feares arose a new desire:
They with the Ocean would collect his ire,
And all the windes would wraſtle, so it were
No calme; but no such signes, no clouds appeare:
The skies and seas conspire to take away
All hope of shipwracke; but th'insuing day
All clouded ore did comfortable prove:
Waves from th'seas bottom rose; hills seem'd to move
The ships were borne away, and as they swim
The waves in crooked furrowes follow them.
With prosperous winds, and fears they reach the land,
And anchor cast upon Paleſtes sand.
The place, where first both generals (a) camps did pitch
Neere to each other, was that region, which
Swift Genusus, and gentle Apsus round
Encompasse; Apsus, because slow, profound,
And navigable is: the other flowes
(Encreast by showres, and sun dissolved snowes)
More swift; both channels are but short, nor farre
From sea the springs of both these rivers are.
Here fortune first these two fam'd Heroes brought
Together; the vaine hoping world had thought
The generalls now no farther off remov'd
This wicked warre would both have disapprov'd;
Each others face they saw, and well might heare
Each others voice; ah Pompey, many a yeare
Nor neerer did thy once lov'd father in Law,
Since that deare pledge the death of Iulia
And her young sonne, see thee, till stain'd with gore
He saw thy face on Ægypts curſed shore.

t part of *Cæsar's* (r) forces left behind
e him protract the battell, though his mind
e fierce on fight; those bold (s) *Antonius* led,
ill warres now under *Cæsar* bred
Leucas fight; whom making long delay
threats, and prayers thus *Cæsar* calls away:
n mischiefe of the world, why dost thou waste
gods, and fates good will? my prosperous hast
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uires the last hand to this speedily
effefull war; doe Libya's quiet sands lye,
er devouring gulfes twixt thee and me?
e I committed thee to unknowne seas,
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ar commands thee not, coward, to goe,
follow him; my selfe here, where the foe
amped lyes, am first arrived now.
'st thou my Campe? we lose what fates bestow:
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ey still delaying, *Cæsar* gan suppose
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night those seas, which they for feare forbore
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ld actions thrive; and hopes in a (t) small boat
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Now weary night wars toylesome cares did end:
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Made him protract the battell, though his mind
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The gods, and fates good will? my prosperous hast
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Or her devouring gulfes twixt thee and me?
Have I committed thee to unknowne seas,
Or sent thee on untryed casualties?
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But follow him; my selfe here, where the foe
Encamped lyes, am first arrived now.
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And to the winds, and seas I bootlesse plaine.
My forward souldiers doe not thou detaine,
That would take any seas, if I judge right,
They'd come through shipwracke under me to fight.
Now I must speake in griefe, the world I see
Is not divided twixt us æqually,
In Epire *Cæsar*, and th'whole Senate rest,
Thou art alone of Italy possest.
But having often us'd such words as those,
They still delaying, *Cæsar* gan suppose
The gods not wanting unto him, but he
To them: and rashly did resolve to trie
By night those seas, which they for feare forbore
Although commanded, finding evermore
Bold actions thrive; and hopes in a (t) small boat
T'orecome those waves whole navies ventur'd not.
Now weary night wars toylesome cares did end:
Poore men tooke rest, whose meane estates could lend

Their

Their breasts sound sleepe; the campe all silent proov'd,
When the third houre the second watch had moov'd.
With carefull steps through this vast silence then
Cæsar, what not the meanest of his men
Would doe, entends; leaves all, and goes alone
With none but fortune his companion:
And passing through the courts of guard, he finds
All fast asleepe, complaining in his minde
That he could passe; but at the water side
Hee found a Boat with a small cable ty'd
Fast to a rocke: the man that ow'd, and kept
This Boat, not far from thence securely slept
In a small cottage of no timber trees,
But woven reeds, and batten bulrushes
Built up: a boat's turn'd bottome did suffice
To fence his wall. There *Cæsar* twice or thrice
Knockt with his hand, that all the cottage shak'd:
From his soft bed of sedge *Amyclas* wak'd.
What shipwrackt man, quoth he, knocks there, or whom
Has fortune driven to my poore house to come
For shelter? speaking thus he rose from bed,
And his fir'd match with better fuell fed,
Secure from feare of warre: such houses are
(Full well he knowes) no spoyle for civill war.
Oh safe blest poore mans life, oh gift of all
The gods, not yet well knowne: what Citie wall,
What temple had not fear'd at *Cæsar's* stroke?
But when the doore was ope, thus *Cæsar* spoke:
Enlarge thy hopes, poore man, expect to have
More wealth from me then modesty can crave:
Only transport me to th' Italian shore,
This trade of living thou shalt need no more,
No more shall labour thy poore age sustaine.
Yeeld to thy fate; a god is come to raine
Downe showres of wealth thy little house upon.
Thus *Cæsar*, though disguis'd, forgets the tone

Of private men, when poore *Amyclas* made
This answere; many things (alas) disswade
My minde from trusting of the Seas to night.
The Sunne set pale, his beames dispers'd; whose light
Partly to North, and partly South inclin'd.
The middle of his orbe but dimly shin'd,
And dazled not the weake beholders eyes:
With dulled hornes did the pale Moone arise,
Not free from cloudes her middle part she had:
Her pointed ends no horne directly made:
First red betokning windes, then pale she was,
And in darke cloudes obscur'd her mourning face.
But the shores noise, the murmure of the woods,
The Dolphins playing up and downe the floods
With course uncertaine I mislike, no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore:
Nor that the Herne on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skies with lofty flying;
Nor that the Crow wagling along the shore
Dives downe, and seemes t'anticipate a showre.
But if affaires of weight require mine aide,
To use my skill I will not be afraid;
Either the winds, and seas shall it deny,
Or I will reach the shore of Italy.
This said, loosing his vessell he puts on,
And spreads his sailes, at whose first motion
Not onely th'usuall falling stars did make
In the darke ayre a long and fiery tracke,
But even those stars, which make their fixt abode
In th'highest Sphæres, did seeme to shake and nod.
The Seas blacke-face a terrour does diffuse,
The threatning waves in trackes voluminous
Boils up; the Seas by blasts uncertaine blowne
Betoken many windes conception.
Then thus the master spake; behold how great
A danger the Sea seemes withall: as yet

Vncertaine tis what vvind rough East or West
Shall come; the Barke's on every side distrest
With severall vvaves; the clouds and skies expresse
The Southvvinds rage: the murmure of the seas
The Northvvestwind: in such a storme to shore
Not safe, nor shipvvrackt can vve ere get ore,
No course but one of safetie does remaine,
Hopelesse to steere our courses backe againe.
Let's set our danger'd Barke a land, before
We are too far gone from the Grecian shore.
Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yeeld to him; Contemne, quoth he, the threat
Of raging seas; spread sayles, and if the skie
Warrant thee not to goe for Italy,
Ile warrant thee; the just cause why thou fear'st
Is this, because thou know'st not whom thou bear'st:
Him whom the gods never forsake; to whom
Fortune accounts it injury to come
After his wish; breake through the waves, alone
Thinke thy selfe safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skies,
Not of our barke: this barke, where *Cæsar* is,
Her carriage shall protect; nor long shall this
Storme last: but happy for the Ocean tis
This barke is heere. Oh turne not backe thy hand,
Nor thinke upon Epire's adjoyning land;
Thinke on Calabria's shore safe to arrive,
Since no land else to me can safetie give.
Alas thou knowest not why these terrours rise;
In all these tumults of the seas and skies
Does fortune strive to pleasure me. No more
He spoke; when straight a furious whirlvvind tore
From the rent barke her shrowdes, and downe it flung
The sailes, that on the trembling Mainemast hung.
The joynt-dissolved vessell sounds, when loe
Winds full of danger from all quarters blow:

First from th'Atlanticke Ocean *Corus* blowes
Rowling the waves, and raised billowes throwes
With violence against the rockes amaine:
Him *Boreas* meets, and turnes them backe againe;
The sea stands doubtfull to what winde to yield;
But Scythian *Boreas* fury winnes the field:
But though high waves he from the bottome reare,
Yet to the shore those waves he cannot beare;
They meet with those that *Corus* brings, and breake.
The seas thus rais'd (though now the winds were weak)
Would meet themselves. Nor must you now surmise
Eurus is still, or showre-blacke *Notus* lies
Imprisond close in *Æol's* rocky cave.
They from their severall quarters rush to save
With furious blasts their lands from being drown'd,
And keep the sea within his proper bound.
For oft (they say) small seas by violent winde
Have beene transported: so th'Ægæan joyn'd
With the Tyrrhene: so with th'Ionian
The Adriatick met. How oft in vaine
That day the sea seem'd mountaines tops t'oreflow,
And yielding earth that deluge t'undergoe.
But such high waves on no shore raised be,
But from the worlds far part, and the maine sea
They rowle; the earth-embracing waters bring
Their monstrous waves, so when the heavens high king
Helpd his tir'd thunder with his brothers mace
To mankinds ruine, earth then added was
To *Neptunes* kingdome, when the sea confounded
All lands, and *Terbys* by no shore was bounded,
Contented with no limit but the skies.
Then also would those swelling seas arise
Vp to the starres, had not great *Iove* kept downe
Their waves with clouds, nor sprung that night alone
From naturall causes, the thicke aire was growne
Infected with the dampes of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy ſtormes, waves from the maine
Fly to the clouds, and fall like ſhowres againe.
The lightnings light is loſt; it ſhines not cleare,
But ſhoots obſcurely through nights ſtormy aire.
The heavens then trembled; the high pole for feare
Reſounded, when his hinges moved were.
Nature then fear'd the old confuſion:
The elementall concord ſeem'd undone,
And night, that mixt th'æthereall deities
With the infernall, ſeem'd againe to riſe;
Their hope of ſafety was that in this great
Wracke of the world they were not periſht yet.
As farre as you from Leucas top may ſee
The quiet ſea, ſo farre could they deſcry
From waves high tops the troubled Ocean;
But when the ſwelling billowes fall againe,
The main-maſt top ſcarſe above water ſtands;
The topſailes touch the clouds, the keele the ſands.
For ground is ſeene from whence the ſeas ariſe
In hills; in waves the ſeas whole water is.
Feare conquers art: the maſter does not know
Which wave to breake, which wave to yield unto.
But the ſeas diſcord onely ayds them now;
The barke one billow cannot overthrow
Let by anothers force, which ſtill ſuſteines
The yielding ſide; the barke upright mainteines
Her courſe, ſupported by all winds, no more
Low Saſons gulfes, Theſſalia's crookkd ſhore,
Or the Ambracian dangerous ports they fear'd,
But ore the high Ceraunia to be rear'd
By billowes; *Cæſar* thinks it now to be
A danger worthy of his deſtinie,
Are the Gods troubled ſo to ruine me,
Whom ſitting here in a ſmall barke (quoth he)
They have aſſaulted with a ſtorme ſo lowd?
If on the ſeas, not warres, they have beſtow'd

The glory of my death, fearleſſe I come
Ye gods, to any death that ye can doome:
Though this too haſty fate great acts breake off,
I have already done things great enough;
The Northern nations I have tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by armes; Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour; honour ſtaid
From me in war, the people forc'd have paid,
All Roman honours in my titles be.
Let it be knowne, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the ſhades below
I both Romes Conſul, and Dictator goe)
I dy a private death, ô gods I crave
No funerall; let the ſeas inmoſt wave
Keepe my torne carkaſſe; let me want a tombe,
And funerall pile, whilſt lookt for ſtill to come
Into all lands I am, and ever fear'd.
Thus having ſpoke (moſt ſtrange) the tenth wave rear'd
His barke aloft; nor from the billowes top
Did ſhe fall downe, kept by the water up,
Till on the rocky ſhore ſhe ſtood at laſt.
His fortune, and ſo many kingdomes (caſt
On ſhore) and townes againe he did receive.
Cæſars returne next morne could not deceive
His ſouldiers ſo, as his ſtolne flight had done;
Abour their generall flock they every one
Aſſaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingratefull accuſations;
Whither did thy raſh valour carry thee
Too cruell *Cæſar*? to what deſtiny
Didſt thou leave us poore ſoules, venturing upon
Th'unwilling ſeas, and ſtormes thy ſelfe alone?
In thee to ſeeke for death was cruelty,
When all the world eſteemes thy head ſo high,
And on thy life ſo many lives of ours
Depend; did none of us deſerve t'have power

Not to ſurvive thee? ſleepe did us detaine,
While thou wert toſt upon the watry maine,
Was this the cauſe thou went'ſt to Italy?
(Alaſſe it ſhames us) it was cruelty
To venture any man on ſuch a ſea;
For the laſt act of things ſuch hazards be.
Why doſt thou tire the gods ſo much to goe,
And venture the worlds greateſt Captaine ſo;
From fortunes worke, and favour thust'have ſent
Thee ſafe a ſhore to us, be confident
Of the wars iſſue. This uſe doſt thou make
Of the gods favour to eſcape a wrack,
Rather then gaine the worlds ſole ſoveraignty?
Thus while they talke, night paſt, the Sun they ſee,
And a cleare day: his waves the tired maine
(By the winds leave) compos'd, and ſmooth'd againe.
The Captaines alſo on th'Italian ſide
When the tir'd Ocean free from waves they ſpy'd
By the pure Northwinds riſing, thence convay'd
Their ſhips, which their skill'd Marriners had ſtay'd
So long for feare while winds auſpicious fail'd,
Like a land army their joyn'd navy ſail'd
On the broad ſea; but the chang'd winds by night
Fill'd not their ſailes, but broke the order quite.
So Cranes in winter Strymon's cold forſake
To drinke warme Nile, and in their firſt flight make
(As chance directs) of letters various formes;
When their ſpread wings are by the violent ſtormes
Of ſtrong South-winds aſſailed, by and by
In a confuſed globe all mingled fly:
The letter's loſt in their diſranked wings.
But the next morne when riſing Titan brings
A ſtronger wind to drive the navie ore,
They paſſe the vaine-attempted Liſſus ſhore,
And to Nymphæum come: Southwinds, that blow,
The haven on them (the Northwinds fled) beſtow.

When

VVhen *Cæsars* legions all collected were,
And *Pompey* saw the war was drawne so neere
To his owne campe, he thinkes best to provide
For his wives safety, and in Lesbos hide
Thee, faire *Cornelia*, from the noise of war.
Alas in just and noble minds how far
Prevailes true love? true love alone had power
To make great *Pompey* feare wars doubtfull houre;
His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
That all the world, and Romes whole fortune shooke.
But now a ready mind wants words in him:
He yields to sweet delayes; from fate steales time.
But when th'approaching morne had banisht rest,
And faire *Cornelia* his care-wounded breast
Clasping, from her averted husband seeks
A loving kisse, wondring to feele his cheeks
Moistned with teares; the hidden cause she feares,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding teares.
He then thus mourning spake: Oh dearest wife,
Dearer to me then life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperity,
That sad day's come which too too much have we,
Yet not enough differ'd. *Cæsar's* addrest
For fight; thou must not stay; Lesbos the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide;
Doe not intreat me sweet; I have deny'd
It to my selfe; nor absent long shall we
Remaine, for swift will this wars tryall be,
Great things fall speedily. To heare, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee.
Thy love deceives me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight; for me to sleepe secure
With thee (this war begun) and from thine armes
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarmes
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* came
Sad with no losse to such a war were shame.

Nor ſhall thy husbands fortune altogether
Oppreſſe thee farre remov'd ſafer then either
People or king. And ſhould the gods contrive
My death, ſet *Pompey's* better part ſurvive,
And a place be, whither I may deſire,
If fate and *Cæſar* vanquiſh, to retire.
Her weakneſſe could not ſuch great griefe containe,
Her ſenſes fled, ſhe did amaz'd remaine.
At length when ſad complaints theſe words could fr.
My Lord, quoth ſhe, I have no cauſe to blame
Our wedlocks fortune, or the gods above:
No death, no funerall divides our love:
Wee part the common, and Plebeian way,
For feare of war *Cornelia* muſt not ſtay.
Let's be divorc'd to gratifie the foe,
Since hee's at hand. *Pompey* eſteem'ſt thou ſo
My faith, or think'ſt thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee? Depend not we
Vpon one chance? canſt cruell thou command
Thy abſent wife this ruines ſhocke to ſtand?
Or think'ſt thou it a happy ſtate for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtfull ſtand) to dye
For feare of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till ſad fame the newes can ſend
So far, I ſhall be forced to ſurvive.
Beſides thou will accuſtome me to grieve,
And beare ſo great a ſorrow, as I feare
(Pardon that I confeſſe) I cannot beare.
And if the good gods heare my prayers now,
I laſt of all the happy newes ſhall know.
I on the rocks, when thou art conquerer,
Shall careſull ſit, and even that ſhip ſhall feare,
That brings the happy newes: nor will my feare
Have end, ſo ſoone as I thy conqueſt heare;
So far remov'd from thee, that *Cæſar* may
(Though flying) ſeize *Cornelia* as a pray.

My baniſhment will Lesbos ſhore renowne,
And make the towne of Mitylene knowne,
Where *Pompeys* wife abides. My laſt requeſt
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought reſt
To ſave thy life but flight, to any bay
Rather then that turne thy unhappy way.
Vpon my ſhore thou wilt be ſurely ſought.
This ſaid, from bed ſhe leapt with griefe diſtraught,
Her woes with no delayes to interlace;
Nor could ſhe then her Lords ſad breaſt embrace,
Nor hang about his neck; the laſt fruit's gone
Of ſo long love: their griefes they haſten on:
And at the parting neither had the power
To ſay farewell. Never ſo ſad an hower
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their minds by cuſtome hardned could compoſe.
She fainting falls, and in her ſervants hands
Lifted is borne to ſea; but on the ſands
Shee falls, as if that ſhore ſhe faine would keepe,
At laſt perforce ſhe's carry'd to the ſhip.
From her deare country's ſhore not ſo diſtreſt,
Fled ſhe, when *Cæſar* Italy poſſeſt.
With *Pompey* then ſhe went: now all alone
VVanting that guide, ſhe from her Lord is gone.
Sleepleſſe ſhe ſpent in her now widdow'd bed
Cold, and alone, the night that followed.
That ſide that naked us'd not to be left,
Is of a husbands company bereft.
Oft would ſhe, when her ſleepy armes ſhe ſpread,
VVith hands deceiv'd embrace the empty bed,
Seeking her Lord, her flight ſhe would forget;
For, though loves flame fed on her marrow, yet
Ore all the bed ſhe would not tumbling ſpread,
Fearing to miſſe her Lord, that part of bed
She kept; but fate did not ſo well ordaine;
The howr's at hand that brings her Lord againe.

FINIS Libri quarti. Annotations

Annotations on the fift Booke.

(a) Pompey's losses, as wee saw before in the 2, 3, and 4, Bookes were these, all his garrisons beaten out of Italy, and himselfe driven from thence; Massilia sackt: all Spaine lost, together with his army under the conduct of Afranius and Petreius. Cæsars losses a cohort of Opitergians, which killed themselves on the Illyrian sea with their Captaine Vulteius, and Cario killed by king Iuba.

(b) Phocia was then made free aswell as Massilia her colony, which Cæsar besieged.

(c) Deiotarus king of Galatia brought to the army of Pompey five hundred horsemen.

(d) Cotys king of Thracia sent to the Army five hundred horsmen under the conduct of his son Sadalis.

(e) Rhasipolis brought from Macedonia two hundred horsmen.

(f) Ptolemy defrauded his Sister Cleopatra of her share in the kingdome, and in killing Pompey, saved Cæsar the doing of that impious act.

(g) Appius the Governour of Achaia desirous to know the event of the civill war, compelled the chiefe Priest of Delphos to descend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time beene used.

(h) In the midst of the hill there was a deepe hole into the earth, out of which came a cold spirit, as it were a wind, and filled the Prophetesses with a fury, so that they instantly prophesied of things to come.

(i) Appius thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstaine from this war, retired himselfe into that country which lyeth betweene Rhamnus, and Carystes called Geræstus Eubœa, where before the battle of Pharsalia he dyed of a disease, and was there buried, and so possest quietly the place which the Oracle had promised him.

(k) Cæsar

(k) Cæsar was now returned to Placentia from Spaine, here hee had conquered Afranius and Petreius two of Pompey's Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Epire and Macedonia against Pompey; in the meane time this mutiny happened.

(l) Cæsar cashiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much adoe after many prayers received them againe, but not without taking punishment of the chiefe mutiniers.

(m) Cæsar made himselfe Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is, neither named by the Senate nor Consul; but eleven dayes after hee left his Dictatorship, having made himselfe and Publius Servilius Consuls.

(n) Then beganne all those names of flattery, which they afterwards used to their Emperours, as Divus, Ever Augustus, Father of his Countrey, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.

(o) After all government was in the hands of Cæsar alone, all the ancient rites in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away, an imaginary face of election was in the field of Mars, the tribes were cited, but were not admitted distinctly, and in the true forme to give their suffrages, the other orders were but vaine; for the Emperour commended him to the Centuries whom hee would have Consul, or else designed him, and chose him himselfe; their Augury also was abused, and the Augurs interpreted every thing as they were compelled.

(p) Under the Emperors Consuls were oft chosen for halfe a yeare for 1. 2. or 3. moneths.

(q) Pompey was then in Candavia, but when hee heard that Cæsar was come, and was possest of Oricum, and Apollonia, hee hasted to Dyrrachium. Cæsar pitched his tents at one side of the river Apsus, and Pompey at the other.

(r) Cæsar

(r) Cæsar having lauded his men the same night sent backe the ships to Brundusium for Antonius to transport the rest of his Legions, and his horsemen, whose slow comming made Cæsar deferre the fight.

(s) This Marcus Antonius after the death of Iulius Cæsar had warre with Augustus, by whom hee was vanquished in a sea fight neere Leucas.

(t) When part of the army for want of ships stayd at Brundusium, under Antonius, Gabinius, and Galeno, Cæsar impatient of delay resolved to goe himselfe as a messenger to call them in a stormy night and a little vessel, some say a boat that would beare twelve oares; but unknowne to all his army hee past in a disguised habit through all the courts of guard, and went to sea.

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Sixth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar incloſing Pompey *with a fence,*
And trenches of a vaſt circumference,
Endures a famine, Pompey *peſtilence,*
Who breaking through eſcapes a conquerer thence.
Brave Scæva's valour, and admired fight.
Into Theſſalia Cæsar takes his flight;
Great Pompey *followes: the deſcription,*
And Poets tales, that Theſſaly renowne.
To the dire witch Erictho Sextus *goes*
This fatall warres ſad iſſue to diſcloſe:
She quickens a dead carcaſſe, which relates
To Sextus *eare, his, and his fathers fates,*
And craving them death freedome to obtaine
Is by a magicke ſpell diſſolv'd againe.

WHen on neere (*a*) hills both Generalls fierce
(*b*) of fight
Had pitcht their tents, and drawn their troops
in ſight
And the gods ſaw their match: *Cæsar* in Greece
Scornes t~ take townes, or owe the Deſtinies

For any conquest, but his sonne in law's.
The worlds sad houre, that to a triall drawes
This warres maine chance, he wishes for alone,
That cast of fortune that must ruine one.
Thrice on the hills his battaile hee array'd,
And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
Shewing that he would never wanting be
T'orethrow the Roman state. But when he see
No provocations could his son in law
(Who close intrenched lay) to battaile draw,
From thence (c) he marchd by woody passages,
And close to take Dyrrachiums fortresses.
Thither a neerer way great *Pompey* takes
Along the shore, and on high Petra makes
His campe, to guard from thence Dyrrachium towne
Safe (without men) by her owne strength alone.
No human labour, no old structure made
Her fence, which would (though nere so lofty) fade
By force of warre, or eating time oretaken.
A strength, that by no engine can be shaken,
Her site, and nature give, the sea profound,
And steep wave-breaking rockes inclose it round;
But for one little hill an Iland 'twere:
Ship-threatning rockes sustaine the walls, and there
Th'Ionian sea rais'd by the South winds blasts
Her temples shakes, and frothy foamings casts
Ore houses tops. War-thirsty *Cæsar* then
Conceiv'd (d) a cruell hope, spreading his men
Round on the hills from every side t'inclose
With joyned trenches his unwary foes;
And all the ground surveying with his eye
Is not content alone to fortifie
His works with brittle earth, but weighty stone
From quarries digs, vast rocks, houses torne downe,
And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence,
Able the ramm's assaulting violence,

And

nd all warres furious engines to withſtand:
ills levell'd, valleys rais'd make even land
n *Cæſars* workes, with trenches wide enclos'd,
nd towred Caſtles on the hills diſpos'd.
Vith a vaſt circuite he takes in the ground,
bout the paſtures, woods, and ſhelters round
s't were for Deere, ſpreading a wide-ſtretch'd toyle.
ompey no roome, nor paſture wants; for while
e thus enclos'd by *Cæſars* trenches is,
e remooves campes; (ſo many rivers riſe,
nd their whole courſe within this circuit run)
nd *Cæſar*, tir'd going to looke upon
is workes, makes often ſtayes. Let ancient tales
o the gods worke adſcribe the Trojan walls;
et flying Parthians ſtill admire alone
he brittle earth-built walls of Babylon,
s far as Tigris, and Orontes run,
s the Aſſyrian Kings dominion
tretch'd in the Eaſt, a ſudden worke of warre
ncloſes heere. Loſt thoſe great labours are.
o many hands would to Abydos put
eſtos: fill up the Helleſpont: and cut
orinth from Pelops land: and from the ſeas
ake long Malea for the Sailers eaſe:
r mend ſome part (though Nature ſhould deny)
f the worlds ſtructure. Here warres quarters lye:
ere feeds that blood that in all lands muſt flow,
he Libyan, and Theſſalian overthrow.
arres civill fury boyles kept ſtraitly in.
The works firſt ſtructure *Pompey* had not ſeene.
s who in middſt of Sicily ſafe dwell,
hen rough Pelorus barkes, can never tell:
s Northren Britaines cannot heare the rore
f flowing ſeas againſt the Kentiſh ſhore.
ut when himſelfe beguirt ſo far he knew
y a vaſt trench, he from ſafe Petra drew

is troopes: and ore the hills dispos'd them so
To keepe the rankes of his besieging foe
More thin: and tooke of the inclosed ground
As much in length, as is true distance found
Twixt lofty Rome, and th'Aricinian wood,
Where Scythian Dians ador'd image stood:
As farre as Tybers streame from Romes walls ends
By straight accounts, not as the river bends.
No Trumpets sound: piles uncommanded flye:
Michiefes oft done as they their javelins try.
Both chiefes are kept from fight by greater care:
Pompey because his pasture fields are bare;
The ground he had, by horse oretrampled was,
Whose horny hooses trode downe the springing grasse.
The war-like steed weary'd in those bar'd fields,
When the full rooke provinder farre brought yields,
Tasting his new-brought food falls downe and dyes
Treading the ring, faild by his trembling thighes.
Their bodies wait by dire consumption;
The unstirr'd ayre drawes moyst contagion
Into a pestilentiall cloud; such breath
Nasir exhales from her darke caves beneath;
Such poison'd ayre, where bury'd *Typhon* lyes,
The ground sends forth; apace the Army dyes.
The water from the aire infection taking
With costiveneese torments the bowels aking:
Dries their discolour'd skin: their blood-swolne eyes
Doe breake: the fiery plague with botches flyes
All ore the face: their heavy heads fall downe.
Now more and more suddaine their death was growne:
Twixt life and death the sickeneese has no roome;
But death doth with the first faint symptomes come.
By Carcasses, which all unburied lye,
Among the living growes mortality.
Twas all the Souldiers burial to be cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staid at last

By

By blasts of strong aire-stirring Northern winde,
Ships fraught with Corne, the shore and sea behinde.
But: *Cæsar* free vpon the spacious hills,
No pestilence from aire or water feeles:
But (as if straight beseig'd) a famine strong
Is forc'd to suffer: corne as yet not sprong
To the full height: his wretched men he sees
Fall to beasts food, eate grasse and rob the trees
Of leaves, and tender twigs: and vent'ring more,
Death-threatning herbes from rootes vnknowne they tore.
What ever they could bite, soften with heat,
Or through their wounded palats downe could get,
And things, that human tables nere did know,
Content to eate, besidg'd (*c*) their full fed foe.
When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedome of all lands to take:
He seekes not th' obscure time of dusky night,
Scorning to steale a passage free from sight:
But rather force the trenches, and breake downe
The forts, and passe, where ruine leades him on.
Through swords and slaughter to enforce his way.
That part of the neere trench most fitly lay
Minutius castle call'd; trees thickly set
Making a groue obscure ore shadow'd it.
Hither his Cohorts by no dust betray'd
He led, and suddenly the walls assay'd.
So many Roman Eagles glister round
The field at once, so many trumpets sound,
That now to swords the victory nought owes:
Feare had discomfited th' astonisht foes.
Yet (wherein valour only could be show'd)
That ground, where first they stood, they dying strow'd.
But the *Pompeyans* now want foes to slay:
Whole showers of Piles in vaine are throwne away.
Then fire rowl'd vp in pitchy fluste they throw
Vpon the workes: the shaken turrets bow.

Threatning a fall, the batt'red bulwarks grone
Beat by the rammes impetous fury downe,
And ore the trenches *Pompeys* Eagles fly
To vindicate the Roman liberty.
That place, which not a thousand companyes,
Nor all the strength of *Cæsar* could surprise,
One man alone guards from the Conquerers,
Denying *Pompey's* conquest, whilest he weares
A sword and lives: His name was *Scæva*, once
A common souldier of those legions,
That serv'd in Gallia: then Centurion,
By blood promoted, to all mischiefe prone,
And one that knew not in a civill war
How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
He when he saw his fellowes leaving fight,
And seeking out safe places for their flight,
Whither (quoth he) base slaues, and beasts, does feare
(Vnknowne to all that armes for *Cæsar* beare)
Driue you? can you retire without one wound?
Or are you not asham'd not to be found
Among the heape of men? though faith were gone,
Anger (me thinks) should make you fight alone.
We are the men of all, through whom the foe
Has chose to breake; let this day bloody goe
On *Pompey's* side. I should farre happyer dy
In *Cæsars* sight: but since the fates deny
Him for a witnesse, *Pompey* shall commend
My death; your brests and throats vndaunted bend
Against their steele, and turne their weapons backe.
The dust far off is seene, this ruines crake
Has by this time enter'd our generalls eares.
We conquer, fellowes; *Cæsar* straight appeares
To challenge (though we dye) this fort; his voice
More then th'alarums first inciting noise
Their fury stirr'd: then wondring at the man,
And eager to behold the souldiers ran

To

To see if valour disadvantag'd so,
Surpris'd by place and number could bestow
Ought more then death. He making good alone
The falling worke, first throwes dead bodies downe
From the full towre to overwhelme the foes.
The posts, the walls, slaughter it selfe bestowes
Weapons on him, threatning himselfe to fall
Downe on their heads, and thrust off from the wall
The brests of skaling foes with poles and stakes,
And with his sword cuts off his hand that takes
Hold on the bulwarks top; and with vast stones
Pashes their heads in pieces, breakes their bones,
And dashes out their weakly fenced braines.
Downe on anothers haire, and face he raines
Pitch fir'd; the fire whizzes in burning eyes.
But when the pil'd up carcasses gan rise
To equall the walls height, as nimbly then
Into the midst of *Pompey's* armed men
Scæva leaps downe from thence, as Libbards fierce
Breake thorow the besetting hunts-mens speares.
Then *Scæva* wedg'd in round, and by th'whole warre
Inclos'd, yet where he strikes is conquerer.
His swords point dull with blood congealed growes,
And blunt; nor does it pierce, but bruise his foes.
His sword has lost the use, and without wound
It breakes mens limbes. The foes incircling round
At him direct their weapons all, and all
Their hands aime right, and javelins rightly fall:
There fortune a strange match beholds, one man
'Gainst a whole warre. His strong shield sounded than
With often strokes: his broken helmet beat
Downe to his temples, wrings with paine and heat,
And nothing else protects his vitall parts
But th'outside of his flesh stucke full of darts.
Why with light darts and arrowes doe you strive
(Vaine fooles) such wounds, as cannot kill, to give?

Let the Phalaricke ſtrong her wild-fire throw,
Or maſſy walls of ſtone 'gainſt ſuch a foe:
Let batt'ring rammes, and wars vaſt engins all
Remove him thence: he ſtands for *Cæſars* wall
'Gainſt *Pompey's* courſe. His breſt no armes now hide,
Scorning to uſe a ſhield, leſt his left ſide
Should want a wound, and he be forc'd to live
By his owne fault, what wounds the war can give
He takes alone; and bearing a thicke wood
Of darts upon his breſt, now wearyed ſtood
Chuſing what foe to fall on; ſo at ſea
Doe whales, and monſtrous beaſts of Libya,
So a Getulian Elephant clos'd in
By hunters round all ſhafts from his thick skin
Beats back, and breaks: or moving it ſhakes off
The ſticking darts (his bowells ſafe enough)
And through thoſe wounds no bloud he loſes; ſo
So many ſhafts and darts cannot beſtow
One death. At laſt a Cretan bow let flie
A ſure Gortyan ſhaft: in the left eye
Of *Sceva* ſtuck the ſhaft; he voyd of feares,
The ligaments, and optick ſinewes teares,
That th'arrowes forked iron head did ſtay,
And kickt the ſhaft with his owne eye away.
So if a Lybyan looped javelin pierce
The ſide of a Pannonian beare, more fierce
Growne by her wound, ſhe wheeles her ſelfe about,
Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,
Which ſtill turnes with her, *Sceva's* lookes now bore
No fierceneſſe, all his face deform'd with gore.
A ſhout that reacht the skie, the Conquerers raiſe;
So little bloud (though drawne from *Cæſars* face)
Could not have joy'd them more. But *Sceva* now
In his great heart ſuppreſſing this deep woe,
With a mild looke that did no v[illegible]ur ſhow,
Hold Country men (quoth he) [illegible]rbeare me now;

Wounds

Wounds further not my death, nor now need I
Moe weapons in, but these pull'd out to dy.
Into the campe of *Pompey* carry me:
Do't for your generals sake, let *Scæva* be
Rather th'example now of *Cæsar* left,
Then of a noble death. *Aulus* beleeft
These feigned words of his unhappily:
And did not the swords point against him see;
But as to seize him, and his armes he ventures,
His throat the lightning sword of *Scæva* enters.
His valour then by this one's death renew'd
Wax'd hot; who ere dares thinke *Scæva* subdu'd,
Thus let him rue (quoth he) if from this steele
Pompey seek peace, let him to *Cæsar* kneele.
Thought you me like your selves, fearefull, and base?
You love not *Pompey*, and the Senates cause,
As I love death. With that the dust rais'd high
Gave them all notice *Cæsars* troopes were nigh,
And from wars shame did the Pompeians free,
Least a whole troope should have beene thought to flee
From *Scæva* onely. When the fight was done
He fell, and dy'd; for fight (when blood was gone)
Lent strength. His friends taking him, as he falls,
Vpon their shoulders to his funeralls,
Are proud to beare him, and that breast adore,
As if some sacred deity it bore,
Or valours glorious image there did live.
Then all from his transfixed members strive
To pluck the Piles: and therewithall they dreft
The gods themselves: on *Mars* his naked breast,
Scæva, they put thy armes. How great indeed
Had beene thine honour, if those men that fled;
Had beene the warlike Celteberians.
Germans long arm'd, or short Cantabrians.
No triumphs now; no spoyles of this sad war
Can decke the temple of the thunderer.

With how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? nor did great *Pompey* ly immur'd
And quiet from attempting fight againe
At this repulſe, no more then th'Ocean
Is tir'd, when lifted by ſtrong Eaſterne blaſt
'Gainſt the repelling rocks, but eates at laſt
The rocks hard ſide, making, though late, a way
Aſſaulting then (*f*) the fort that neereſt lay
To th'ſea, he takes it by a double war,
And ſpread his men over the fields a far,
Pleas'd with this liberty of changing ground.
So when full Padus ſwells above the bound
Of his ſafe banks, and the neere fields oreflowes:
If any land, not able to oppoſe
That hill of water, yield: that it oreruns,
Opening t'it ſelfe unknowne dominions.
Some owners muſt of force their lands foregoe,
Some gaine new lands, as Padus will beſtow.
Cæſar, at firſt not knowing it, by light
From a towres top had notice from the fight:
The duſt now lay'd, he ſees his walls beat downe;
But when he found it paſt, and the foe gone,
This reſt his fury ſtirr'd, enraged deepe
That *Pompey* ſafe on *Cæſars* loſſe ſhould ſleepe.
Reſolving (though to his owne loſſe) to goe
On, and diſturbe the quiet of his foe.
Firſt he aſſaults *Torquatus*, who deſcries
Aſſoone his comming, as the ſayler ſpies
Th'approach of a Circæan ſtorme, and takes
Downe all his ſailes, when once the maine maſt ſhakes.
His men within the inner wall doth bring,
To ſtand more firmely in a narrow ring.
Ore the (*g*) firſt trenches works *Cæſar* was gone,
When *Pompey* from the hills above ſent downe
All his whole troops upon th'encloſed foe.
Th'inhabitants neere Ætna feare not ſo

Encela-

Enceladus, when the fierce Southwind blowes,
And Ætna from her fiery cavernes throwes
Her scalding entrailes forth: as *Cæsars* men
By the rais'd dust orecome ere they begin
To fight; and in the cloud of this blind feare
Flying they meet their foes; terrour does beare
Them to their fate. Then might have beene let out
The civill wars whole blood, and peace beene brought.
Pompey himselfe their furious swords restrain'd.
Oh happy, Rome, still free hadst thou remain'd
With all thy lawes, and power, if there for thee
Sylla had conquer'd; tis, and still shall be
Cæsar, our griefe, thy worst of wicked deeds
(To fight with a good son in law) succeeds.
Oh luckless fates, for *Munda's* bloody day
Spaine had not wept, Africk for *Utica*;
Nor had Nile borne, her streame discolouring,
A carkasse (*h*) nobler then th' Ægyptian King;
Nor *Iuba* (*i*) nak'd on Libyan sands had dy'd,
Nor had the blood of *Scipio* pacifi'd
Carthage dire ghosts; nor mens society
Had lost good *Cato*. That day, Rome to thee
Had beene the last of ills; *Pharsalias* day
In midst of fate had vanished away.
Cæsar this ill possessed place forsakes,
And with his mangled (*k*) troops t' Æmathia makes.
Pompey pursues his flying father in law.
Whom from that purpose his friends strive to draw,
Perswading him to turne to Italy
Now free from enemies. Never, quoth he,
Will I like *Cæsar* to my countrey come,
Nor never more unlesse with peace, shall Rome
See my returne. In Italy I could
Have stay'd at the beginning, if I would
Before Romes temples this sad war have brought,
And in the midst o'th market place have fought.

To draw the war from home, to th'torrid zone,
Or Scythiaes farthest cold I would be gone,
Shall I a conquerour now rob Rome of rest,
Who fled, lest she should be with war oppress?
Let *Cæsar* thinke Rome his, rather then she
Should suffer from this war. Then Easterly
He turnes his course, paths devious marching over,
Where regions vast Candavia does discover,
And to Thessalia comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordain'd. Thessalia bounded is
By the hill Ossa on the Northeast side;
Pelio, when Summer's in her height of pride,
His shade opposes 'gainst *Sols* rising rayes;
The woody Othrys Southward keepes away
The scorching Lyons heat; Pindus his hight
Keepes off the Westerne winds, and hastens night
By hiding the Suns set; those men nere feele
(That in the bottome of Olimpus dwell)
The Northwinds rage, nor all night long can see
The shining of the Beare. The fields, that lye
A vale betwixt those hills, were heretofore
A standing poole with water cover'd ore,
The fields kept in the rivers; Tempe then
Had no vent to the sea: to fill the ten
Was all the rivers course. But when of yore
Alcides Ossa from *Olimpus* tore,
And Peneus suddenly the sea did fill:
Sea-borne *Achilles* kingdome (that had still
Beene better under water) first was showne;
And *Phylace*, that landed first upon
The Troian shore her ship; and *Dorus*
For the nine Mules anger woe begone;
Pteleos, and *Trachis*, *Melibœa* proud
Of great *Alcides* shafts on her bestow'd,
Base hire for *Oeta's* fire; and where men now
Over the once renowned Argos plow:

Lariſſa

Lariſſa potent once: and where old tales
Deſcribe the Echionian Theban walls,
Thither *Agave* baniſht, there the head,
And necke of her dead *Pentheus* buryed,
Griev'd ſhe had torne no more limbs from her ſon.
The fens thus broke in many rivers run.
On the Weſt ſide into th'Ionian ſea
Cleare, but ſmall, Æas runs: as ſmall as he
Runs the Ægyptian Iris fathers flood:
And Acheloüs, whoſe thicke ſtreame with mud
Soiles the Echinades: Euenus ore
Meleagers Calydon ſtain'd with the gore
Of Neſſus runs: Sperchios ſwiftly ſlides
Into the Malitacke ſea, whoſe channell glides
Purely along Amphryſus paſture fields,
Where *Phœbus* ſerv'd: Anauros, that nere yields
Nor fog, nor wind, nor exhalation:
And what ere river by it ſelfe not knowne
To th'ſea, his waves on Peneus beſtowes:
Apidanos in a ſwift torrent flowes:
Enipeus never ſwift unleſſe combin'd:
Melas: and Phœnix with Aſopus joyn'd:
Alone his ſtreame pure Titareſius keepes,
Though in a different-named flood he creepes:
And uſing Peneus as his ground, he flowes
Above: from Styx (they ſay) this river roſe:
Who (mindfull of his ſpring) ſcornes with baſe floods
To mixe, but keepes the reverence of the gods.
When firſt, theſe rivers gone, the fields appear'd,
Fat furrowes the Bœbician plowſhares reat'd:
Th'Æolian husbandmen then breake the ground,
The Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
Her fertile breaſt; the skill'd Magnetians
In horſmanſhip: the fea fam'd Minyans.
In Pelethronian dens t'Ixion there
A fruitfull cloud did th'halfe-wild Centaures beare:

Ther,

Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoe*
Breake hardest rocks: and furious, *Rhœcus*, thee,
That up by th'rootes could strong wild ashes teare
On Oeta's mount, which *Boreas* blasts would beare,
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertaine:
Ravishing *Nessus* on the river flaine
By venom'd shafts: and thee, old *Chiron*, made
A constellation now, who seem'st t'invade
The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bow:
Fierce wars first seeds did from his country grow:
Here the first horse for war sprang from a rocke,
Which mighty Neptune with his trident stroke;
To chew on the steele bit he not disdain'd,
And foam'd by his Thessalian rider rain'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid paths to earth-bred mortals show'd.
Ixionus first of all Thessalia's King
To forme by hammer did hot mettalls bring,
Made silver liquid, stamp'd his coynes impresse
In gold, and melted brasse in furnaces.
Hence did th'account of mony first arise,
The fatall cause of war and tragedies.
Here was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
Whose skin the Delphian Tripos covered;
Whence to those games Thessalian bayes are brought.
Aloeus wicked brood 'gainst heaven here fought;
When Ossa on high Pelions top was set,
And the Celestiall orbes swift motion let.
When both the generalls in this land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd: the wars ensuing feare
Fills all presaging minds, all saw at hand
That hower, on which this wars last cast should stand.
Cowards now trembled that wars fate so neere
Was drawne, and fear'd the worst, both hope and feare
To this yet-doubtfull tryall brought the stout.
But one (alas) among the fearfull rout

Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* most unworthy son;
Who afterward a banisht man upon
Sicilian seas, turn'd Pirate, and there stain'd
The fam'd sea-triumphs his great father gain'd.
He brooking no delay, but weak to beare
A doubtfull state, endeavors, urg'd by feare,
To finde fates future course. Nor does he crave
From Delphian *Phœbus*, from the Pythian cave,
Or that fam'd Oake fruitfull in skehornes, where
Joves mouth gives answer, this event to heare:
Nor seekes advice from them, to whom are knowne
Birds flights, beasts entrailes, lightenings motion,
Nor the Chaldæan skill'd Astrologer,
Nor any secret wayes, that lawfull were:
But magicke damn'd by all the gods above,
And her detested secrets seeks to prove,
Ayd from the ghosts, and fiends below to crave,
Thinking (ah wretch) the gods small knowledge have.
The place it selfe this vaine dire madnesse helps,
Neere to the campe th' Æmonian witches dwelt,
Whom no invented monsters can excell;
Their art's what ere's incredible to tell,
Besides Thessalia's fields and rockes doe beare
Strange killing herbs, and plants, and stones that heare
The charming witches murmurs: there arise
Plants, that have pow'r to force the deities,
Medea there a stranger in those fields
Gatherd worse herbs then any Colchos yields.
Those wretches impious charmes turne the gods eares,
Though deafe to many nations zealous prayers;
Their voice alone heares through the inmost skies
Commands to the unwilling deities,
Which not their care of heavens high motions
Can turne away; when those dire murmurs once
Enter the skie, though the Ægyptians wise,
And Babylonians their deep mysteries

Should

Should utter all, th' Æmonian witch ſtill beares
From all their Altars the gods forced eares.
These witches ſpells loves ſoft deſires have ſent
Into the hardeſt hearts 'gainſt fates intent;
Severe old men have burnd in impious love,
Which temper'd drinkes, and philtrums could not move,
Nor that, to which the ſole his damms love owes,
The ſwelling fleſh that on his forehead growes.
Minds by no poyſon hurt, have periſhed
By ſpells; thoſe, whom no love of marriage bed,
Nor tempting beauties pow'r could ere inflame,
By magicke knot-ty'd thread together came;
The courſe of things has ſtayd, to keep out day
Night has ſtood ſtill; the ſky would not obay
The law of nature: the dull world at their
Dire voice has bin benumm'd: great *Iupiter*
Vrging their courſe himſelfe, admir'd to ſee
The Poles not mov'd by their ſwift axletree.
Showres they have made, clouded the cleareſt skie,
And heaven has thundred, *Iove* not knowing why.
By the ſame voice (with haire looſe hanging) they
Moiſt ſwelling clouds, and ſtormes have chac'd away.
The ſea without one puffe of winde has ſwell'd,
Againe in ſpite of *Auſter* has bin ſtill'd:
Ships ſailes have quite againſt the winds bin ſway'd:
Steepe waters torrents in their fall have ſtay'd:
And rivers have run back: Nile not oreflowne
In ſummer time: Mæander ſtraight has run.
Atar has haſtned, Rhodanus growne ſlow.
High hills ſunke downe have equall'd vales below.
Above his head the clouds Olympus ſaw:
In midſt of winter Scythian ſnowes did thaw
Without the Sun: the tyde-rais'd Ocean
Æmonian ſpells beat from the ſhore againe,
The ponderous earth out of her center toſt
Her middle place in the worlds orbe has loſt;

So

So great a weight ſtrooke by that voice was ſtirr'd,
And on both ſides the face of heav'n appear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for miſchiefe borne,
Both feare, and ſerve by death the witches turne;
The Tigers fierce, and Lions nobly bold
Fawne upon them: cold Snakes themſelves unfold,
And in the froſty fields lie all untwin'd:
Diſſected vipers by their power are joyn'd.
Their poyſon'd breathings poyſon'd ſerpents kill.
Why are the gods thus troubled to fulfill,
And fearfull their enchantments to contemne?
What bargaine has thus ty'd the gods to them?
Doe they obey upon neceſſity,
Or pleaſure? or ſome unknowne piety
Deſerves it? or ſome ſecret threats prevaile?
Or have they juriſdiction over all
The gods? or does one certaine deity feare
Their moſt imperious charmes, who, whatſoere
Himſelfe is forc'd to, can the world compell?
By them the ſtarres oft from the pole downe fell;
And by their voices poyſon *Phœbe* turnd,
Growne pale with darke and earthly fires has burnd,
No leſſe then if debarr'd her brother ſhine
By interpoſall of the earth betweene
Her Orbe, and his: theſe labors undergone
Has ſhe, depreſt by incantation,
Vntill more nigh ſhe foam'd her gelly on
Their herbs. Theſe Spells of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadfull *Erictho* ſcornes
As too too good, and this foule art adornes
With newer rites; in townes her diſmall head,
Or houſes roofes is never covered.
Forſaken graves, and tombes (the ghoſts expell'd)
She haunts; by fiends in eſtimation held.
To heare hells ſilent counſells, and to know
The Stygian cells, and myſteries below

Of

Of *Dis*, her breathing here no hindrance was.
A yellow leanneſſe ſpreads her loathed face;
Her dreadfull lookes, knowne to no lightſome aire,
With heavie hel-like paleneſſe clogged are.
Laden ſhe is with long unkembed haires.
But when darke ſtormes, or clouds obſcure the ſtarres,
From naked graves then forth *Erictho* ſtalkes
To catch the nights quick ſulphur; as ſhe walkes
The corne burnes up, and blaſts where ere ſhe tread;
And by her breath cleare aires are poyſoned.
She prayes not to the gods, nor humbly cries
For helpe, nor knowes ſhe pleaſing ſacrifice;
But funerall flames to th'altars ſhe preferres.
Frankincenſe ſnatcht from burning ſepulchers.
The gods at her firſt voice grant any harme
She askes, and dare not heare her ſecond charme:
Live ſoules, that rule their limbs, ſhe does incombe:
Death (though unwilling) ſeizes thoſe, to whom
The fates owe yeares; with a croſſe pompe men dead
Returne from grave, coarſes from tombes have fled;
Young mens hot aſhes, and burnt bones ſhe ſnatches
Out of the midſt of funerall Piles, and catches
The kindling brand in their ſad parents hand;
The funerall beds blacke ſmoking fragments, and
Their aſhy garments, and fleſh-ſmelling coales,
But when ſhe finders a coarſe intombed whole,
Whoſe moyſture is drawne out, and marrow growne
Hard by corruption, greedy knocke on
Each limbe ſhe makes; and from their orbes doth teare
His congeal'd eyes, and ſuckes her knuckles there.
She gnawes his nailes now pale, oregrowne, and long;
Bites halters killing knots where dead men hung:
Teares from the gibbets ſtrangled bodies downe,
And from the gallowes licks corruption.
She gathers dead mens limbs, which ſhowres have wet,
And marrow hardned in *Sols* ſcorching heat,

he kepes the nailes that piere'd crucifi'd hands,
nd gathers poyſonous filth, and ſlime that ſtands
n the cold joynts, and biting with her fangs
he hardn'd ſinewes, vp from ground ſhe hangs.
nd when ſo ere a naked carcaſſe ly,
efore the beaſts, and ravenous fowles fits ſhe;
ut teares, or cuts no limbe; till it be bit
y Wolves; from whoſe dry jawes ſhe ſnatches it.
Nor ſpares ſhe murdering, if life blood ſhe need,
hat from a throat new open'd muſt proceede.
he murders, when her ſacrifices dire
ife-blood, and panting entrailes do require:
nd births abortive by vnnaturall wayes
rom wounded wombes ſhe takes, and burning layes
hem on her wicked altars; when ſhe lacks
tout cruell ghoſts, ſuch ghoſts forthwith ſhe makes.
ll deaths of men ſerve for her action.
rom young mens chinnes ſhe puls the growing downe,
nd dying ſtriplings haire ſhe cuts away.
Erictho oft when ore the coarſe ſhe lay
Of her dead kinſman, and did ſeeme to kiſſe,
Off from his maimed head would bite a piece;
And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
In his dry throat ſhe bites his cold ſtiffe tongue:
And whiſpering murmurs dire by him ſhe ſends
Her baneſull ſecrets to the Stygian feinds.
By generall fame when *Sextus* notice had
Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
At the Antipodes their noone of day,
Over the deſart fields he takes his way:
The ſervants waiting on his folly then,
Searching through broken tombes, and graves of men,
Spy'd on a rocke at laſt, where Æmus bends,
And the Pharſalian lofty hills extends,
Erictho ſitting; ſhe was trying there
Spells, which nere witch, nor magicke god did heare,

And for new purposes was framing charmes.
For fearing lest the civill warres alarmes
Should to some other land be carryed thence,
And Thessaly should want that blood's expence:
Phillippi fields with incantations stain'd,
And sprinckled with dire iuice she did command
Not to transferre the war, meaning t'enioy
So many deaths, and the worlds blood t'employ:
The carcasses of slaughter'd Kings to maime,
And turne the Roman ashes was her aime:
To search for princes bones, and each great ghost.
But what best pleas'd her, and she studyed most,
Was what from *Pompey's* coarse to take away,
Or vpon which of *Cæsars* limmes to prey.
Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearefull sonne bespake;
Wisest of all Thessalians, that canst make
Foreknowne all things to come, and turne away
The course of destiny, to me (I pray)
The certaine end of this wars chance relate.
I am no meane part of the Roman state,
Great *Pompey's* sonne, now either lord of all,
Or wofull heire of his great funerall.
My minde, though wounded now with doubtfull feare,
Is well resolv'd any knowne woe to beare.
Oh take from chance this power it may not fall
Vnseene, and suddaine on me, the gods call;
Or spare the gods, and force the truth out from
The ghosts belovv, open Elysium,
Call forth grim death himselfe, bid him relate
Which of the two is given to him by fate,
Tis no meane taske, but labour worthy thee
To search what end of this great war shall be.
The impious Witch proud of a fame so spread
Replyes, young man, wouldst thou haue altered
Some meaner fate, it had beene easily done;
I could haue forc'd to any action

Th'vnwilling

Th'unwilling gods. I can preſerue the breath
Of him, whom all the ſtarres haue doom'd to death:
And, though the planets all conſpire to make
Him old, the midſt of his lifes courſe can breake.
But fates, and th' order of great cauſes all
Worke downeward from the worlds originall;
When all mankinde depend on one ſucceſſe,
If there you would change ought, our arts confeſſe
Fortune has greater powre: but if content
You be alone to know this wars event,
Many, and eaſie wayes for vs there be
To finde out truth; the earth, the ſea, the sky,
The dead, the Rodopeian rockes and fields
Shall ſpeake to vs. But ſince late ſlaughter yields
Such choiſe of carcaſſes in Theſſaly,
To raiſe vp one of thoſe will eaſyeſt be:
That a warme new-ſlaine carcaſſe with a cleare
Intelligible voice may greete your eare.
Leaſt (by the Sunne the organs parch'd, and ſpill'd)
The diſmall ghoſt vncertaine hizzings yeild.
Then double darkeneſſe ord nights face ſhe ſpred,
And wrapping in a foggy cloud her head,
She ſearches where th' vnbury'd bodyes lye;
Away the wolues, and hungry vultures flye
Looſening their tallands, when *Erictho* comes
To chooſe her prophet, griping with her thumbes
Their now cold marrowes, ſeeking where a tongue,
And lungs, with fillets whole vnwounded hung.
The fates of thoſe ſlaine men ſtand doubtfull all
Which of their ghoſts ſhe from the dead would call.
Had ſhe deſir'd to raiſe th' whole army ſlaine,
And to reuiue them for the war againe,
Hell had obey'd: from Styx, by her ſtrange mighe
The people all had beene drawne backe to fight.
When ſhe a carcas fitting had eſpy'd,
An hooke ſhe faſten'd in his throate, and ty'd

To it a fatall rope, by which the hag
Ore rockes and ſtones did that poore carcaſſe drag,
That muſt revive. Vnder the hollow ſide
Of an high mountaine, which to this blacke deede
The witch had deſtin'd, ſhe the carcaſſe layes.
A deepe, and vaſt deſcent of ground there was,
As low (almoſt) as the blinde caves of *Dis*:
Which a pale wood with thicke and ſpreading trees
Barring the ſight of heaven, and by *Sols* light,
Not penetrable, did oreſhadow quite.
Within the caue was bred by dreary night
Pale mouldy filth, and darkeneſſe ſad: no light,
But light by magicke made, ere ſhined there.
Within the jawes of *Tænarus* the aire
Is not ſo dull, that balefull bound twixt hell,
And vs; the princes, in thoſe ſhades that dwell
Send without feare their ſpirits hitherto;
For though this hag can force the fates to doe
What ere ſhe pleaſe, tis doubtfull whether here,
Or there thoſe ghoſts in their true place appeare.
She puts a various colour'd cloathing on,
And fury-like her haire looſe hanging downe
Was bound about with vipers, her face hid;
But when young *Sextus*, and his traine ſhe ſpy'd
Shaking for feare, and his aſtoniſht eye.
Fixt on the ground, baniſh thoſe feares, quoth ſhe,
His lifes true figure you ſhall ſee him take,
That cowards needs not feare to heare him ſpeake.
But if the furyes to your eyes were ſhowne,
The Stygian lakes, and burning Phlegeton,
The gyants bound, and Cerberus that ſhakes
His dreadfull curled mane of hiſſing ſnakes,
Why ſhould you feare, cowards, whileſt I am by,
To ſee thoſe fiends, that ſhake at ſight of me?
Then with warme blood, opening freſh wounds ſhe
His breſt: and gore to th'inward parts diſtills:

Of the Moones poysonous gelly store she takes;
And all the hurtfull broodes, that nature makes:
Foame of mad dogs, which sight of water dread:
The pyth of stags with serpents nourished
Was mixed there: the dire Hyæna's knot,
The spotted Lynx his bowells wanted not:
Nor that small fish, whose strength, though *Eurus* rise,
Can stay the course of ships: the Dragons eyes:
The sounding stone that brooding Eagles make
Warme in their nests, th' Arabian nimble snake:
The red sea-viper, pretious gems that kept:
Skins from th'alive Libyan Cerastes stript:
The Phœnix ashes layd in Araby.
With these when vile and nameless poysons she
Had mixt, and leaves fill'd with inchantments strong,
And herbs which her dire mouth had spit on young,
What poyson did she on the world bestow.
Then addes a voice to charme the gods below
More pow'rfull then all herbs confounding noises
Much dissonant, and far from humane voices.
There was the barke of dogs, the wolves sad howle;
The scritches wailing, hollowing of the owle:
All voices of wild beasts, hissing of snakes,
The sound that beat from rockes the water makes.
The murmure of stirr'd woods, the thunders noise
Broke from a cloud: all this was in her voce.
The rest Æmonian incantations tell,
And thus her voice pierces the lowest hell.
Furies, and Stygian fiends, whose scourges wound
All guilty soules, Chaos, that wouldst confound
Vnnumberd worlds: king of the earth beneath,
That griev'st to see the gods exempt from death:
Thou Styx, and faire Elysium, which no spirit
Of a Thessalian witch deserves t'inherit:
Thou, that thy mother hat'st, *Persephone*,
And heaven, thou lowest part of *Hecate*,

By whom the silent tongues of fiends with us
Have intercourse: hells porter Cerberus,
That currishnesse into our brests dost put;
You destinies that twice this thread must cut:
And thou the burning streames old ferriman
Tired with ghosts brought backe to me again,
If I invoke you with a mouth prophane,
And foule enough, to heare these prayers daine:
If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
These incantations I did nere expresse:
If womens wombes whole burdens upon you
And luke-warme braines I often did bestow:
If on your altars heads of infants slaine
I set, and bowells that must live againe,
Obey my voice; no ghost that long has felt
The Stygian shades, nor long in darknesse dwelt,
But one that lately from the living went,
And is but yet at pale hells first descent,
And one, which (though obedient to this spell)
Could be but once transported ore to hell
I aske; let some knowne souldiers ghost relate
Before great *Pompey's* son his fathers fate,
If civill warre of you have merited.
Then lifting up her foaming mouth and head
She savv hard by the ghost of that dead man
Trembling to enter his old goale again;
Fearing those cold pale members, and into
That wounded brest and entrailes sorne to go;
Ah wretch, from whom deaths gift is tane avvay
(To die no more) that fates durst thus delay.
Erictho wondred; wrath with death, and fate,
The liveles coarse with living snakes she beat; (broke,
And through earths crancyes, which her charmes had
Bark'd to the fiends, and thus hells silence shooke,
Megera, and *Tisiphone* that slights
My voice, through hell with your dire vvhips affright

Hither that wretched ſpirit, or from below
By your true names of Stygian bitches you
I will call up, and to the Suns light leave:
No dead mens graves ſhall harbour, or receive
Your heads, Ile follow you obſerving well,
And from all tombes, and quiet urnes expell.
Falſe *Hecate*, thee to the gods Ile ſhow,
(To whom thou uſeſt with bright lookes to goe)
In thy pale rotten forme and ſo provide
Thou ſhalt not thy Tartarian viſage hide.
Vnder the earths vaſt weight I will relate
What food deſtaines thee; in what wedlocks ſtate.
Thou lov'ſt the nights ſad king, with ſuch a ſtaine,
That *Ceres* ſhall not wiſh thee backe againe.
'Gainſt thee, the worlds worſt judge, I will ſet free
The gyants, or let in the day to thee.
Will you obey, or ſhall I him invoke,
Whoſe name the earths foundations ever ſhooke?
Who without hurt th'unvailed Gorgon ſees:
Of whoſe ſtrong ſtripes *Erinnys* fearfull is:
Who keepes an hell unknowne to you; and where
You are above, that dare by Styx forſweare.
Then ſtraight the clotted blood grows warme againe
Feeds the black wounds, and runs through every vaine
And th'outward parts: the vitall pulſes beat
In his cold breaſt: and lifes reſtored heat
Mixt with cold death through parts diſuſed runs,
And to each joynt gives trembling motions;
The ſinewes ſtretch: the carkaſſe from the ground
Riſes not by degrees, but at one bound
Stands bolt upright: the eyes with twincking hard
Are op'd; not dead, nor yet alive appear'd
The face: his paleneſſe ſtill, and ſtiffeneſſe ſtayes
He ſtands at this revivall in amaze;
But his dumbe ſeal'd-up lips no murmur made,
Onely an anſwering tongue, and voice he had.

Speake (quoth *Erictho*) what I aske, and well
Shalt thou rewarded be: if truth thou tell,
By our Hæmonian art Ile set thee free
Throughout all ages, and bestow on thee
Such funeralls, with charmes so burne thy bones,
Thy ghosts shall heare no incantations.
Let this the fruit of thy revivall be,
No spells, no herbs shall dare to take from thee
Thy long safe rest, when I have made thee dy.
The gods, and Prophets answer doubtfully;
But he, that dares enquire of ghosts beneath,
And boldly goe to th'oracles of death,
Is plainly told the truth; spare not, but name
Plainly the things, and places all, and frame
A speech, wherein I may conferre with fate:
Adding a charme to make him know the state
Of whatsoere she askt; thus presently
The weeping carkasse spake; I did not see
The sisters fatall threds, so soone (alas)
Backe from those silent banks enforc'd to passe.
But what by speech from all the spirits I gain'd
Among the Roman ghosts fell discord reign'd:
Romes wicked war disturb'd hells quiet rest:
Some Captaines from sad hell, some from the blest
Elysian fields come forth, and there what fate
Intends to doe, they openly relate:
The happy ghosts look'd sad, the *Decii* then
Father and son, wars-expiating men:
I saw the *Curii*, and *Camillus* wailing,
Sylla himselfe against thee, fortune, sailing:
His issues Libyan fate brave *Scipio*
Bewail'd; and *Cato* Carthages great foe
His nephewes bondage-scaping death did mone.
Among the blessed spirits *Brutus* alone
Rejoyc'd, first Consul, that Romes king exil'd.
Fierce *Catiline*, sterne *Marius*, and the wild

Cethegi breaking chaines orejoyed were:
The popular law promulging *Drusi* there,
And daring *Gracchi* shouting clapt their hands
Fetter'd for ever with strong iron bands
In *plutoes* dungeon; impious ghosts had hopes
Of blessed seats; *Pluto* pale dungeons opes,
Prepares hard stones, and adamantine chaines
To punish the proud Conquerour, ordaines.
Take you this comfort, in a blessed roome
The ghosts expect your side, and house to come,
And for great *Pompey* in Elysium
Prepare a place. The houre shall shortly come
(Envie not then the glory of so small
A life) that in one world shall lodge you all.
Make haste to meet your deaths, and with a mind
Haughty, (though from small funeralls) descend
To tread upon the soules of Roman gods.
For burialls is all this mortall ods;
And the Pharsalian fight must onely try
Who shall by Nile, and who by Tyber lye.
But seeke not thou thy destiny to heare,
Which fate, though I be silent, will declare:
A surer prophet shall thy father be
In Sicily, although uncertaine he
Whither to call thee, whence to bid thee flee,
Or in what coast or climate safe to be.
Feare Europe, Asia, Africk: fates divide
Your funeralls, as they your triumphs did.
Oh wretched house, to you the world shall yield
No place more happy then Pharsalia's field.
Thus having spoke the carkasse did remaine
With a sad looke, and begg'd for death againe,
But could not dy without a magick spell,
And herbs: nor could the fates restore to hell
His soule once sent from thence. With that the witch
Builds up a lofty funerall pile; to which

The dead man comes: she layes him on the fires,
Leaves him, and lets him dye, and then retires
With *Sextus* to his fathers campe: and now
The welkin gan *Auroraes* light to show:
But to the campe till *Sextus* take his way,
The darke charm'd night kept off approaching day.

FINIS Libri Sexti.

Annotations on the Sext Booke.

(a) *From their camps by the river Apsus both Generalls at one time brought forth their armies; Pompey intending to intercept* M. Anthonius, *and Cæsar intending to joyne with* Anthony. *Anthony certified by some Greeks of Pompeyes ambushes, kept within his campe, till the next day Cæsar came to him.* Pompey *then fearing to be enclosed by two armies, departing thence marched to Asparagu neere Dyrrachium, and there encamped; thither also marched Cæsar, and encamped not far from him.*

(b) Cæsar *wanting provision was desirous of battell: but* Pompey *better provided of all necessaries purposely delayed it.*

(c) Cæsar *perceiving that* Pompey *would not be drawn out to fight; the next day by a great compasse, and difficult way went to Dyrrachium hoping to exclude* Pompey *thence where his corne, and provision lay; which* Pompey *perceiving, went thither also by a neerer way.*

(d) Cæsar (*that his owne men might with the lesse danger forrage, and fetch in corne, as also to hinder* Pompey *from forraging, and to lessen his estimation among forrein nations*) *kept with garrisons all the tops of the hills, and fortified castles there, and drew strong trenches from castle to castle, so on every side enclosing* Pompey. *The worke extended fifteene miles in compasse, being so large that Pompey within wanted nothing, and Cæsar could not man his worke round.*

(e) Cæsar

(e) Cæsars Souldiers wanting victuall besieged Pompey abounding with all store of provision. Pompey seeing the strange unheard of food, that Cæsars souldiers eat while they besieged him, said that he now made war against beasts.

(f) Pompey understanding by some renegadoes that Cæsars crosse trench between the two bulwarks toward the sea was not finished, sent a ship manned with archers, and other souldiers to assault the defenders of the worke behind. Himselfe about the end of night came thither also with his forces. Cæsars cohorts, that watched there neere the sea, seeing themselves assaulted both by land and sea, ran away: whom the Pompeyans pursued with a great slaughter, till Mar Anthonius with twelve cohorts comming down the hill made the Pompeyans retreat againe.

(g) Cæsar to repaire that dayes losse assaulted with three and thirty cohorts the castle which Torquatus kept, and beat the Pompeyans from the trench. Which Pompey hearing brought his fist Legion to their succour. Cæsars horsmen fearing to be enclosed began first to fly, which the foot seeing, and seeing Pompey there in person, fled also; this victory if Pompey had pursued, hee had utterly overthrowne Cæsar.

(h) Pompey the great slaine upon the banks of Nile.

(i) Iuba King of Mauritania which had slaine Curio and his Legions before, in the African war was vanquished by Cæsar, and fearing to fall into Cæsars hands, hee and Petreius slew each other.

(k) For in these two conflicts Cæsar lost nine hundred footmen sixty two horsmen, thirty Centurions, ten Tribunes, and thirty two Ensignes of war.

LVCANS

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Seventh Booke.

The Argument.

Great Pompey's *flattering dreame; his ſouldiers all*
Eager of battell urge their Generall;
Their wiſh (though raſh and fatall) findes defence
In Ciceroes *unhappy eloquence.*
Againſt his will Great Pompey's *forc'd to yield:*
The ſignall's given: Pharſalia's dreadfull field
Is fought: Romes liberty for ever dies,
And vanquiſht Pompey *to Lariſſa flies.*

SAd *Titan* later *Thetis* lap forſooke
Then natures law requir'd, and never tooke
A croſſer way, as if borne back againe
By the ſphæres courſe, would be eclipſed faine,
Attracting clouds, not food t'his flames to yield,
But loth to ſhine upon Pharſalia's field.
That night, of *Pompey's* happy life the laſt,
Deceiv'd by flattring ſleeps, he dream'd him plac'd
In the Pompeian Theater, among
Romes people flocking in unnumberd throng;
Where ſhouting to the skies he heard them raiſe
His name; each roome contending in his praiſe.

Such

Such were the peoples lookes, such was their praise,
When in his youth, and first triumphant dayes
Pompey but then a gentleman of Rome
Had quieted the West, and Spaine orecome,
Scattring the troops revolt *Sertorius* led;
And sate in Senate as much honoured
In his pure candid, as triumphall gowne.
Whether the doubtfull fancie fearfull growne
Of future fate, run backe to former joyes;
Or prophesying by such sights implyes
Their contrary, and bodes ensuing woe:
Or else on thee fortune would thus bestow
A sight of Rome, that could not otherwise.
Oh doe not wake him from his sleep to rise,
No trumpet pierce his eare; the next nights rest
With the foregoing dayes sad warre oppresst
Will nought but fights, but bloud and slaughter show.
Happy were Rome, could she but see (though so)
Her *Pompey* blest with such a dreame as this,
And happy night; oh would the deities
Had given one day, *Pompey*, to Rome, and thee,
That both assured of your destinie
Might reap the last fruit of a love so deare.
Thou goest as if thy Rome should thee interre:
And she, still mistris of her wish in thee,
Hopes that the fates lodge not such cruelties,
As to deprive her of thy honour'd tombe.
To mourne for thee old men, and young would come;
Children untaught would weep: the Matrons all
With haire (as once at *Brutus* funerall)
Loose hung, would beat their brests, now though they
The swords of the injurious Conquerer, (fear
Though he himselfe relate thy death, they'l mourne
At publike sacrifice, as they adorne
Ioves house with laurell; wretched men, whose mone
Conceal'd, in sighs must vent it selfe alone,

And

nd dares not ſound in publike theaters.
Now had the riſing Sun obſcur'd the ſtars,
When all the ſouldiers murmuring up and downe
(The fates now drawing the worlds ruin on)
Deſire a ſignall to the fight; poore men,
Whoſe greater part ſhould never ſee the end
Of that ſad day, about their Generalls tent
(Haſting the houre of their neere death) they vent
Their paſſions, and complaints; and franticke growne
Their owne and publike fate they haſten on.
They call great *Pompey* ſluggiſh, timorous,
Patient of *Cæſar*, and ambitious
Of ſoveraignty, deſirous ſtill to raigne
Ore all thoſe Kings, and fearing peace againe.
The Kings, and Eaſterne nations all complain'd
Warre was prolong'd, and they from home detain'd.
The gods when they our ruine had decreed,
Would make it thus our owne erroneous deed.
Ruine we ſought, and mortall warres requir'd,
In *Pompey's* camp Pharſalia is deſir'd.
Nor did this wiſh want *Cicero's* defence
The greateſt author of Romes eloquence;
In whoſe gown-rule fierce *Catiline* did feare
The peacefull axe. Hee now turn'd ſouldier
From barres and pleadings had been ſilent long,
And this bad cauſe thus ſtrengthens with his tongue.
Pompey, for all her gifts fortune implores
That thou wouldſt uſe her now: thy Senators,
Thy Kings, and all the ſuppliant world intreas
Thy leave to conquer *Cæſar*: ſhall he yet
So long a warre againſt mankind maintaine?
Well may the forraigne nations now diſdaine
(Who ſuddainly were vanquiſhed by thee)
That *Pompey* is ſo ſlow in victorie.
Where's now thy ſpirit, thy confidence of fate?
Canſt thou now doubt the gods (ah moſt ingrate?)

Or

Or fear'ſt thou to commit into their hand
The Senates cauſe? thy troopes without command
Their Eagles will advance: 'twere ſhame for thee
To be compell'd to conquer: if thou be
Our generall, and ours the war, to try
The hazard lyes in our authority.
Why hold'ſt thou the worlds ſwords from *Cæſars* thro?
They all are drawne almoſt, and tarry not
Thy ſlow alarmes; make haſt, leſt thy command
They all forſake: the Senate does demand,
If they thy ſouldiers, or companions be.
Great *Pompey* ſigh'd to ſee how contrary
The gods were bent, and fortune croſt his minde.
If you be all (quoth he) this way inclin'd:
And me a ſouldier not a generall
The time require: Ile be no let at all
To fate: let fortune all theſe nations caſt
Into one ruine: be this day the laſt
To the greateſt part of men. But witneſſe Rome
Pompeyes enforc'd to this ſad field to come. (wound;
The warres whole worke needs not haue coſt one
But *Cæſar*, without blood ſubdu'd, and bound
Might have bin brought to anſwer injur'd peace.
What fury's this (oh blind in wickedneſſe!)
To conquer without blood in civill war
You are afraid. Maſters o'th'land we are:
The ſeas are wholly ours: the famiſht foe
To fetch in Corne unripe is forc'd to goe;
And tis become his wiſh by ſwordes to dye,
And with his ruine mixe our tragedy.
In this ſome part is finiſht of the war,
That our freſh-water ſouldiers doe not feare
The fight (if that be in true valour done;)
Into extreameſt dangers many run
For feare of future ill: valiant'ſt is he,
That feares not t'vndergoe a danger nigh,

Nor to deferre it. Would you then commit
Your ſtrength to fortunes hand, and to one fight
The worlds eſtate, deſiring all, that I
Should rather fight, then get the victory?
The rule of Romes eſtate thou didſt beſtow
Fortune, on me: receiue it greater now:
Protect it in this wars blind chance: to me
Nor crime, nor honour ſhall this battell be.
Ceſar thy wicked prayers 'gainſt mine prevaile:
We fight: how diſmall to all people ſhall
This day appeare? how many lands vndone
Shall be? how crimſon ſhall Enipeus run
With Roman bloud? would the firſt pile of all
This mortall war would light (if I could fall
Without the ruine of our ſide) on me;
For not more joyfull can the conqueſt be,
Pompey a name ſhall be to euery one
Of hate, or pitty, when this fight is done.
The conquer'd ſhall endure the worſt of woe:
The worſt of crimes the Conquerour ſhall doe.
With that the reines he to their fury gives,
Suffring the fight. So th'artleſſe ſailer leaves
His helpeleſſe barke, when Coeus blaſts are growne
Too ſtrong, to guidance of the windes alone.
A fearefull murmuring noiſe thorough all parts
Aroſe: and diverſly their manly hearts
Beat 'gainſt their breaſts; vpon the face of ſome
Appear'd the paleneſſe of a death to come,
And ghaſtly lookes; that day (they thinke) fate brings
A laſting ſtate of rule on earthly things:
And doubt what Rome, after this field is fought,
Shall bee: no man of his owne danger thought
Amaz'd with greater feares. Who, when he ſees
All ſhores orflowne, and th'uncurb'd Ocean riſe
Ore mountaines tops, the Firmament and Sunne
Fall downe to earth; in ſuch confuſion

Could

Could feare his owne estate? no private state
Has time to feare, but Romes, and *Pompey's* fate.
Nor did they trust their swords, unlesse sharpe set
On stones: the points of their dull piles they whet:
Each archer fits his bow with surest strings,
And choisest arrowes in his quiver brings;
Horsemen sharp spurres provide, and strongest reines.
So when earths giants upon Phlegra's plaines
(If with the acts of gods our humane warres
We may compare) rebell'd: the sword of *Mars*
In Ætna's forge, and *Neptunes* three-fork'd speare
Were scowr'd, and sharpned: *Phœbus* arrowes there
With *Python* dull'd, made sharpe; the blew-eyd mayd
Vpon her shield *Medusa's* haires display'd:
Joves lightning then the *Cyclops* molded new.
Fortune foretold the woes that should insue
By many tokens; for the stormy skie
Withstood their marches into Thessaly:
The clouds against their eyes did lightnings throw:
Meteors like lampes, like fiery posts in show,
And beames, cloud-breaking *Typhons* did arise,
And lightnings flashes dimm'd and clos'd their eyes.
Their helmets plumes were sing'd; their piles did melt
Sword-blades dissolv'd run downe the hilts they felt;
Their impious swords with sulphur from the skies
Did smoke: their Ensignes hid with swarmes of flies
Could scarce be pluckt from ground: the bearers bow
Themselves to get them up: which seem'd oreflow'd
With teares from thence cy'n to Thessalia:
The bull from th'holy alears runnes away,
And to Pharsalia field directly flies,
Whilst their sad altar wants a sacrifice.
But what night furies, what *Eumenides*,
What Stygian powres, or gods of wickednesse,
What hellish fiend, *Cæsar*, didst thou appease
Preparing for such wicked warres as these?

Whether the gods, or their owne feare had wrought
These wonders, doubtfull tis, but many thought
They saw Olympus meete with Pindus hill,
And Æmus fall th'adjoyning valleyes fill:
That in the night Pharsalia sounded loud
The noise of battell: that Bæbei's flow'd
Swiftly with blood. But most admired they
To see each others face show darke; the day
Grow pale: and night their helmets overspread;
Their fathers ghosts and all their kinsmen dead
T'appeare before their eyes. But this alone
Comforted their sicke mindes, knowing their owne
Impious entents, brothers to kill and ope
Their fathers throats, they hence conceived hope,
Thinking these monsters, and portents t'imply
Th'accomplishment of their impiety.
No wonder tis if men so neere their end
Trembled with frantike feare: if fates doe lend
Presaging mindes of future ills to men,
Romans, that sojourn'd in Armenia then,
And Tyrian Gades, and in what coast soere,
Or climate they abode, lamented there,
Blaming their causelesse griefe, and did not know,
Their losses in Pharsalia's overthrow.
An Augur sitting on (a) th'Euganean mounts,
(If fame record a truth) where springs the fount
Of foggy Aponus, where Timauus does
First part, and thence in severall channels flowes;
This day (quoth he) the action's in the height,
Pompey, and *Cæsars* impious armyes fight;
Whether *Ioves* thunder, and divining stroake
He had observ'd, or how thicke aire did choake
The jarring heavens, or on the poles did looke.
Or in the firmament had found this fight
By the Sunnes paleneſſe, and starres mournefull light;

But nature sure did differently display
From other dayes, the sad Thessalian day:
And if all men had skilfull Augurs bin,
By all the world Pharsalia had bin seene;
Greatest of men, whose fates through th'earth extend,
Whom all the gods haue leasure to attend,
These acts of yours to all posterity
Whether their owne great fame shall signifie,
Or that these lines of mine haue profited
Your mighty names; these words, when they are read,
Shall stir th' affections of the readers minde,
Making his wishes, and vaine feares inclin'd
As to a thing to come, not past, and guide
The hearts of all to favour *Pompey's* side.
Pompey descending downe the hill displayes
His troopes reflecting rising *Phœbus* rayes,
Not rashly ore the fields: in order good
And marshall'd well the hapleese army stood.
The left wing first was *Lentulus* his care
With the first Legion, then the best in war,
And fourth: Thou, stout *Domitius* lead'st the right,
Valiant, though still vnfortunate in fight:
In the maine battell with his warlike bands
Brought lately from Cilicia, *Scipio* stands
Well fortify'd: heere vnder a command,
A General first in Affricks scorched land.
But all along the swift Empeus side
The loose rain'd troopes of Ponticke horsemen ride;
And mounteniers of Cappadocia;
Vpon the dryer fields in rich array
Doe the earths Monarchs, Kings, and Tetrarchs stand,
And all the states, that Roman swords command.
Thither from Libya came Numidians,
Itureas archers, *Crete's* Cydonians:
Feirce *Gaules* there sought against their wonted foes:
There warlike Spaniards their short shields did show.

T

The Conquerer of all triumphs now deprive,
And let no people this sad war survive.
Cesar that day dislodging to provide
For come, was marching out, when he espy'd
The foes descending downe the champaigne field,
And that so often wisht-for day beheld,
That on one chance of warre should set the maine;
Sicke of delay, and covetous of raigne,
In this small tract of time condemn'd had he
The civill war as a slow villany.
But when fates falling ruine shake he saw,
And both their fortunes to a triall draw;
His wondrous love of sword some languishment
Can feele; his mind, though ever confident
Of good successe, now doubts; from feare his owne,
As *Pompey* fortunes from presumption,
Did keep his mind: at last exiling feares
With confidence he cheeres his souldiers.
Brave souldiers, the worlds aw, *Cesars* estate,
That day of fight is come, which we from fate
So oft have begg'd: oh doe not now desire,
But by your valours fortunes ayd acquire,
What *Cesar* is lyes in your hands alone.
This is the day, which passing Rubicon
Was promisd me: in hope of which we hurl'd.
And our forbidden triumphs have defer'd.
This is the day that shall restore to you
Children and wives, and shares of land bestow
Freed from wars duties: this the day that tries
(Witnes'd by fate) whose cause the better is.
This field the conquerd side shall guilty make.
If you with fire and sword have for my sake
Assaulted Rome, now fight like souldiers,
And free your swords from guilt: no hand in wars
Is pure in both sides judgement; nor for me
Fight you alone, but that your selves may be

Free lords of all the world. I, for mine owne
Consent, could live in a Plebeian gowne,
Or be in any state, so you obtaine
A perfect freedome; by my envie raigne.
Nor with much blood shall all the world be bought:
But youths of Greece in schooles of wrestling taught,
Base sluggish spirits that never armes did beare,
And mixt Barbarian troops are standing there,
That when the armies joyne will nere abide
The trumpets sound, nor shouts of their owne side.
In civill war few hands, alas, shall fight:
Most of the blowes upon Romes foes shall light,
And rid the world of well spar'd people; goe,
Breake through those dastard nations, and orethrow
The world at your first onset; make it knowne
That all those nations, which so oft were showne
In *Pompeys* triumphs, are not worthy prov'd
Of one poore triumph. Are th'Armenians mov'd
Thinke you, what Generall shall Rome obtaine?
With least bloods losse would the Barbarians gaine
A sov'raignty for *Pompey*? they abhorre
All Romans, as their lords, and hate those more
Whom they have knowne. The trust of my affaires
To friends, whose valour through so many wars
In France I have beheld, does fortune now
Commit: what souldiers sword doe not I know?
And when through th'aire a trembling pile is sent,
Ile truly tell you from what arme it went.
Those signes I see that nere your Generall fail'd,
Fierce lookes, and threatning eyes: you have prevail'd:
Me thinkes the rivers swell'd with blood I see,
And at your feet the slaughtred bodies lie
Of Kings, and Senators; nations to day
Swim in this bloody field. But I delay
My fortunes, in detaining from the field
Your forward spirits: pardon me though I yield

A whi

while to pleasing hope: I nere did see
he gods so liberall, and so speedily:
ut one fields distance from our with are we.
hat kings, and nations are posseſt of now,
hen this field's fought, is *Cæsars* to bestow.
gods, what stars, what influence of the skie
as given so great a power to Thessaly?
his day allots the punishment, or gaines
f all our wars: thinke upon *Cæsars* chaines,
is wracks, and gibbets: thinke you see this face,
hese quarter'd limbs stand in the market place:
emember *Sylla* in the field of *Mars*,
or 'gainst a Syllane Generall are our wars.
y care's for you; this hand shall free mine owne,
ho ere looks back before the day be won,
hall see me fall on mine owne sword, and dy.
ou gods, whose cares are drawne downe from the skie
y Romes dissentions, let him Conqueror be,
hat to the conquer'd meanes no cruelty:
nd thinks his countreymen have not in ought
isdone, because against his side they fought.
hen *Pompey* in a narrow place had shut
our helpleſſe valour up, how did he glut
is sword with blood? but this I beg of you
ouldiers, let no man wound a flying foe:
ccount him still your countreyman, that flyes.
ut while they stand in fight, let not your eyes
e mov'd with piety, though in that place
our fathers stood, but with your swords deface
heir reverend looks. Who ere has sheath'd his blade
kinsman's breast, or by the wound he made
as done no wrong to kindred, all as one
hall I esteeme, kinsman, and foe unknowne.
ill up the trenches, teare the rampiers downe,
hat in full maniples we may come on:

Spare not your campe; that campe shall be your owne
From which yon dying army is come downe.
Scarse thus had *Cæsar* spoke, when every one
Fell to their charge, and straight their armour don;
A quicke presage of happy war they take;
Of their neglected campe havocke they make:
Not rank'd, nor marshall'd by the Generall
Confus'd they stand, leaving to fortune all.
Had all beene *Cæsars*, had each souldier fought
For monarchy, and Romes sole Empire sought,
They could not all with more desire come on.
When *Pompey* saw them march directly downe,
That now the war admitted no delay,
But this by heavens appointment was the day,
He stands amaz'd, and cold: the war to feare
Twas fatall in so great a souldier.
But cheering up his men his owne feares hiding,
On a proud steed through every quarter riding;
The time your valours wisht for, souldiers,
Is come, quoth he, the end of civill wars,
This is the sword's last worke, the judging hower
Of nations fates: now shew your utmost power.
He that would see his houshold gods againe,
His countrey, wife, and children, must obtaine
All by the sword: the gods have in this fight
Dispos'd them all; our just cause does invite
To hope; our swords the gods themselves shall guide
Through *Cæsars* breast, and in his blood provide
Th'establishment of Roman liberty.
Had they to him decreed a Monarchy,
To my old age death might long since have come.
It was no signe the gods were wroth with Rome,
Preserving *Pompey* for her leader now,
And all helps else, that conquest can bestow.
Illustrious men, such as old times did show,
Dare willingly these dangers undergoe.

Shou

Should the *Camilli*, th'ancient *Curii*
Revive, or the devoted *Decii*,
Here they would ſtand. Forces we have from th'Eaſt,
Numberleſſe cities aydes: war never preſt
So many hands: we uſe all nations
Of the whole world, people of all the zones,
Of all mankind twixt North, and South that dwell
Are here: we may encloſe that army well
With our wide ſtretch'd-out wings: the victory
Askes not all hands: ſome need but ſhout, and cry.
Cæſars ſmall ſtrength cannot employ us all.
Thinke that your mothers from the city wall
Tearing their haire intreat your valour now,
Thinke that the old unarmed Senate bow
Their honour'd hoary heads before your feet,
And Rome her ſelfe for freedome doth intreat:
Thinke that this age, and our poſterity
Doe both intreat: one would in freedome dy,
The other be freeborne. And if there be
After theſe pledges, a roome left for me,
I with my wife and ſons before your feet
(If th'honour of a generall would permit)
Would fall; unleſſe you conquer here, your ſhame,
And *Cæſars* mocke is baniſht *Pompey's* name,
I crave in freedome my laſt age to ſpend,
And not be taught to ſerve ſo neere my end.
This ſad ſpeech fir'd the Roman ſpirits anew,
They wiſh to dy, ſhould, what they feare, be true.
With equall fury then both armies meet;
One for ambition, th'other freedome fight.
Theſe hands ſhall act, what no ſucceeding yeare,
Nor all mankind for ever can repaire
Though free from wars: this fight kills men to come,
And the next age, before they enter wombe:
All Latian names thence fabulous ſhall be,
And men in ruin'd duſt ſhall ſcarcely ſee

The *Gabii*, *Veii*, *Cora*, nor the roome
Where Alba ſtoòd; nor faire Laurentium,
A countrey deſolate, which none eſpies,
But the forc'd Conſuls in night ſacrifice
Blaming old *Numa's* inſtitution.
Theſe monuments times ruining hand alone
Has not defac'd; wars civill crimes we ſee
In that ſo many cities empty'd be.
To what ſmall number is mankind reduc'd?
We all, whom the whole earth has ſince produc'd,
Are not enough the townes, and fields to fill:
One towne receives us all, and bondmen till.
Th'Italian lands, old houſes ſtand alone
Rotten, and want a man to fall upon:
And wanting her old Citizens there ſlaine,
Rome with the dregs of men is fill'd againe.
This ſlaughter makes that Rome hereafter free
From civill war for many yeares ſhall be.
Pharſalia is the cauſe of all theſe ills,
Let *Cannæ* yield, that our black annalls fills,
And *Allia* damn'd in Roman Calenders,
Rome has remembred theſe as her ſmall ſcars,
But would forget this day: oh fatall time!
Thoſe lives, that fortune had from every clime
Brought here to periſh, might all loſſe repaire
Mankind ſuſteines by peſtilentiall ayre,
Sickneſſe, towne-ſwallowing earth-quakes, or fires rage
Here fortune ſhowes the gifts of many an age,
People, and Captaines, robbing us of all,
In one ſad field; to ſhew, when Rome did fall,
How great ſhe fell; the more thou didſt poſſeſſe
Of earth, the ſhorter was thy happineſſe.
All wars before did land on thee beſtow;
To both the poles *Sol* ſaw thy conqueſt goe;
But that a little of the Eaſt remain'd,
Thou all the ſky-encompaſs'd globe hadſt gain'd:

Thine had beene night, and day: the ſtars could ſhine,
And planets wander ore no land but thine.
But this one day thy fate as far back beares,
As twas advanc'd in all thoſe former yeeres.
This bloody day is cauſe that India
The Roman Faſces cannot keepe in aw:
That Conſuls doe not with their plowes deſigne
Sarmatian walls, nor in their bounds confine
The Scythian *Dae*, that ſtill Parthians owe
For the blood loſt in *Craſſus* overthrow.
That liberty nere to returne againe,
And flying civill war, her flight has tane
Ore Tygris, and the Rhene: and can be brought
No more, though with our bloods ſo often fought:
Would we had nere that happineſſe poſſeſt,
Which Scythia, and Germany has bleſt:
Would Rome had ever ſerv'd, ſince that firſt light
When by the augury of Vultures flight
Romulus fill'd with theeves his walls begun,
Even till Pharſalia's wofull field was won.
Brutus we taxe; fortune, why did we frame
Our freedomes, lawes, or yeares by Conſuls name?
Happy Arabians, Medes, and Eaſtern lands,
That ſtill have liv'd under their Kings commands:
We laſt of all (though now aſham'd to bow)
A Monarch's yoke are forc'd to undergoe.
No gods at all have we: when all things move
By chance, we falſly think there is a *Iove*.
Can he downe from the ſtarry skie behold
Theſſalia's ſlaughter, and his thunder hold?
Can he with thunder cleave a ſenſeleſſe tree,
Pholoe, Oete, harmleſſe Rhodope?
Muſt *Caſſius* hand rather this tyrant ſlay?
He at *Thyeſtes* feaſt could ſhut up day,
Involving *Argos* in a ſudden night;
And can he lend Theſſalia his light.

Where brothers fight, and ſons 'gainſt fathers are?
For mortall men no god at all takes care.
But for this woe revenge we doe obtaine
As much as fits that earth 'gainſt heaven ſhould gaine:
This war our Emperours does equalize
To gods above, and their ſoules deifies,
Adornes their heads with thunder, rayes, and ſtars:
Rome by mens ſoules in her gods temples ſweares.
When both the armies marching on apace,
Neere met, ſtood parted but a little ſpace,
They view'd each others hands, ſtriving to know
Each others face, thinking which way to throw
Their piles, from whence their fates moſt threatning ſhow
What monſtrous acts they were about to doe:
There they their brothers, and their fathers ſpy'd
Againſt them ſtand, yet would not change their ſide,
But piety their breaſts amazed held,
And the cold blood in every lim congeal'd:
And every ſouldier his prepared pile,
And ready ſtretch'd-out arme contain'd a while.
The gods ſend thee, ô *Craſtinus*, not death
The common plague, but feeling after breath,
Whoſe pile firſt throwne of all, the fight began,
And Theſſaly with Roman blood did ſtaine.
Oh frantick violence, did *Cæſar* ſtand
Quiet, and was there a more forward (*b*) hand?
Shrill corners then began the ayre to wound
Th'alarums beat, and all the trumpets ſound:
The noiſe, and ſhouts of ſouldiers pierce the skie,
And reach the convexe of Olympus high
Above the thundring clouds: the noiſe they make
The Thracian Æmus ſounding valleyes take:
High Pelion's cavernes eccho backe the ſound,
Which Pindus, and Pangæan rocks rebound:
Th'Oetæan mountaines grone: the ſouldiers feare
Their ſhouts thus eccho'd from all hills to heare.

Numberle

Numberlesse piles with different mindes are throwne;
Some wish to wound; others to light upon
The ground, and keep their harmelesse hands from ill;
Chance rules them, and makes guilty whom she will.
But the least part of slaughter here was done
With darts, and flying steele; the sword alone
Was able civill quarrells to decide,
And Roman hands 'gainst Roman brests to guide.
Pompey's great army narrowly dispos'd
In a thicke Phalanx stand with bucklers clos'd
For fence; but wanted roome (their ranks thus fill'd)
To throw their piles, their swords, or armes to wield.
But *Cæsars* loose-rankd troops all nimbly goe,
And the thicke armed wedges of the foe,
Making their way through men, and steele, assaile,
And through the strongest joynted coats of maile
Pierce the ill guarded brests; each stroke findes out
A brest, though nere so fenc'd with armes about.
One army suffers t'other makes the war:
All cold and guiltlesse *Pompeys* weapons are:
All *Cæsars* impious swords are reeking hot.
But fortune here long doubting wavered not;
She swiftly bore (fitting so great a day)
A mighty ruine torrent-like away.
When *Pompeys* horse ore all the fields at large
Had spread their wings, the foes in flanke to charge,
The light-armd souldiers scatred all attended,
And gainst the foe their missile weapons bended,
With their owne weapons ov'ry nation fought,
Yet by all hands the Roman blood was sought;
Arrowes, stones, fire, lead-headed darts were throwne,
Which melted in the aires hot motion.
There th'Ituræans, Medes, Arabians shot
Their shafts, good archers all, yet leveld not;
The aire breft as their eyes was onely sought
By their wild aimes, yet death from thence was wrought.

But

But no dire crime could staine the forraine steele:
Nought could worke mischiefe, but the Roman pile.
The ayre was darkned with thicke arrowes flight,
Which ore the fields orespread a suddaine night.
Then (c) *Cæsar* fearing left his front should yeild,
To their assault, obliquely cohorts held,
Which suddainly from the right wing he sent,
Whither the wheeling horse their forces bent.
But *Pompey's* horse unmindefull now of fight
Nor stay'd by shame at all, take speedy flight;
Vnhappily (alas) where civill wars
Left to the trust of barbarous souldiers.
As soone as ere some galled horse had throwne
Their riders, and their limbs had trampled on,
The horsemen fled, and left the field each one,
Or turning reines vpon their fellowes run.
No fight ensues, but execution hot,
One side with sword, the other with bare throat
Made war; not could Cæsarian hands suffice
To execute their routed enemies.
Oh would the blood that barbarous brests did yeild,
Could haue suffic'd Pharsalia's mortall field,
And that no other blood thy streames might staine:
Let those bones scattered ore thy fields remaine:
But if thou would'st with Roman blood be fill'd,
Spare all the nations: Let the Spaniards wilde,
Th' Armenians, Syrians, and Cilicians,
Galatians, Gaules, and Cappadocians
Survive: for when this ciuill war is done,
These people will be Romans every one,
These feates once rais'd through every quarter fly
Sent by the fates for *Cæsars* victory.
Then came the war to *Pompey's* Roman power;
The war, that variously had wander'd ore
The fields, there stucke, there *Cæsars* fortune stay'd:
Nor forreine Kings fought there, no barbarous ayde

From severall nations to that place was brought:
There their owne brothers, there their fathers fought:
Mischiefe, and fury rag'd: there, *Cæsar*, are
Thy crimes; oh fly from this sad part of war
My soule, and leave it to eternall night:
Let no succeeding age by what I write
Learne how much ill may be in civill fight.
Oh rather let our teares and sorrowes die:
What here thou didst, O Rome, conceal'd shall be.
Cæsar th'inciting fury of his men,
And spur to their blind rage, lest his guilt then
Should wanting be at all, rides through all parts
Adding new fury to their fired hearts:
Viewing their swords, looking whose points with gore
Were lightly stain'd, whose blades were bloudy'd ore:
Who faulter in their blowes, who hold their hand,
Who faintly strike, who fight as by command,
And who with greedinesse; who changes looke
To see a Roman slaine; himselfe then tooke
Survey of bodies gasping on the ground,
To let out all the blood crushing their wounds;
As fierce *Enyo* shakes her bloody lance,
And *Mars* incites his warlike Thracians,
Or drives with furious lashes ore the field
His horses starting at *Minervaes* shield.
Blacke nights of slaughter, and dire deeds arise;
Like one great voice the dying souldiers cries,
Clashing of armed brests falling to ground,
And swords with swords meeting, and breaking sound.
He with fresh swords his souldiers still supplies,
To strike the faces of their enemies,
Forcing them on, still urging at their backe,
And with his javelin beating on the slacke.
Against the Senate, not Plebeian foes,
He guides their hands, and swords, full well he knowes

Where

Where the lawes live, where the states blood does flo
Where he may conquer Rome, and overthrow
The worlds last liberty. Together then
Fall Senators with Roman Gentlemen.
Those honourd names *Metelli*, *Lepidi*,
Corvini and *Torquati* slaughtred die,
That oft commanders ore great Kings have been,
And, except *Pompey*, all the best of men.
In a Plebeian helme disguised there
What weapon noble (*d*) *Brutus* didst thou beare?
The Senats highest hope, Romes greatest grace,
The last of all thy ancient honourd race?
Through the armd foes rush not too rashly on,
Nor seeke out thy Philippick fate too soone:
Fate will to thee a Thessaly allot.
In vaine thou aymest there at *Cæsars* throat:
He has not yet mounted the top of fate,
And reacht that height that governes humane state,
To merit that brave death; no, let him raigne,
That he, as *Brutus* offring, may be slaine.
Here all Romes honour dies: here heap'd on high
The slaughtred Senate with Plebeians lie,
But 'mongst those nobles, that to Styx were sent,
Warlike *Domitius* (*e*) death was eminent:
VVhom fates had carry'd through all overthrowes;
Nere without him did *Pompeys* fortune lose:
Vanquisht so oft by *Cæsar*, yet dies now
With liberty, and gladly falls into
A thousand wounds; proud that he shall no more
Be pardond now. Him weltring in his gore
Cæsar espy'd, vvith taunts upbraiding thus;
Now my successor proud *Domitius*,
At length thou shalt forsake thy *Pompeys* side,
And war is made vvithout thee. He reply'd
VVith that last breath, vvhich in his dying brest
Struggled; thou, *Cæsar*, hast not yet possest

he dire reward of all thy wickednesse:
t yet art doubtfull of thy fate; and lesse
hen *Pompey*: under whom secure I goe,
nd a free ghost downe to the shades below:
nd dying hope that thou subdu'd to day
o us, and him for thy misdeeds shalt pay.
Vith this last speech away his spirit flies,
nd night eternall closes up his eyes.
We cannot in the worlds sad funerall
articular teares pay to the death of all,
Nor search each private fate; whose brest a wound
eceiv'd; who spurnd mens hearts upon the ground;
Vho through the mouth receiv'd his mortall wound,
nd thence breathd out his soule; who fell to ground
t the first stroke; who stood upright, the while
is lopt-off limbs fell downe; who with a pile
Vas fast nail'd to the earth; whose blood spun out,
nd sprinkled all his foes armd brest about;
Vho kills his brother, and, that then he may
Without shame rifle, throwes his head away:
Vho teares his fathers face, that standers by
Conjecture by his too much cruelty
T was not his father, whom he robb'd of life.
No death is worthy of particular griefe,
Nor have we time to weep for every wight.
No others losse was like Pharsalia's sight:
Rome there by souldiers, here by kingdomes dies:
There private mens, here nations tragedies:
Here flow'd Assyrian, Grecian, Pontick blood;
But all these bloods the powerfull Roman flood
Drove through the field away. All people there
Are deepliet wounded, then one age can beare:
Farre more then life, then safty here is gone:
For all succeeding times we are orethrowne.
These swords subdue all ages that shall serve.
Alas what could posterity deserve

To

To be in thraldome borne? fought we with feare?
Spar'd we our throates? the punishment we beare
Of others flight. To vs, that since doe liue,
Fates should giue war, if they a tyrant giue.
Pompey perceiv'd Romes fate, and gods were gone,
In all this losse not mooved for his owne
Ill hap. Ascending a small hill to see
The slaughters all, that cover'd Thessaly,
Which, while the war endur'd could not be spy'd:
He thence descern'd how many people dy'd,
How many swords reach at his destiny,
In how much blood he falls; nor wishes he
(As wretches vse) all with himselfe to drowne,
And mixe the nations ruine with his owne:
But for survivall of most part of men
He deignes to thinke the gods euen worthy then
Of prayers from him, and makes this to be
His sorrowes comfort; spare, ye gods, quoth he
To sinke all nations: *Pompey* (if you list)
Although the world remaine, and Rome subsist,
May be made wretched; if moe wounds on me
You would inflict, a wife and sonnes haue I:
So many pledges haue we given to fate.
Ist nought for ciuill war to ruinate
Me, and my house? are we a losse so small
Without the world? why would'st thou ruine all
Fortune? now nought is mine. With that he rides
Through his distressed troopes, and on all sides
Sounds a retreat, from death calling them backe,
Thinking himselfe not worth so great a wracke.
Nor lack'd he spirit, their weapons to defy
With throat or breast, but fear'd, if he should dy,
No souldier then would fly, but there would fall,
And all the world dy with their generall;
Or out of *Cæsars* sight a death he sought
In vaine; thy head to *Cæsar* must be brought,

here ere he pleaſe to ſee't. His wives deare ſight
other reaſon was, that caus'd his flight.
t in her ſight the fates his death decree'd.
en *Pompey* mounted on a gallant ſteede,
d from the field, fearing no ſwords behind,
t bearing ſtill a fate-vnconquer'd mind:
o ſighes, nor teares he ſpent: with majeſty
griefe was mixt, ſuch as befitteth thee
mpey, in Romes calamity to ſhew.
th lookes vnchang'd didſt thou Æmathia view.
hat mind, which wars ſucceſſe could nere erect
pride, wars loſſes cannot now deject.
rtun's as far below thy wretched fate,
ſhe was falſe to thy triumphant ſtate.
urely now from Empires burden free
hou goeſt; and on thy paſt proſperity
ſt time to looke: all boundleſſe hopes are gone;
d what thou wert may now be truely knowne.
Fly this dire battell, and to witneſſe call
he gods, that none for thy ſake, *Pompey*, fall,
hat ſtay behind thee; in Theſſalia,
o more then Ægypt, Munda, Affrica,
he battels greateſt part fought not for thee:
or ſhall the honour'd name of *Pompey* be
ars quarrell now; the foes that ſtiil will be
ongſt vs, are *Cæſar*, and Romes liberty:
d twill appeare more plaine after thy flight
he dying Senate for themſelves did fight.
t thy flight comfort thee, thou ſhalt not ſee
hoſe blood-ſtaind troopes nor their impiety;
he rivers ſwell'd with blood looke backe, and ſee,
nd pitty *Cæſar*: with what heart can he
viſite Rome, made happyer by this field?
What baniſhment in forreine lands can yeild
o thee, by thee what ere can be endur'd
nder th' Ægyptian tyrant, reſt aſſur'd

The gods, and favouring fates, as best, preferre;
Twere worse for thee to be the conqueror.
Let all the people waile and weepe no more,
But dry their teares, and let the world adore
As well thy ruine, as prosperity.
Looke vpon Kings with a commanding eye,
Ægypt, and Libyas Kings, whom thou hast crown'd,
And cityes built by thee, and choose a ground
Where thou vvilt dy. Larissa townes beheld
(First vvitnesse of thy fall) fled from the field
Thy noble selfe vnconquer'd by the fates.
Whose Citizens all issuing forth the gates
To meete thee (as if Conqueroure) they vvent,
And gifts from love, and sorrow did present,
They ope their temples, and their houses all:
And vvish themselves partakers of his fall:
Much of his great name's left: in his owne eye
He seemes the least; nations vvould helpe him try
Once more his fortune, and renevv the vvar.
He cryes be faithfull to the Conquerer;
What should the conquer'd doe vvith townes and m
Thou *Cæsar*, in thy countreys bowels then
Wert wading through Pharsalia's bloody field,
Whilest peoples loues to thee he reconcil'd.
Pompey rides thence: the people sigh, and cry,
And raile against each cruell deity.
The people's favour now is truely proov'd:
Whilest great, thou couldst not know thy selfe belov'd.
When *Cæsar* saw the field vvith Roman blood
Was ouerflow'd enough, he thought it good
His swords from execution to restraine,
And spare poore liues, that would have dy'd in vaine.
But lest the foes should to their campe in flight
Retire, and rest should banish terrour quite;
He straight determines to assault their wall,
Whilest fortune's hot, and terrour vvorkes in all.

or does he thinke that this command appeares
oo harsh, to hot, and weary'd souldiers;
all exhortation leads them to the prey.
ur victory (quoth he) is full to day,
nd for our blouds nought is remaining now
t the reward; which tis my part to show,
annot say to give, what every man
all give himselfe), behold you tents that stand
dbof all riches; there gold rak'd in Spaine,
here th'Asterne nations treasurites remaine;
mpeys, and all those Kings estates doe lacke
ssessours, souldiers; run, and ouertake
hom you pursue: and whatsoere to you
arsalia gives, take from the conquerd now.
his speech of *Cæsars*, and golds impious love
ver the swords the furious souldiers drove,
o tread on Senators, and Captaines slaine.
hat trench, what bulwarke could their force sustaine?
eking the price of all their wars, and sin,
o know for what they have so guilty bin.
Spoiling the world they found a wealthy masse,
hich for wars future charges gathered was:
t their all-coueting thoughts could not be fill'd
ith what Spains mines, and Tagus streams could yield,
r on their sands rich Arimaspians find;
hough all the spoiles be theirs, yet in their mind
heir mischiefe at too cheap a sale they vent,
nd are bid losse in spoyling of these tents,
hen to himselfe the Conquerer Rome decreed,
nd in that hope whole mountaines promised;
atricians tents impious Plebeians keepe,
Kings pauilions common souldiers sleepe;
n brothers, and on fathers empty beds
he killers lay their parricidall heads;
t furious dreames disturbe their restlesse rest,
hessalia's fight remaines in every breast;

Their horrid guilt ſtill wakes; the battell ſtands
In all their thoughts; they brandiſh empty hands,
Without their ſwords: you would have thought the ſ
Had groan'd, and that the guilty earth did yield
Exhaled ſpirits, that in the aire did move,
And Stygian feares poſſeſt the night above.
A ſad revenge on them their conqueſt takes;
Their ſleeps preſent the furies hiſſing ſnakes,
And brands; their countrey-mens ſad ghoſts appeare
To each the image of his proper feare:
One ſees an old mans viſage, one a young,
Another's tortur'd all the evening long
With his ſlaine brothers ſpirit: their fathers ſight
Daunts ſome: but *Cæſars* ſoule all ghoſts affright.
Oreſtes ſo, not purg'd in Scythia,
Th'*Eumenides* affrighting faces ſaw:
Not more was *Pentheus* in *Agaves* fit
Diſmay'd, nor ſhe, when ſhe was freed from it.
Him all the ſwords that dire Pharſalia ſaw,
And which the Senate in revenge ſhould draw,
Oppreſſe that night, and helliſh-monſters ſcourge.
But that which moſt his guilty ſoule did urge,
Was this, that Styx, the fiends, and furies grim
(*Pompey* being yet alive) had ſeizd on him.
But having ſuffred all, when dayes cleare light
Diſplay'd Pharſalia's ſlaughter to his ſight,
No diſmall objects could avert his eyes
From thence: the rivers ſwell'd with blood he ſees,
And heaps of bodies equalling high hills,
And carkaſſes, whence blood and filth diſtills,
He numbers *Pompeys* people, and that place
O.daines for banquetting, from whence each face
He might diſcerne, and know them as they lie,
Proud that Æmathia's earth he cannot ſee,
Or ſcarſe diſcerne the ſlaughter-cover'd ground.
In blood his fortune, and his gods he found.

l with that joyfull ſight to feed his eyes,
the wretch'd ſoules he funerall fire denyes,
king Æmathia noiſome to the ayre.
thage, that gave our conſuls ſepulcher,
l Libyan fire on Cannæ did confer,
ld not teach him his enemies t'inter:
nembring ſtill (his anger not even then
h ſlaughter ſlack'd) they were his countreymen.
doe not ſeverall fires, or tombes deſire;
e but to all theſe nations grant one fire;
l let them not on piles diſtinct be brent.
ſ thou ayme at *Pompey's* puniſhment,
d up let Pindus wood, and Oſſa be,
t he from ſea Pharſalia's fire may ſee.
s anger boots thee not; for tis all one
ither the fire, or putrifaction
ſolve them; all to natures boſome goe,
d to themſelves their ends the bodies owe.
ow theſe nations, *Cæſar*, be not burn'd,
ey ſhall, when earth, and ſeas to flames are turn'd.
e fire ſhall burne the world, and with the skie
ll mixe theſe bones; where ere thy ſoule ſhall be,
eir ſoules ſhall goe; in ayre thou ſhalt not fly
her, nor better in Avernus ly.
ch frees from fortune: each receives againe
at ever ſhe brought forth: and they obtaine
vens coverture, that have no urnes at all.
ou that deny'ſt theſe nations funerall,
y doſt thou fly theſe ſlaughter ſmelling fields?
ath, if thou canſt, the ayre this region yields,
drinke this water, *Cæſar*, but from thee
e rotting people challenge Theſſaly,
d keepe poſſeſſion 'gainſt the conquerer.
To the ſad food of this Æmathian war,
ting from far the bloods corruption
e Thracian wolves, Arcadian lyons run:

Beares

Beares from their dens, dogs from their kennels come:
And all those ravenous creatures else, on whom
Nature bestowes the strongest sents, full well
The ayre by carrion putrifi'd to smell.
Hither all birds of prey assembled are,
That long hath waited on this civill war:
Birds, that from Thrace to Nile in winter goe,
Staid longer then, then they were wont to doe:
Nere did moe birds of prey in one ayre fly,
Nor did more vultures ever cloud the skie;
From every wood came fowle: each tree was fill'd
With bloody birds, that crimson drops distill'd.
Downe from the ayre blood, and corruption rain'd
The conquerors face, and impious Eagles stain'd.
Birds from their weary tallands oft let fall
Gobbets of flesh; nor were the people all
Consumed so, buried in bird, or beast,
Which would not on their bowels fully feast,
Nor sucke their marrow all, but lightly taste;
The greatest part of Roman flesh is cast
Disdain'd away: which by the sun, and time
Dissolv'd, is mixed with Thessalian slime.
Vnhappy Thessaly, what hast thou done
T'offend the angry gods, that thee alone
So many deaths, and impious fates should staine?
What age, what length of time can purge againe
The guilt that thou hast wrought? what corne in thee
And grasse with blood discolour'd shall not be?
What plowsh are, but some Roman ghost shall wound?
Before that time new battels on thy ground
Shall be; and impious civill wars shall staine
Thy fields (before this blood be dry) againe.
If all the graves of our dead ancestors
We should turne up, their tombes that stand, and theirs
Whose time-consumed urnes leave cast abroad
Th'enclosed dust: nice ashes would be trod,

And bones by harrowes teeth digg'd up, and found
In the sad furrowes of Thessaliaes ground.
No Mariners had sailed from thy shore,
Nor husbandman had plow'd thee any more,
The Roman peoples grave; thy ghostly field
Had no inhabitant for ever till'd:
No heards of cattell on thy plaines had run.
Nor durst the shepherds feed their flocks upon
Thy pasture fields, with Roman blood manur'd:
Not habitable, nor to be indur'd,
(As in the torrid, or cold icy zone)
Shouldst thou have lyen, forsaken, and unknowne,
If thou hadst beene not first, but onely seat
Of wicked war: Oh give us leave to hate
This guilty land; ye gods, why doe you staine
The world, t'absolve it so? the blood in Spaine,
Sicilian seas, *Murina*, *Leucas* spilt
Has quite absolv'd Philippi fields from guilt.

FINIS Libri Septimi.

Annotations on the seventh Booke.

(a) *The same day when this great Pharsalian field was fought, an Augur* C. Cornelius *being then at Padua, observing his rules of augury, told unto them that stood by him the very instant when the battell began: and going againe to his art, returned as it were inspired, and cryes out with a loud voice,* Cæsar *the day is thine.*

(b) *This* Chrastinus *was an old Souldier of* Cæsars *army, and now* Emeritus, *that is freed from the duties of the war, but for love of* Cæsar *served in this war a voluntary, hee desiring to give the onset spake thus to* Cæsar; *I hope,* Cæsar, *this day so to behave my selfe, that thou shalt thanke me either alive or dead; hee was slaine, run through the mouth.*

(c) *When Cæsar perceived that his horsmen could not withstand the force of Pompeyes horsmen and archers, hee drew forth 3000. men which for that purpose hee had placed in the right wing, they with such fury assaulted Pompeyes horsmen, that they all fled; after whose flight all the archers wanting their defence were without resistance slaine.*

(d) Marcus Brutus *was there fighting in Plebeian armour, and scaped the knowledge of Cæsars souldiers. This was that* Brutus, *that joyning afterward with* Cassius, *was with him vanquished in the Philippian fields by* Octavius *and* Antonius; *after which hatred all hope of Roman liberty was for ever lost.*

(e) L. Domitius *was by the Senates decree to succeed Cæsar in the government of France; In this war taking Pompeyes side hee was at Corfinium by his owne souldiers brought bound to Cæsar, and by him pardoned: afterward in Massilia hee was vanquished by* D. Brutus, *Cæsars Lieutenant, and fled.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Eight Booke.

The Argument.

Through devious deſarts vanquiſh'd Pompey *flyes,*
And ſailes to Lesbos; whence with weeping eyes
He takes his wife. In ſeverall flying fleets
Sextus, *and other Roman Lords he meets,*
Deiotarus *the Gallogrecian King*
Is ſent to great Arſacides, *to bring*
To ayde of Pompeyes *ſide the Parthian bowes.*
The Lords conſult where to retire, and choſe
Ægypts baſe ſhore. Th'unthankefull king betrayes
Old Pompey *comming: and before the face*
Of Sextus, *and* Cornelia, *ere he lands*
By baſe Achillas, *and* Septimius *hands*
Great Pompey *dyes. By night poore* Codrus *comes,*
And on the ſhore his halfe burnt trunke entombes,
Without the head. The author doth inveigh
'Gainſt treacherous Ægypt, and baſe Ptolomy.

ORe woody Tempe, and th'Herculian ſtraits
Following th'Æmonian woodes deſert retreats
(Though far about) great *Pompey* rode; his ſteed
Quite ſpent paſt helpe of ſpur had loſt his ſpeed.

Through

Through devious wayes he turnes, and leaves behind
No tracke of his uncertaine flight; the wind
Filling the shaken woods with murmuring noises
Made him afraid, and his owne followers voices,
That rode behind, and by him. For (although
Fall'n from his height of former fortunes now)
He thinks his blood set at no vulgar rate:
But as high priz'd (still mindfull of his fate)
By *Cæsar*, as himselfe for *Cæsars* head
Would give. But through the deserts as he fled,
His presence, and majesticke face deny'd
A safe concealment; many, as they hy'd
Vnto his campe, and had not heard his fall,
Stood in amaze to meet their Generall:
Wondring at fortunes turnes, and scarse is he
Beleeft, relating his owne misery.
He grieves that any his low state should see,
And wishes rather in all lands to be
Vnknowne, and through the world obscurely goe.
But fortunes ancient favour brings this woe
His present sinking state more to depresse
By honours weight, and former happinesse.
Now he perceives he did too early clime,
Blames his triumphant youth in *Syllaes* time.
And grieves to thinke upon, in these sad dayes,
His Pontick laurell, or Pyratick bayes.
So too long age great'ſt happinesse destroyes,
And life surviving Empire; former joyes
Breed griefe, unlesse with them our end be sent,
And timely death ensuing woes prevent.
Let none, but with a mind prepar'd to dy,
Dare to adventure on prosperity.
Now to the shore he came, where Peneus ran
Red with Pharsalia's slaughter to the maine.
There a (*a*) small barke unfit for seas, and winds,
Scarse safe in shallowest rivers, *Pompey* finds,

And

And goes aboord. He, with whose navies oares
Even yet Corcyra shakes, and Leucas shores,
That tam'd Cicilia, and Liburnia,
Goes fearfull now in a small barke to sea.
To Lesbos shore his sailes commanded are
By thee, *Cornelia*, conscious of his care,
Where thou then lay'st, far more with sorrow fill'd,
Then if th'hadst been in dire Pharsalia's field.
Thy carefull brest still sad presages shake,
And feares thy restlesse slumbers still awake.
Each night presents Thessalia; when night's done,
To th'shore, and sea-orehanging rocks begone
With woe, to view the Oceans face, she hyes,
And still all ships, that come, she first espyes,
But dares aske nothing of her husbands state.
Lo now a ship that comes; alas what fate
It brings thou know'st not; but behold thy feares,
Thy cares whole sum, thy vanquisht lord appeares
Himselfe the sad relater of wars crime.
VVhy now lamentst thou not, thus losing time?
When thou mayst weep, thou fear'st, the ship drawn nigh,
She runnes, and sees the crime of destiny,
Pompey pale-fac'd, his hoary haires hung downe
Ore his sad brow, his garments squallid growne.
Then griefe contracts her soule; a suddaine night
Invades her sense, and reaves her eyes of light;
Her nerve-forsaken joynts all faile; cold is
Her heart, deceiv'd vvish hope of death she lies;
But *Pompey* landed searches the shores side;
VVhom vvhen *Cornelia's* mayds now neere espy'd,
They durst not on fates cruelty complaine,
More then with silent sighs, striving in vaine
To lift their lady up; whom in his armes
Great *Pompey* takes, and with imbraces warmes
Her key cold brest. But when the fled blood fills
Her outvvard parts, her husbands hand she feeles,

And

And better brookes his visage; he forbid
Her yield to fate, and thus her sorrow chid.
Why is thy noble strength of courage broke
(Woman descended from so great a stocke)
By the first wound of fate? thou hast the way
To purchase fame, which never shall decay,
Thy sexes praise springs not from war, or state,
But faithfull love to an unhappy mate.
Advance thy thoughts, and let thy piety
Contend with fortune: love me now cause I
Am conquerd, sweet, 'tis more true praise for thee
To love me thus, when all authoritie,
The sacred Senate, and my Kings are gone,
Begin to love thy *Pompey* now alone.
That griefe extreme, thy husband yet alive,
Becomes thee not; thou shouldst that sorrow give
To my last funeralls, thou art bereft
Of nothing by this war: thy *Pompey* left
Alive and safe, his fortunes onely gone;
Tis that thou wail'st, and that thou lov'dst alone.
Chid by her husband thus, by shames constraint
She rose, and utter'd this most sad complaint.
Would I to hated *Cæsar* had bin led
A bride, since happy to no husbands bed.
Twice have I hurt the world: my bridall lights
Erienys, and th'unhappy *Crassi's* sprights
Carry'd, accursed by those ghosts I bare
Th'Assyrian fortune to this civill war
I was the cause that all these nations dy'd,
And all the gods forsooke the juster side.
Oh greatest lord, worthy of better fate
Then my sad marriage; had dire fortunes hate
Such pow'r on thee? why did I marry thee
To make thee wretched? take revenge on me,
Which willingly Ile pay; to make the sea
More passible, Kings faiths more firme to thee,

And

And all the world more hoſpitable, drowne
Me by the way, oh would this life had gone
Before to get thee victory, but now
Deare *Pompey* expiate thine overthrow.
Where ere thou ly'ſt, ô cruell *Iulia*,
Reveng'd already in Pharſalia,
Come wreak thine anger, let thy ſtrumpets death
Appeaſe thy wrath, and ſpare thy *Pompeys* breath.
This ſaid, and ſinking in his armes, her fall
Againe drew teares from the ſpectators all:
Pompeys great heart relented, and that eye
Wept there, that in Pharſalia's field was drie.
The Mitylenians then thus on the ſhore
Beſpake great *Pompey*; if for evermore
It ſhall our honour be to have preſerv'd
Thy deareſt pledge, if we have ſo deſerv'd;
To grace the city of thy ſervants daigne,
And here with us, though but one night, remaine;
Make this a place honour'd for evermore,
A place, that Roman Pilgrims may adore.
Our towne before all townes thou ſhouldſt approve;
For all townes elſe may hope for *Cæſars* love:
We have already treſpaſt; further yet
This is an Ile, and *Cæſar* wants a fleet;
Beſides, thy nobles know this place, and here
Will meet: thy fates on this knowne ſhore repaire:
Take our gods wealth, our temples gold, and bands
Of our young men to ſerve by ſea, or land:
Take thou (though conquer'd) Lesbos forces here,
Leſt *Cæſar* preſſe them as the Conqueter.
Oh cleare this faithfull land of that foule crime,
That thou which lov'dſt us in thy proſperous time,
Shouldſt feare our faith in thy adverſity.
Glad of theſe mens ſo wondrous piety
For the worlds ſake, that ſome fidelity
Was left to wretched ſtates, this land (quoth he)

That

That I of all the world most deare esteemd
By this great pledge I left with you it seem'd;
She was the hostage that my love was here,
That here my houshold gods, and countrey were;
Here was my Rome, fled from the field, before
I came to you, I touche upon no shore;
Knowing that Lesbos in preserving her
Had purchac'd *Cæsars* ire, I did not feare
To give you cause your pardons all to plead;
Let it suffise that I your guilt have made:
I must through all the world my fates pursue.
Oh happy Lesbos, ever fam'd; from you
People, and Kings shall learne fidelity
To us, or faithfull you alone shall be.
Which lands are true, which false I now must try.
Heare ô ye gods, if any gods with me
Remaine, my last of prayers, grant unto find
A land like Lesbos, whose still faithfull mind
Dares give safe landing to our conquer'd state,
And parting safe, not fearing *Cæsars* hate.
His sad companion then aboord he tooke.
You would have thought all Lesbos had forsooke
Their native soile exil'd: so great a cry
Was rais'd, and woefull hands heav'd to the sky
All ore the shore, for *Pompey* least of all,
(Though he deserv'd their sorrow by his fall)
But seeing her depart, whom they had seene
All this war time, as their owne citizen,
The people wept; of her the matrons dry
From teares, could hardly have tane leave, though she
Vnto her lord a Conquerer had gone:
She so had gaind the love of ev'ry one
By vertuous, courteous carriage, modesty
Of a chast looke: proud to no company:
Lowly to all, and such her life was seene
Whil: her lord stood, as he had conquerd been.

Now

Now *Titans* orbe halfe drowned in the seas
Gaue part to us, part to th'Antipodes:
When care in *Pompey's* restlesse bosome runs
Sometimes on Romes confederate states, and townes,
And kings vncertaine faiths; sometimes upon
The South-scorch'd regions of the torrid zone:
Sometimes, as too sad burdens, he layes by
His wearied cares of future destiny,
Asking the master of each star, and where
He guesses land: what rules heaven gives to steere
His ship at sea: what stars to Syria guide:
Which of Bootes fires to Lybias side
Directs; to this the master thus replyes:
We follow not those stars, which through the skyes
Doe slide, and passe away: vnconstant stars
In the vnfixt pole deceive the marriners;
That pole, that never falls, nere drownes in sea
Famous for Cynosure, and Helice,
Doth guide our ships, when ere that stares got vp
Right verticall, just ore the saileyards top,
Then to the Bosphorus we make apace,
And seas, that Synthiaes cooked shores embrace,
But when more low, and neerer to the sea
Artophilax and Cynosura be,
Then to the Syrian ports our course we steere:
Canopus then is elevated there,
Which feares the North, and in the Southerne skyes
Remaines alone. Who thence to th'left hand plyes
(Pharos orepast) into the Syrtes falls.
But whither now shall we direct our sailes?
To whom with doubtfull thoughts *Pompey* replyes:
In all the course at sea observe but this,
To keepe thy ship still far from Thessaly,
And to the heavens, and seas leave Italy,
The rest trust to the winds; I now haue tane
My deare left pledge *Cornelia* in againe.

I then

I then was certaine whither to resort,
But now let fortune finde vs out a port.
Thus *Pompey* spake: the master straightway turnes
About his sailes stretch'd out with æquall hornes,
And to the left hand guides the ship, to plow
Those waves, that twixt Chios, and Asia flow,
To the ships length he turnes his sailes about.
The sea perceiues the change: her waves are cut
By the sharpe stemme with different motion.
The skilfull Charrioter not halfe so soone
Raines round his horse, and doth with suddaine change
About the goale his wheeling chariot range.
Sol hid the stars, and land discovered,
When those, that from Pharsalia's battell fled,
To *Pompey* came; and first from Lesbos shores
He met his son; then Kings, and Senators.
For *Pompey* yet (although at that sad time
Vanquish'd, and fled) had Kings to waite on him:
Proud scepter'd Kings, that ore the East did reigne,
Attended there in banish't *Pompeys* traine.
Then *Pompey* King *Deiotarus* commands
To goe for aide to fartheſt Easterne lands.
Most loyall King, since on Pharsalia's plaines
This world was lost from Rome, it now remaines
To try the East, those that by Tigris ly,
And by Euphrates yet from *Cæsar* free.
Grieve not, though to repaire my fortunes lost,
Thou to the Medes, or fartheſt Scythians go'st,
Or quite beyond the day, that this world sees.
Beare my salutes to great *Arsacides*;
And if our ancient league remaine, which I
By *Latian Iove*, by his owne deity
He swore: let the Armenian archers strong,
Their well-bent bowes, and quivers bring along:
If you, O Parthians, vndisquieted
I ever left when I pursu'd the fled

Vnquiet Alans to the Caſpian ſtraight,
And forc'd you not for ſafety to retreat
To Babylon: marching ore Cyrus ground,
And the Chaldæan kingdomes vtmoſt bound;
Appearing nearer then the Perſian
To the Suns riſe, where into th'Ocean
Nyſas, Hydaſpes, and ſwift Ganges fall,
Suffer'd you onely, when I conquer'd all,
To goe vntriumph'd: Parthias King alone
Of all th' Eaſts monarchs, ſcap'd ſubjection.
Nor once alone doe you your ſafety ovv
To me; who after *Craſſus* overthrovv,
Appeas'd the juſt incenſed wrath of Rome;
For all my merits novv let Parthia come
Out of her bounds appointed, and paſſe ore
Greeke Zeugma's walls, and the forbidden ſhore,
Conquer for *Pompey*: Rome will looſe the day
Gladly. The King refus'd not to obey
(Though hard were his command) laying aſide
His Kingly robes, and in a ſervants weede
Attir'd he goes, in a diſtreſſed time
'Tis ſafe for Kings like pooreſt men to ſeeme.
Therefore hovv much lives he, that's truely poore,
Safer then Kings! The King tooke leave at ſhore,
And by the Icarion rockes great *Pompey* gone
Leaues Epheſus and ſea-calme Colophon:
Shaving ſmall Samos foaming rockes he goes
A gentle gale blovves from the ſhore of Cos:
Gindon, and Phebus-honour'd Rhodes he leaues,
And ſailing ſtraight in the mid-Ocean ſaues
Telmeſſums long, and winding circuits. Firſt
Pamphylia greetes their eyes; but *Pompey* durſt
Commit his perſon to no rovvne, but thee
Little Phaſelis: thy ſmall company,
And fevv inhabitants could not cauſe a feare
More in the ſhip then in thy walls there vvere.

But sailing thence againe, high Taurus shewes
It selfe; and Dipsas, that from Taurus flowes.
Could *Pompey* thinke, when erst he clear'd the seas
Of Pirates rage, it purchas'd his owne ease?
He now flyes safe along Cicilian shores
In a small ship: there many Senators
Following oretake their flying generall
Within the haven of Celendræ small,
Where in and out ships on Selinus past.
In full assembly of the lords at last
Thus sadly *Pompey* spake; my Lords whose sight
(As deare companions both in war, and flight)
I doe esteeme my country, though we stand
On a bare shore, in poore Cicilian land
Attended with no force, advice to take,
And new provision for a war to make,
Yet bring courageous hearts; I lost not all
In Thessaly, nor did my fortune fall
So low, but that this head againe may rise.
Could *Marius* after all his miseryes
In Libya, rise to a seaventh Consulship?
And me so lightly fall'n will fortune keepe?
A thousand Captaines on the Grecian sea,
A thousand ships I have: Pharsalia
Has rather scatter'd, then quite overthrowne
My strength: but me my actions fame alone
Which all the earth have seene, my name, that nowe
The whole world loves, shall guard. Consider you
Th' Ægyptian, Libyan, Parthian monarchies,
Both in their strength, and faith, and then advise
Which fittest is to ayd Romes labouring state.
But I; my Lords, will to your eares relate
Freely my secret'st cares, and tell the truth
How I encline; I doe suspect the youth
Of Ægypts King; for true fidelity
Requires strong yeares, I feare the subtlety

And double heart of Mauritania's King;
Remembring Carthage whence his race did spring,
He gapes for Italy, and his vaine breſt
Is much with thought of *Hannibal* poſſeſt;
Whoſe blood commixt with th'old Numidians
Obliquely *Iubaes* pedigree diſtaines.
He ſwell'd to ſee *Varus* a ſuppliant growne,
And Roman faces inferiour to his owne.
Therfore, my Lords, to th'Eaſterne world let us
Retire; Euphrates with a ſpacious
Channell divides the world; the Caſpian ſtraits
On tother ſide yield ſafe, and large retreats;
Another pole meaſures th'Aſſyrian dayes,
And nights: another colour beate the ſeas
Sever'd from ours; their aime is ſoveraignty:
Their bowes more ſtrong, their ſteeds more fierce, & high
Then ours, no boy, nor aged man wants skill,
Or ſtrength to ſhoot; deadly their arrowes kill.
Their bowes firſt brooke Pellæan ſpeares, and wonne
Th'Aſſyrian wall renowned Babylon,
And Median Bactra. Nor ſo fearfull are
The Parthians of our piles, but that they dare
Come out to warre againſt us, they have try'd
Their ſhafts ſufficiently when *Craſſus* dy'd.
Nor are their truſty ſhafts arm'd at the head
With ſteele alone, but deadly venomed:
Slight wounds are mortall, and the leaſt blood drawne
Will kill. Oh would on the fierce Parthian
I were not forced to depend; their fate
Does too too much Romes fortune æmulate:
Too many gods ayd them. Ile draw from home
Some other nations of the Eaſt to come
To war. But if Barbarians leagues deceive
Our hopes, or elſe our ſcorad alliance leave;
Let fortune then our ſad and ſhipwracke ſtate
Beyond the knowne and traffiqu'd world tranſlate;

I will not sue to Kings whom I have made;
But in my death this comfort shall be had
Lying farre off, this body shall not be
Subject to *Cæsars* rage, nor pietie:
But there revolving my whole lifes past fate
Still honourd in those parts was *Pompeys* state.
How great has Easterne Tanais me seene?
How great beyond Mæotis have I beene?
Into what lands did my victorious name
More sound, or whence in greater triumph came?
Favour my purpose Rome, what happier
Can the gods grant thee, then in civill war
To use the Parthian armes to overthrow
That land, and mixe their ruine with our woe?
When the fierce Parthians have with *Cæsar* fought,
Crassus revenge, or mine must needs be wrought:
This said, he heard their murmure to condemne
His plot. But *Lentulus* 'mongst all of them
In spirit, and noble griefe the forwardst man
Thus (worthy his late Consulship) began.
Has the Pharsalian losse so broke thy minde?
Has one dayes fate the world so low declin'd?
Does that one battell our whole cause decide,
And no cure left to helpe our wounded side?
Is no hope left thee, *Pompey*, but to sue
At the proud Parthians feet; wouldst thou eschew
All lands, and climes, and thither aimest thy flight,
Where crosse poles raigne, and unknown stars give light
T'adore the Parthians, and their deities,
Chaldæan fires, and barbarous sacrifice?
Why in this war pretendst thou liberty?
Why is the wretched world deceiv'd by thee,
If thou canst serve? whose name they trembled at,
As the chiefe ruler of the Roman fate,
Whom they have seene lead captive Kings before,
From wild Hyrcania, and the Indian shore,

Shall they now ſee caſt downe, and broke by fate,
Meaſuring themſelves by *Pompeyes* begging ſtate,
With Rome, and Italy aſpire t'inherit?
Thou canſt ſpeake nothing worth thy fate, and ſpirit:
Their ignorance ith'Roman tongue requires
That thou in teares ſhouldſt utter thy deſires.
Wouldſt thou ſo wound our ſhame, that not from Rome,
But Parthia the revenge of Rome ſhould come?
She choſe thee Generall of her civill war.
Why doſt thou ſpread her loſſe, and wounds ſo far
As Scythia, and teach Parthia to goe
Beyond her bound? Rome ſhall in her deepe woe
This ſpeciall comfort loſe of bringing in
No Kings, but ſerving her owne Citizen.
Canſt thou delight from fartheſt parts to come
Leading fierce nations 'gainſt the walls of Rome,
Following thoſe Eagles, that ſlaine *Craſſus* loſt?
That onely King, that from th' Æmathian (a) hoſt
Was abſent (fortune did his favour guide)
Will he provoke the Conquerers ſtrong ſide,
And joyne with vanquiſht *Pompey*, think you? no,
We have no cauſe to truſt that nation ſo,
The people all borne in the Northern cold
Are lovers of the war, hardy, and bold;
But in the Eaſt, and Southern climes, the heat
Of gentle ayre makes them effeminate.
Their men ſoft clothing, and looſe garments weare.
Parthians upon the Median fields, and where
Along Sarmatian plaines ſwift Tygris flowes,
By liberty of flight can by no foes
Be vanquiſhed; but where the earth does ſwell,
Ore craggy hills they cannot clime ſo well;
Nor in darke places can they uſe the bow;
Nor dare they ſwim torrents that ſwiftly flow;
Nor in the field with blood all over dyde
Dare they the duſt, and Summer Sun abide;

No rams, nor engines can the Parthian use,
Nor fill the trenches up: when he pursues,
What ere is arrow proofe, serves for a wall,
Slight are their wars, their fights like flyings all;
They straggling fight, apter to fly then stand.
Their arrowes venom'd are, nor close at hand
Dare they maintaine a fight: far off with bowes
They shoot, and where it lists the wind bestowes
Their wounds; but fight of sword does strength require:
All manly nations the sword-fight desire.
At the first onset they'l disarmed be,
And when their quivers are exhaust, m'ust flee;
Their trust in poyson is, not in their hands.
Thinkst thou them men, *Pompey*, that dare not stand
Without such helpes, the hazard of a fight?
Can such base ayde be worth so long a flight?
For thee so far from thine owne land to dy,
And under barbarous earth entomb'd to ly
In a base monument, yet such a one
As will be envy'd, *Crassus* having none?
Thy state is not so pitifull: for death
(Not fear'd by men) ends all: but losse of breath
Vnder that wicked King *Cornelia* feares not.
The *Venus* of those barbarous courts who heares not?
Which like bruit beasts all wedlocks rites exile,
And with wives numberlesse all lawes defile:
Th'incestuous beds abhorred secrets ly
Ope to a thousand concubines; rais'd high
With wine, and banqueting, the King refraines
No lawlesse lust, though nere so full of staines;
Th'embraces of so many women can
Not all the night tire one insatiate man;
In Kings incestuous beds their sisters ly,
And mothers which should names unstained be.
Oedipus wofull tale condemnes alone
Thebes of a crime, though ignorantly done:

But there how often does the Parthian King
Arsacides from such foule incest spring?
What can be wickednesse to him, that may
Defile his mother? shall *Cornelia*
Metellus noble progeny be led
The thousand'th wife to a Barbarians bed?
Yet none more often will the tyrant use
Then her: her husbands titles will infuse
A scornfull lust: and, which will please him more,
Hee'l know that she was *Crassus* wife before,
And comes, (as fate to her did Parthia ow)
A captive for that former overthrow.
Think on that slaughter: t'will not onely bring
Shame, to have begg'd ayde from that fatall King,
But to have made a civill war before;
For what will *Cæsar*, and thy selfe be more
Accus'd by all, then that, while you two fought
There could for *Crassus* no revenge be wrought?
'Gainst Parthia all our armies should have gone:
And that no strength might want, from garrison
Our Northern lands should have beene freed each one,
Till treacherous *Susa*, and proud Babylon
Had fall'n for tombes upon our slaughter'd men.
Of Parthian peace, fortune, we beg an end;
And, if Thessalia end the civill war,
Against the Parthian send thy Conqueror:
Of all the world I should rejoyce alone
At *Cæsars* triumphs ore that nation.
When thou the cold Araxis streames hast croft,
Shall not the slaughter'd *Crassus* mourning ghost
Vpbraid thee? thou, whom our unbury'd ghosts
Long since expected with revenging hosts,
Com'st thou to sue for peace? besides thine eyes
Sad monuments of Roman tragedyes
Shall greet: the walls, on which our Captaines heads
Were fixt: where bodies of our souldiers dead

Euphrates ſwallow'd, and ſwift Tygris ſtreame
Rowl'd backe againe to earth. If thou to them
Canſt ſue, why, *Pompey*, doſt thou ſcorne to pray
To *Cæſar* ſitting in Theſſalia?
Looke rather upon Romes confederates,
And if thou doe ſuſpect the Southern ſtates,
And *Iubæ's* falſhood, goe to *Ptolomy*;
Ægypt by Libyan quick-ſands Weſterly
Is guarded: on the Eaſt fall Niles ſeven floods,
To th'ſea; a land content with her owne goods;
A land that needs nor raine, nor merchandize,
So much on onely Nilus ſhe relyes.
Young *Ptolomy* reignes there, that owes his crowne
To thee, once left to thy tuition.
Feare not the ſhadow of a name: no hurt
Can be in tender yeares: in an old court
Let not religion, faith, or truſt be ſought:
Men us'd to ſcepters are aſham'd of nought:
The mildeſt government a kingdome finds
Vnder new kings. This ſpeech quite turn'd their minds.
How are deſpairing ſtates moſt free and bold?
Pompeyes opinion is by all controll'd
They leave Cilicia, and to Cyprus more
The courſe. No land does *Venus* better love
Still mindfull of her birth, (if we at all
Think gods were borne, or had originall)
Pompey departing thence his courſe gan bend
Round all the Cyprian rocks, that Southward tend,
And got into the interpoſed maine;
Nor by the nights weake light could he attaine
Mount Caſius; but with ſtrugling ſailes, and ſtrength
A lower port of Ægypt reach'd at length,
Where parted Nilus greateſt channell flowes,
And to the Ocean at Peluſium goes.
That time was come, wherein juſt Libra weighes
The howers, and makes the nights equall with dayes:

Then payes the winter nights howers, which the spring
Had tane away. They, hearing that the King
Was at mount Casius, thither make repaire:
The Sun yet was not downe, the wind blew faire.
The scouts along the shore post to the court,
And fill their fearfull eares with the report
Of *Pompeyes* coming, though their time were small
For counsell, yet the Ægyptian monsters all
Were met: 'mongst whom *Achoreus* began,
Whom age taught modesty, a mild old man,
(Him superstitious *Memphys*, that observ'd
Th'increase of Nile brought forth: while he had serv'd
At the gods altars, not one Apis liv'd
Five changes of the Moone) his speech reviv'd
The sacred league of *Ptolomy's* dead father,
And *Pompeyes* merits; but *Photinus* rather
And counseller for tyrants, with base breath
Durst thus presume to counsell *Pompeyes* death.
Iustice and truth have many guilty made:
Faith suffers, *Ptolomey*, when it would ayde
Whom fortune hates; joyne with the gods, and fare,
And fly the wretched, love the fortunate:
Profit from honesty differs as far
As does the sea from fire, earth from a star.
Crownes lose their power, whilst onely good they doe,
Respect of right all strength does overthrow.
Tis mischiefes freedome, and th'uncurbed sword,
That does to hated crownes safety afford.
No cruell actions, unlesse throughly done,
Are done secure; let him from court be gone,
That would be good; vertue, and soveraignty
Doe not agree; nothing but feare shall he,
That is asham'd a tyrant to be deem'd.
Let *Pompey* rue that he thy yeares contemn'd,
Thinking thou couldst not from thy shore drive back
A conquer'd man: let not a stranger take

Thy

Thy ſcepter: if thou wouldſt reſigne thy reigne,
Th'haſt neerer pledges, give the crowne againe
To thy condemned ſiſter; lets keepe free
Our Ægypt from the Roman ſlavery.
Shall wee, that did not in the war adhere
To *Pompey*, now provoke the Conquerer?
Vagrant through all the world, hopeleſſe of all
He ſeeks with what lands ruine he may fall:
Haunted with civill war-ſlaine ghoſts he flyes
Not onely *Cæſar*, but the Senates eyes,
Whoſe greater part feeds fowles in Theſſaly.
He feares thoſe nations whom he left to dy
Mixt in one bloody field: he feares thoſe Kings,
Whoſe hapleſſe ſtates his fall to ruine brings:
Now guilty of the loſſe, harbour'd by none,
To us, whom yet he has not overthrowne,
He ſeeks; a greater cauſe, ô *Ptolomy*,
Have we to accuſe *Pompey*; why would he
Our quiet land ſtaine with the crime of war,
And made us hated by the Conquerer?
Why does thy miſery choſe our Land alone
To bring Pharſalia's fortune, and thine owne
Fear'd puniſhment into? we beare a blame
Already, (and our ſwords muſt purge the ſame)
In that, becauſe the Senate mov'd by thee
Gave us a crowne, we wiſht thy victory.
This ſword, now drawne by fate, we did provide
To wound not *Pompeys*, but the conquer'd ſide,
And rather could we wiſh for *Cæſars* head:
But whither all are carry'd, we are led.
Mak'ſt thou a doubt of our neceſſity
To kill thee now we may? what ſtrength have we
For thee to truſt, wretch'd man? thou ſawſt our men
Vnarm'd, to plow ſoft mould ſcarce able, when
Nile ebb'd. Our kingdomes ſtrength tis fit that we
Try, and confeſſe; canſt thou, ô *Ptolomy*

Raise *Pompeys* ruine, under which great Rome
It selfe is fall'n so low? or dar'st thou come
To stirre the ashes of Pharsalia,
And such a war upon thy kingdome draw?
We to no side, before the battell, cleft;
Shall we now cleave to *Pompey*, which is left
By the whole world? provoking the knowne fates,
And feared strength of *Cæsar*, wretched states
Aid they, that did their prosperous times attend.
No faith ere chose a miserable friend.
The mischiefe pleas'd them all: the young king proud
Of this strange honour: that his men allow'd
Him to command so wonderfull a thing,
Chose out *Achillas* for the managing.
Where the false land in Casian sands does lie
Stretcht out, and fords witnesse the Syrtes nigh,
Weapons, and partners of his murdrous guile
He puts in a small boat. Oh gods, durst Nile,
Durst barbarous Memphis, and th'effeminate men
Of soft Canopus harbour such a spleene?
Has civill war depreast the world so low?
Or are the Romane fates dejected so?
Are Pharian swords admitted, and a roome
For Ægypt left into this war to come?
In this at least ye civill wars be true;
Bring well known hands, keep forraine beasts from you,
If *Pompeys* far-fam'd name deserve to be
The crime of *Cæsar*, feares not *Ptolomey*
The ruine of that name: or when the sky
Thunders, dar'st thou, effœminate *Ptolomey*,
Insert thy prophane hands? to terrify
Thee, King, a Romans name enough should be,
Without that worth that did the world controll:
Rode thrice in triumph to the Capitoll:
That govetnd Kings: that led the Senates war:
And son in law was to the Conquerer.

Why

Why with thy ſword our bowells doſt thou wound?
Thou doſt not know, proud boy, upon what ground
Thy fortunes ſtand, thou now canſt claime no right
To Ægypts Scepter: for in civill fight
Hee's fall'n, that Ægypts crowne on thee beſtow'd.
Now *Pompeys* ſhip tooke downe her ſailes, and row'd
Towards the ſhore. The wicked band drews (*b*) neere:
In a ſmall two-oar'd boat; with faigned cheere
Tell him the Kingdome at his ſervice ſtands;
And feigning that the ſhore for ſhelves, and ſands
Could not approached be by ſhips ſo great,
Into their little boat they doe intreat
He would deſcend. If by the fates decree,
And everlaſting lawes of deſtinie
Pompey condemned to that wretched end
Had not beene forc'd to ſhore; (*c*) none of his friends
Wanted preſages of the dire event.
For had their faith bin pure, if they had meant
Their Scepter-giver truly t'entertaine
In Court, th'Ægyptian King with all his traine
And fleet had come. *Pompey* to fate gives way,
And, bid to leave his navie, does obey,
Preferring (*d*) death before baſe feare. Into
The enemies boats *Cornelia* faine would goe,
Now more impatient to be ſeparate
From her deare lord, becauſe ſhe feares his fate.
Stay wife, and ſonne, and far from ſhore (quoth he)
Behold my fortune: and in this necke try
The tyrants faith: but deafe to his commands
Franticke *Cornelia* wrings her wofull hands:
Whither without me go'ſt thou, cruell man?
Remov'd from Theſſaly, muſt I againe
Be left? ſtill fatall have our partings bin.
In flight thou neededſt not to have touch'd in
At Lesbos, but there ſtill have let me be,
If thou intend I nere ſhall land with thee.

Only

Only at ſea thy ſad companion.
Thus all in vaine *Cornelia* making mone
Vpon the ſhips fore-decke ſtood looking ere,
So full of griefe, and feare, ſhe could not more
Looke after him, nor turne her eyes away.
Doubtfull of his ſucceſſe the fleet did ſtay,
Not fearing ſwords, nor force, nor treachery;
But leſt great *Pompey* ſhould ſubmiſſively
Adore that ſcepter that himſelfe beſtow'd,
Septimius then a Roman ſouldier bow'd,
Saluting *Pompey* from th' Ægyptian boat,
Who (oh heavens ſhame) leaving his pile, had got
A barbarous partizan, one of the guard
To Ægypts King: fierce unrelenting hard,
Bloody as any beaſt. Who would not then
Have thought that fortune meant to favour men,
When ſhe had kept this impious ſword ſo far
From Theſſaly, and ſtayd from civill war
This hand? but ſhe diſpos'd the ſwords (alas)
That civill miſchiefe might in ev'ry place
Be done. A tale the Conquerers to ſhame
It was, the gods eternall bluſh, and blame,
A Roman ſword ſhould by a King be led,
And the Ægyptian boy reach *Pompeys* head
With his owne ſword. What fame ſhall future time
Give thee *Septimius*? or how ſtile thy crime,
That *Brutus* act as parricid all blame?
And now the ending houre of *Pompey* came:
Putting himſelfe into the monſters (e) hands
He went aboord their boat; the murdrous bands
Straight draw; great *Pompey* ſeeing their drawne ſwords
Covers his face, diſdaining to ſpend words,
Or lookes on ſuch a fate, and ſhut his eyes,
Containing his great ſpirit, leſt words might riſe,
Or teares, his everlaſting fame to taint.
But when *Achilles* murdring weapons point

Had

Had pierc'd his side, scorning the villaines pride
No groanes he gave: great, like himselfe he dy'd
With unstirr'd breast, and thus in secret spake;
All times that mention of Romes labours make,
And future ages through the world will see
This fact, and Ægypts base disloyaltie.
Maintaine thine honour now, the fates to thee
Through thy whole life gave long prosperitie;
And the world knowes not (unlesse now they see)
How *Pompeys* spirit could beare adversitie.
Blush not that such base hands thy death afford;
But thinke, who ever strike, tis *Cæsars* sword.
Though they these limbs all torne and scatterd leave,
Yet am I happy, god; no god can reave
My happinesse; my fortunes, and my breath
Expire at once: nor wretched is my death.
Cornelia, and my son this slaughter see:
So much more patient let my sorrow be.
The more *Cornelia*, and my son approve
My dying constancie, the more they'l love.
So well could he his dying spirits guide:
Such strength of mind had *Pompey* when he dy'd.
But poore *Cornelia*, that had rather dy
Then see that sight, with shreekings fill the sky:
Twas wicked I, deare lord, that murdred thee:
For whilst at Lesbos thou turndst in to me,
Cæsar had entred Ægypts shore; for who
But he had power that horrid act to doe?
What ere thou art sent from the gods to kill
Pleasing thine owne revenge, or *Cæsars* will;
Thou know'st not, wretch, where *Pompeys* bowels be:
Thou strik'st with fury there, where conquer'd he
Desires thy stroke, now let him suffer more
Then his owne death, and see my head before.
I am not guiltlesse from the crime of war,
The onely wife following my Lord so far,

Fearlesse

earelesse of campes, or seas; and conquer'd too
tooke him in, which Monarchs durst not doe.
Did I for this, husband, deserue to be
Left safe aboord? false Lord why spar'st thou me?
Or thought'st thou life (thou dying) fit for me?
Ile find a death, though not from *Ptolomey*.
Oh sailors, let me leape downe from the decke,
Or with the twisted shrowds to breake my necke:
Or let some worthy friend of *Pompey's* now
Heere sheath his weapon, and for *Pompey* doe
An act, that hee'll impute to *Cæsars* hate.
Why doe you hinder my desired fate?
Husband, thou liv'st, *Cornelia* has not power
Yet of her selfe; they hinder my deaths houre
(And there she sounds) to be the Conquerours pray;
The fearfull fleet hoist sailes, and post away.
But when great *Pompey* fell, that sacred face,
And honour'd visage kept his former grace
Though angry with the gods: deaths vtmost hate,
Chang'd not his visage, and majesticke state,
As they confesse that his rent necke did see.
For sterne *Septimius* in that cruelty
Findes out an act more cruell: to vncover
His face, he cuts the cloath, that was cast over,
Invading halfe-dead *Pompey's* breathing face,
His dying necke acrosse the bords he layes;
Then cutes the nerves, and veines, the twisted bones
He breakes: the art to whip off heads at once
Was not yet found. But when the head was torne
Off from the trunke, 'twas by *Achillas* borne.
Degenerate Roman, base *Septimius*,
Vs'd in an vnder office, couldst thou thus
Basely cut off great *Pompeys* sacred head
To be (oh shame) by another carryed?
Young *Ptolomy* to know great *Pompeys* face,
Those haires, that kings have honour'd, whose curl'd (grace

Adorn'd

Adorn'd his noble front, ſtroakes with his hands;
Fixt on a pole the head of *Pompey* ſtands,
Whilſt yet his lips with throbbing murmurs ſhooke,
His eyes vnclos'd, and lively was his looke:
That head that ſtill determin'd war, and peace,
That rul'd the Senate, lawes, and ſuffrages;
Romes fortune in that face tooke greateſt pride.
Nor was the wicked tyrant ſatisfy'd
With ſight: but for memoriall of the fact,
Dire arts the heads corruption muſt extract,
The braine is taken out, dry'd is the skin,
The noiſome moiſture purged from within,
Medicines make ſolid, and preſerve the face.
Degenerate iſſue, laſt of *Lagus* race,
Whom thy inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall depoſe;
When ſacred vaults the Macedon encloſe,
When duſt of Kings in ſumptuous buildings lyes,
And the ignoble race of *Ptolomyes*
In Pyramids, and rich Mauſolean graves
Vnjuſtly reſt, muſt *Pompey* by the waves
An headleſſe trunke againſt the ſhore be ſwept?
Was it too great a trouble to have kept
The carcaſſe whole for *Cæſar*? this ſad date
Did fortune giue to *Pompeys* proſperous ſtate;
By ſuch a death as this to pull him downe
From ſuch an height: heaping all plagues in one
Sad day, which he ſo many yeares had bin
Free from: nor yet had *Pompey* ever ſeene
Ioy mixt with woe: no god his proſperous ſtate
Did ere diſturbe, none helpt his wretched fate;
But once for all with a differring hand
Did fortune pay him; torne upon the ſand,
Salt water playing in his wounds, the mocke
Of ſeas he lyes, and beat gainſt every rocke:
No figure left of him, tis note enough
To know great *Pompey*, that his head is off.

But fates, ere *Cæſar* on that ſhore arrive,
A ſuddaine funerall to *Pompey* give,
Leſt he in none, or in a better tombe
Should ly. To th'ſhore did fearefull *Codrus* come
Out of his lurking hole, that was before
Great *Pompey's* quæſtor, and from Cyprus ſhore
Had follow'd him; he by the ſhades of night
Durſt goe (true love had vanquiſht terrour quite)
To find his ſlaugher'd Lord, along the ſand,
And through the waves, to bring the trunke to land.
Faint light through dusky clouds ſad Cynthia gave;
But different colour'd from the foamy wave
The trunke appear'd; which *Codrus* catching ſtraight
When the waves ebb'd, but tired with the weight
Expects their flow to helpe him, and ſo bore
The trunke to land, and plac'd it on the ſhore;
Then falling downe, bathing the wounds in teares,
Thus to the gods he ſpeakes, and clouded ſtars.
Fortune, no coſtly pile with odours fill'd
Thy *Pompey* craves, nor that his hearſe may yeild
Precious Arabian fumes to fill the ayre,
Nor that the pious Roman neckes ſhould beare
Their countryes father forth, nor to adorne
A funerall pompe old tryumphs ſhould be borne,
No funerall ſongs, nor that his troopes the while
March a dead march about their generalls pile.
Grant *Pompey* but a baſe Plebeian Beere,
That his torne limbes may carry to dry fire.
Let him not want wood, and a burner, though
But meane, and let it be, ô gods enough
That with looſe haire *Cornelia* does not ſtand
To take her laſt embrace, and then command
To fire the pile; from this laſt funerall rite
She is away, yet hardly out of ſight,
This ſaid, far off a little fire he kenn'd
Burne a neglected herſe, watch'd by no friend.

Thither he goes, and taking thence a part
Of fire, and halfe-burn'd sticks, who ere thou art
Neglected ghost, deare to no friend, (quoth he)
But happier then great *Pompey*, pardon me;
(If any knowledge after death remaines)
That by a strangers hand thy hearse sustaines
This wrong; I know thou yeild'st and canst endure,
For *Pompeys* sake, this losse of sepulture,
And art asham'd of funerall rites, whilest he
Lyes an unburyed ghost. Then speedily
With his armes full of fire poore *Codrus* ran
To find the trunke which to the shore againe
The waves had beat; then off the sand he wipes,
And gathering vp the ribs of broken ships,
He layes them in a ditch; on no hew'n trees
Or well built pyle the noble body lyes:
Fire brought, not vnderbuilt great *Pompey* takes.
Then siting by the fire thus *Codrus* speakes.
Romes greatest Lord, the onely majesty
Of Italy, if worse this buriall be
Then none at all, then floating on the sea,
Avert thy *Manes*, and great ghost from me.
Tis fortunes injury that makes this right,
Lest fish, or fowle, or beast, or *Cæsars* spight
Might wrong thy coarse, accept this little brand
Of fire, since kindled by a Roman hand.
If fortune grant recourse to Italy,
Not here shall these so sacred ashes ly:
But from my hand *Cornelia* shall take,
And vrne thy reliques, vntill then wee'll make
Thy burialls marke vpon the shore, that who
So ere would pacify thy ghost, and doe
Full rights of funerall, may find out so
The bodyes ashes, and the sands may know,
Whither to bring thy head. Thus having spoke
He does with fuell the weake flame provoke;

pompey dissolv'd, his fat distilling fed
The little fire; and now day promised
By bright *Aurora*, dimm'd the stars weake lights.
Codrus abruptly leaves the funerall rites,
And runs, himselfe about the shore to hide.
What mischiefe fear'st thou (foole) for such a deed?
Which long-tongu'd fame for ever shall renowne?
Cæsar himselfe shall praise what thou hast done
To *Pompeys* body. Goe then voyd of dread:
Confesse the funerall, and require his head.
An end of dutious workes piety makes.
The bones halfe burnt, scarse yet dissolv'd he takes,
Still full of nerves, and unconsumed marrow;
Quenching them in sea-water, in a narrow
Piece of the earth together layes them downe:
Then lest the ashes should abroad be blowne
By the winds force, he layes a stone above;
And lest some sailer should that stone remove
To tye his cable, with a coleburnt staffe
Vpon the top he writes this Epitaph.
Here *Pompey* lies; fortune, this stone we call
His tombe: in which, rather then none at all,
Cæsar would have him ly. Why in a roome
So small, rash hand, includ'st thou *Pompeys* tombe,
And shutst up his great ghost? as far he lyes
As the earths farthest shore extended is.
Romes mighty name, and Empires utmost bound
Is *pompeys* tombe; this marke for shame confound,
The shame of heaven; if *Alcides* lie
Over all Octe, and all Nysa be
Great *Bacchus* monument, why should one stone
In Ægypt stand for *pompeys* tombe alone?
Did no one piece of earth thy name expresse,
All Ægypts land, *pompey*, thou mightst possesse.
Let us be still deceiv'd, and still for feare
Of thee, to tread on Ægypts land forbeare.

But if that ſacred name muſt grace a ſtone,
Write his each deed, and glorious action;
The Alpine warre of rebell *Lepidus*;
The conqueſt of revolt *Sertorius*
(The Conſul being call'd home:) thoſe triumphs note,
Which he but gentleman of Rome had got:
Cilician pirats tam'd: trafficke made free:
Barbarian kingdomes conquerd all that ly
Vnder the Eaſt, and North: with this make knowne
How ſtill from war he tooke a peacefull gowne.
Contented with three triumphs, he to Rome
His other conqueſts did forgive; what tombe
Can hold all this? his aſhes in this grave
No titles, nor triumphant ſtories have.
That name, that temples lofty roofes, and high
Triumphall arches deckt with victory
Were wont to beare, now neere the loweſt ſand
A ſmall grave ſhewes, which ſtrangers cannot ſtand
Vpright to reade, which (if it be not ſhowne)
The Roman travellers paſſe by unknowne.
Ægypt, whom civill fate has guilty made
'Twas not in vaine the *Sibylls* verſe forbad
A Roman Niles Peluſian mouth to touch,
Or once his ſummer-ſwelled banks approach.
How ſhall I curſe thee for this impious deed?
May Nile run back, and ſtay at his firſt head,
May thy unfruitfull fields want winter raine,
And all like Æthiops barren ſands remaine.
We let thy *Iſis* in Romes temples dwell,
Thy deify'd dogs, and ſorrow cauſing bell:
Oſiris, whom thou ſhewſt, while thou weep'ſt,
A man, our god in duſt thou Ægypt keep'ſt.
And thou that gav'ſt the tyrant temples, Rome,
Haſt not yet fetch'd thy *Pompeys* aſhes home:
His ghoſt lies yet exil'd. If *Cæſars* frowne
That firſt age fear'd, yet now thy *Pompeys* bones

Bring home, ô Rome, if yet on that curs'd land
Not ruin'd by the waves, the marks doe ſtand.
Who'l feare that grave? who'l feare to take from thence
Aſhes deſerving temples? that offence
Injoyne me (Rome) to doe, my boſome uſe:
Oh too too happy I, if Rome would chuſe
My hand to open that baſe ſepulcher,
And his deare aſhes hither to transfer.
Perchance when Rome from oracles would crave
An end of dearth, or peſtilence to have,
Of too much fire, or earthquakes, thou to Rome
Shalt by the gods expreſt appointment come,
Thy aſhes borne by the high Prieſt. For who
To ſcorch'd Siene in Iunes heat can goe,
In view of Nile, or Pharian *Thebes* deſcry
Vnder the ſhowry Pleiades ſtill dry;
What Eaſtern Merchant trafficking reſorts
To the Red ſea, or rich Arabian ports,
But at thy graves ever adored ſtone,
And aſhes (though perchance ſcatter'd upon
The ſands) will ſtay, thy ghoſt to pacifie,
Before the Caſian *Iove* preferring thee?
This little grave can nothing hurt thy name;
Thy ghoſt would be of a far cheaper fame
Shrowded in gold, and temples: fortune now
Beares more divinity intomb'd ſo low;
This ſea-beat ſtone is more majeſtick far
Then the proud altars of the Conquerer.
Some worſhip gods dwelling in dusky clay,
That to Tarpeian *Iove* refuſe to pray.
Twill vantage thee hereafter in thy grave
No poliſht Marbles laſting works to have.
This little duſt will quickly ſcatter'd ly:
The tombe will fall; proofes of thy death will dy:
And then a happier age will come, when none
Shall credit give to thoſe that ſhew the ſtone:

As falſe ſhall Ægypt ſeeme in times to come
(As Crete of *Ioves*) to boaſt of *Pompey's* tombe.

FINIS Libri Octavi.

Annotations on the eight Booke.

(a) Pompey *in his flight from Lariſſa came all along the Tempe to the ſhore, and lodged that night in the ſmall cottage of a fiſherman; about morning he went to ſea in a little boat, and ſailing along by the ſhore met with a ſhip of greater burden, of which one* Peticius *a Roman was Captaine, who knowing* Pompey, *received him, and tranſported him to Lesbos, where* Cornelia *lay.* Plutarch. Appian.

(b) *When their boat drew neere to* Pompey, Septimius *aroſe, (who had once ſerved as a Tribune under* Pompey) *and in the Roman language ſaluted his Generall, and welcomed him in the Kings name.* Achillas *complimented with him in the Greeke tongue, and deſireth him to enter into his boat, by reaſon that the ſhelves, and ſands would not afford a paſſage to his ſhip.*

(c) *Thoſe that attended* Pompey, *ſeeing his entertainment not Royall, nor Magnificent, but that a few onely in a ſmall boat were ſent to meet him, began to ſuſpect the treaſon, and counſelled* Pompey *to put to ſea, and forſake that ſhore whilſt yet he was free from danger.*

(d) Pompey *diſdaining to appeare fearfull, (although hee were full of ill preſages) came into* Achillas *his boat as he were invited, and taking his leave of his wife, and ſon* Sextus Pompeius, *hee repeated theſe two Iambick verſes of* Sophocles;

These were the last words hee spake to his friends, and so entred into the boat, where Achillas *was.*

(e) *When* Pompey *was now far from his ship, and perceived no courteous entertainment in the boat, he looked upon* Septimius *and thus spake; Have not I knowne thee heretofore my fellow souldier?* Septimius *disdaining to answer him at all onely nodded his head to him, and when* Pompey *was rising out of the boat,* Septimius *first run him through with his sword.*

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Ninth Booke.

The Argument.

Pompeyes departed ſpirit to heaven aſcends.
His wife, and ſons lament; Cato *commends*
His worthy life: checks the Cilicians,
And marching ore the ſcorched Libyan ſands
To Iuba's *kingdome, with ſtrong patience*
Indures the heat, the Southwinds violence
And killing ſerpents venome. Cæſar *ſees*
Renowned Troyes defac'd antiquities,
To Ægypt comes, and with diſſembling breath
Complaines, and weeps for noble Pompeyes *death.*

IN Pharian coales his ghoſt could not remaine,
Nor thoſe few aſhes his great ſpirit containe.
Out from the grave he iſſues, and forſakes
Th'unworthy fire, and halfe burnt limbs, and takes
Vp to the convexe of the skie his flight,
Where with blacke ayre the ſtarry poles doe meet.
The ſpace betwixt the regions of the moone,
And earth, halfe deify'd ſoules poſſeſſe alone,
Whom fiery worth, in guiltleſſe lives, has taught
To brooke the lower part of heaven, and brought

Them

Them to th'eternall ſphæres, which not they hold,
That are with incenſe bury'd, tomb'd in gold.
There filled with true light, with wondring eyes
The wandring planets, and fixt ſtars he ſees.
He ſees our day involv'd in midſt of night,
And laughes at his torne trunks ridiculous plight.
Then ore the Æmathian fields, his ſcatter'd fleet,
And bloody *Cæſars* troops he tooke his flight:
And with revenge for theſe dire facts poſſeſt
Catoes bold heart, and *Brutus* noble breaſt.
Cato, while chance was (*a*) doubtfull, and at ſtake
Whom civill war Lord of the world would make,
Then hated *Pompey*, though with *Pompey* he
(Led by the Senate, and Romes Auſpicy)
Had fought, but when Pharſalia's field was try'd,
He altogether favour'd *Pompeyes* ſide.
His countrey wanting a Protector then
He tooke, and chear'd the trembling hearts of men:
And putting ſwords in fearfull hands againe
Made civill war neither for hope of reigne,
Nor feare of bondage; nought at all in war
For his owne ſake did he; his forces are
Since *Pompeyes* death, alone for liberty:
Which leſt the ſpeed of *Cæſars* victory
Should ſeize upon, being diſperſed ore
The coaſt, he ſailes unto Corcyra's (*b*) ſhore,
And in a thouſand ſhips carries away
The conquer'd remnant of Pharſalia.
Who would have thought ſo great a fleet had held
All flying men? that conquer'd ſhips had fill'd
The ſtraitned ſeas? from thence they ſaile away
To ghoſt fill'd Tænarus, and long Malea;
Thence to Cytherus: *Boreas* blowing faire
Crete flyes: and getting a good ſea they cleare
The Cretan coaſt. *Phycus*, that durſt deny
Their men to land, they ſacke deſervedly.

nd thence along the deepe, while faire winds blow;
nto thy ſhore, oh Palinurus, goe:
or not alone doth our Italian ſea
ep monuments of thee, but Libya
an witneſſe well calme harbours once did pleaſe
he Phrygian maſter) when upon the ſeas
eſcrying ſhips afar, they gan to feare,
hether the men their foes, or partners were:
eſars knowne ſpeed gave them juſt cauſe to feare,
nd ſtill ſuſpect his comming every where.
ut thoſe ſad ſhips brought griefe, and woes, and cryes
ble to draw ſoft teares from *Cato's* eyes:
or after that *Cornelia* all in vaine
Leſt *Pompeys* trunke beat from the ſhore againe
hould float at ſea) by prayers had ſtriv'd to draw
rom flight her ſailers, and her ſon in law,
When from the ſhore that little fire deſcry'd
His moſt unworthy funerall, ſhe cry'd,
eem'd I not worthy then, fortune, to thee
To light my husbands funerall fire, and ly
ſtretch'd out on his cold limbs, burne his torne haires,
And gathering his ſea-ſcatterd limbs, with teares
To bath each wound? with bones, and aſhes hot;
To fill my lap, and in the temples put
The ſad remainder of his funerall?
That fir's no honour to his hearſe at all.
Beſides perhaps ſome hands of Ægypt now
This loathed office to his aſhes doe.
Well did the *Craſſi's* aſhes naked ly,
For by the gods far greater cruelty
Is *Pompey* burnt. Still ſhall my woes appeare
In the ſame ſhape? and ſhall I here Interre
My ſlaughtred Lords? and at full urnes lament?
What need'ſt thou tombe, or any inſtrument
Of ſorrow, wretch? doth not thy breſt containe
Thy *Pompey*, and his image ſtill remaine;

Within

Within thee? let those wives, that meane to live
After their lords, urnes to their ashes give.
But yet the fire, that lends yon envious light
From Ægypts shore, brings nothing to my sight
Of thee, deare *Pompey*: now the flame is gone,
The vanisht smoke beares to the rising Sun
Pompey aloft: the winds unwillingly
Beare us from thence, yet is no land to me
(Though triumph'd by my lord as Conquerer)
Nor chariot deckt with laurell halfe so deare.
My breast has quite forgot his happinesse,
And loves that *Pompey*, whom Niles shores possesse,
Faine would I stay under this guilty clime:
The land's ennobled by so great a crime.
I would not leave (believe me) Ægypts shore.
Sextus, try thou the chance of war, and ore
The spacious world thy fathers colours beare:
This his last will was trusted to my care,
When me of breath deaths fatall houre shall reave,
To you, my sonnes, this civill war I leave;
And let not *Cæsars* race in quiet raigne,
Whil'st any of our stocke on earth remaine.
Sollicite kingdomes, and free pow'rfull townes
By my names fame: these are the factions,
These are the armes I leave; what *Pompey* ere
Would goe to sea, shall finde a navie there.
My heires may stirre war in what land they will.
Be but couragious, and remember still
Your fathers lawfull power. Serve under none
But *Cato* (whil'st he fights for Rome) alone.
I have perform'd thy trust, done thy behest
Deare lord, thy cunning did prevaile, and lest
False I those words of trust should nere deliver,
Deceiv'd I liv'd. Now *Pompey*, whereso'ever
Th'art gone, through hell, if any hell there be,
Or empty chaos, I will follow thee:

low long my life's decreed, I doe not know,
long, Ile punish it for lasting so:
or not expiring when it first did see
hy wounds, with sorrow broken it shall die.
shall dissolve in teares: no halter, sword,
r præcipice shall death to me afford.
were a shame for me, now thou art gone,
Not to have power to dye with griefe alone.
his said, and covering with a vaile her head,
nder the hatches she resolv'd to lead
life in darkenesse: neerely hugging woe
he feeds on teares, and for her husband now
mbraces griefe. The noise of stormy wind,
Nor cries of fearfull sailers move her mind:
er hope contrary to the sailers is,
Compos'd for death, and wishing stormes she lyes.
They first arriv'd on Cyprus foamy shore.
rom thence a mild East-wind commanding bore
heir ships to *Catoes* Libyan campe; as still
doubtfull mind doe sad presages fill,
neius from shore spying his fathers traine,
And brother, running to the sea amaine,
Where is our father, brother? speake (quoth he)
Lives the worlds head, and honour, or are we
Vndone, and *Pompey* to the shades below
Has borne Romes fate? he answers, happy thou,
Whom fate into another coast disperst;
Thou, brother, this dire mischiefe only hear'st:
Mine eyes are guilty of a fathers death.
Nor did he lose by *Cæsars* armes his breath,
Nor of his fall a worthy author found;
By the false tyrant of Niles impious ground,
Trusting the gods of hospitality,
And his owne bounty to old *Ptolomey*,
In recompence of kingdomes given he dy'd.
I saw them wound our noble fathers side;

And thinking Ægypts King durſt not have done
So much, I thought *Cæſar* had ſtood upon
The ſhore of Nile. But not our Futhers wounds,
Nor blood ſo ſhed ſo much my heart confounds,
As that his head, which mounted on a ſpeare
Aloft we ſaw, they through their cities beare:
Which as they ſay is kept for *Cæſars* eye:
The tyrant ſeekes his guilt to teſtify.
For whether dogs, or fowles devouring maw
Conſum'd his trunke, or that ſmall fire we ſaw
Diſſolved it by ſtealth, I doe not know.
What ere injurious fate to that could doe,
I did forgive the gods that crime, and wept
For that part onely which the tyrant kept.
When *Cnejus* heard theſe words, his inward woe
In paſſionate teares, and ſighs he could not ſhow;
But thus inflam'd with pious rage gan ſpeake,
Lanch forth the fleet, ſailers, with ſpeed, and breake
Through the croſſe winds a paſſage with the oare,
Brave Captaines follow me, never before
Knew civill war more worthy ends then theſe,
T'interre unbury'd *Manes*, and appeaſe
Pompey with ſlaughter of th'effœminate boy.
Why ſhould not I th'Ægyptian tow'rs deſtroy?
And from the temples *Alexander* take,
To drowne his hearſe in Mareotis lake?
In Nile *Amaſis*, and thoſe Kings with him
Digg'd up from their Pyramides ſhall ſwim.
All tombes ſhall rue *Pompeys* no ſepulcher:
Iſis their goddeſſe now Ile diſ inter,
Oſiris linnen-cover'd ſhrine diſperſe,
And kill god *Apis* over *Pompeys* hearſe.
Vpon a pile of gods Ile burne his head;
Thus ſhall the land by me be puniſhed;
I will not leave a man to till thoſe fields,
Nor take the profit that Niles flowing yields.

e gods, and people baniſhed, and gone,
ou, father, ſhalt poſſeſſe Ægypt alone.
is ſaid, to lanch the fleete forth he aſſayes,
Cato ſtills the young mans wrath with praiſe.
Now ore the ſhore when *Pompey's* death was knowne,
e ſky was peirc'd with lamentation:
griefe not ſeene, nor pararell'd at all,
at common people mourne a great mans fall.
when *Cornelia* quite exhauſt with teares
as ſeene to land with torne diſhevell'd haires,
eir troubled lamentations ſounded more.
rnelia landed on a frienly ſhore,
th'ring the garments, and triumphall weedes
hapleſſe *Pompey*, that expreſt his deedes,
nd ancient trophies, painted robes, and ſhield,
hat thrice great *Iove* in triumph had beheld,
to the funerall fire ſhe threw them all;
ch was her Lords imagin'd funerall.
ample from her piety all take,
nd funerall fires all ore the ſhore they make
'appeaſe the ghoſts ſlaine in Pharſalia.
o when the ſhepherds of Apulia
ake winter fires on their bare-eaten ground
o ſpring their graſſe againe, a gliſtering round
he Vulturs arms, and high Garganus yeilds,
nd hot Matinus bullocke-paſture fields.
But not more pleaſing was't to *Pompey's* ſpirit
hat all the people raile at heaven, and twit
he gods with *Pompey*, then what *Cato* ſpoke,
ew words, but from a truth-fill'd breaſt they broke.
A Roman's dead, not like our anceſtry
o know the rule of right, but good (quoth he)
n this truth ſcorning age; one powerfull growne
Not wronging liberty: the people prone
o ſerve, he only private ſtill remain'd;
He ſway'd the Senate, but the Senate raign'd,

Nought

Nought claim'd he by the ſword, but wiſh'd what he
Wiſh'd moſt, the Senates freedome to deny;
Great wealth he had, but to the publike hoord
He brought far more then he retain'd; the ſword
He tooke, but knew the time to lay it downe.
Arm'd he lov'd peace, though armes before the gowne
He ſtill preferr'd; and ever pleas'd was he
Entring, or leaving his authority.
A chaſt vntainted houſe and never ſtain'd
With her Lords fortune, to all lands remain'd
His name renown'd, which much availed Rome.
True liberty long ſince was gone, when home
Sylla, and *Marius* came: but *Pompey* dead,
Even freedomes ſhadow is quite vaniſhed.
No Senates face, no colour will remaine
Of power; none now will be aſham'd to reigne.
Oh happy man, whom death, when conquer'd caught,
And Ægypts guilt ſwords to be wiſht for brought.
Perchance thou could'ſt haue liv'd in *Cæſars* ſtate,
To know the way to dy is mans beſt fate,
His next to be compell'd; and ſuch to me
(If captiv'd now) fortune, let *tuba* be;
Not to be kept to ſhew the enemy
I doe not beg, ſo headleſſe kept I be.
More honour from theſe words the noble ghoſt
Receiv'd then if the Roman barres ſhould boaſt
His praiſe. Now mutinous the ſouldiers are,
Since *Pompeys* death growne weary of the war;
In which broiles *Tarcho Catoes* ſide to quit
Tooke vp the colours, who prepar'd for flight
With all his ſhips was chid by *Cato* ſo.
Never reclaim'd Cilician, wouldſt thou goe
To thy old theft at ſea? is *Pompey* ſlaine,
And thou return'd to Pyracy againe?
Then round about be on each man gan looke
Amongſt whom one boldly thus to *Cato* ſpoke

N

Not hiding his intent, 'twas not the love
Of ciuill war, but *Pompey*, first did moove
Our armes, (excuse vs *Cato*) we adhær'd
By favour, now he, whom the world preferr'd
Before her peace, is dead, our cause is gone;
Now lets returne to our left mansion,
Our houshold gods, and children deare to see.
For what can civill wars conclusion be,
If not Pharsaliaes field, nor *Pompeys* death?
Our time of life is spent; now let vs breath
Our last in peace: let our old age provide
Our funerall pyles, which civill war deny'd
To greatest Captaines. For no barbarous,
Or cruell yoke will fortune lay on vs.
No Scythian, nor Armenian tyranny.
The subjects of Romes gowned state are we.
He that was second: *Pompey* being alive,
Is first with us: the highest place we give
His sacred name; He whom wars fortunes make,
Shall be our Lord, no generall wee'll take.
Vnto the war we followed thee alone;
Wee'll follow fate, *Pompey*, now thou art gone.
Nor have we cause to hope for good successe.
Since *Cæsars* fortune now doth all possesse.
Th' Æmathian strength is by his victory
Dispers'd, we loose his mercy; only he
Has power, and will to spare the conquered.
Our civill war's a crime now *Pompey's* dead,
'Twas duty while he liv'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt serue thy countrey still, lets follow now
Those Eagles, which the Roman Consuls keepes,
Thus having spoke, aboord the ship he leapes
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to slavery upon
The shore exclaime; But from a sacred breast
Cato to them at last these words expresst.

Fought you, young men, with *Cæsars* armyes hopes
(No more true Roman, but Pompeyan troopes)
To gaine a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But live to doe your selves, not tyrants right,
Since your spent bloods can no mans rule procure,
But your owne safety, you'll not now endure
The wars; to live in bondage you desire,
And for your slavish neckes a yoake require.
Your danger's worthy now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhaps might have abus'd your blood.
And will you now, when liberty's so nigh,
To aide of Rome your swords, and throates deny?
Of three Lords fortune now has left but one.
Ægypts base King, and Parthian bowes have done
More for the lawes then you, (oh shame) goe ye
Base men, and scorne the gift of *Ptolomy*;
Who will believe your hands could guilty be
Of any blood? he'll rather thinke that ye
Were the first men that from Pharsalia fled.
Goe then securley: you have merited
Pardon in *Cæsars* judgement, not subdew'd:
By seidge, or open force. Oh servants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heire you'l serve.
Why would you not more then your lives deserve,
And pardons? ravish with you for a prey
Metellus daughter, *Pompeys* wife away,
And his two sonnes: the gift of Ægypts King
Surpasse, or could you to the tirant bring
My head no small reward 'twould render ye;
Then to good purpose have you follow'd me.
On then, and in our bloods your merit make;
Tis slothfull treason bare flight to take.
This speach of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying ships; as when a swarme of Bees
Their hony combes, and barren waxe forsake;
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take

Their flight i'th aire, and taſt not (ſlothfull growne)
The bitter Thyme: at ſound of braſſe alone
Amaz'd they leave their flight: againe approve
Their flow'ry taskes, againe their honey love.
Glad is the ſhepherd on ſweet Hybla's hill
To keep the riches of his cottage ſtill.
So *Catoes* ſpeech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a warre had brought.
And now their reſtleſſe minds with toile t'inure;
And teach them warlike labours to indure,
With weary marches firſt their ſtrength he tries
Along the ſands; their ſecond labour is
To ſcale Cyrenes lofty walls, on whom
Cato no vengeance tooke, when overcome
(Though they againſt him ſhut their gates) to him
Revenge ſufficient did their conqueſt ſeeme.
He thence to Libyan (c) *Iubaes* kingdome goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpoſe,
Which *Catoes* dauntleſſe virtue hopes to paſſe.
Theſe Syrts, when all the worlds firſt ſtructure was,
Nature as doubtfull left twixt ſea, and land;
(For neither ſinke they quite like ſeas to ſtand,
Nor yet like land with ſhores repell the mane,
But doubtfull, and unpaſſable remaine,
A ſhelfe-ſpoil'd ſea, a water-cover'd land,
Where ſounding waves let in by ſands command.
This part of nature, natures ſelfe diſclam'd
As a vaine worke, and to no purpoſe fram'd)
Or once the deep-drowned Syrts were ſeas intire:
But burning *Titan* thence to feed his fire
Drew up thoſe waves ſo neere the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phœbus* drought: which by continuance ſpent,
The Syrts will grow a ſollid continent.
For now their tops but ſhallow waters hide,
The fading ſea decayes at every ſide.

When firſt the fleet began to launch from ſhore,
In his owne kingdome did blacke Auſter roare:
Whoſe blaſts the ſea from ſhip invaſion keep,
And from the Syrts far rowle the wavie deep,
Or flat the ſea with throwne in heaps of ſand.
Now the reſiſtleſſe winds the ſeas command,
Whoſe blaſts of all ſpread ſailes, that faſtned were
To the maine-maſt quite robb'd the mariner;
In vaine the ſhrowds to wind ſo violent
Deny their ſailes; beyond the ſhips extent,
Beyond the prow the ſwelled linnen's blowne.
But where a man more provident was knowne,
That did his linnen to the ſaile-yard ty,
He quite diſpoil'd of tackling preſently
Was overcome. That fleet had far more eaſe,
Which on the deep was toſt with certaine ſeas.
But all thoſe ſhips, which had cut downe their maſts
T'avoyd the fury of ſtrong Auſters blaſts
(As then the wind againſt the tide did ſtrive)
Againſt the wind the conquering tide did drive.
Some ſhips the ſea forſakes, whom ſtraight the ſands
Vnſeene ſurpriſe, whoſe ſtate now doubtfull ſtands:
Part of the ſhip upon firme ground doth reſt,
Part ſwims in water. Now the ſea's oppreſt
With flats. The ſands aſſault the ocean.
And though ſtrong *Auſter* drive the waves amaine,
They cannot maſter theſe high hills of ſand.
On th'Oceans backe far from all countreyes ſtand
Heaps of dry duſt not by the Ocean drownd.
The wretched ſailers, though their ſhips on ground,
No ſhores can ſee. Part of the fleet this ſhallow
Detaines; the greater part the rudders follow,
And ſafe by flight, by skilfull pilots ayd
Are to Tritonia's ſtanding poole convey'd.
This poole (they ſay) that god eſteemeth deare,
Whoſe ſhrill ſhell trumpet ſeas, and ſhores doe heare.

This

This *Pallas* loves, borne of the braine of *Iove*,
Who first on Libya trod. (The heat doth prove
This land next heaven) she standing by the side,
Her face within the quiet water spy'd,
And gave her selfe from the lov'd poole a name
Tritonia. Here doth the silent streame
Of darke oblivious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hels *Lethe* takes originall.
The waking dragons charge is neere to these,
The once robb'd orchard of th'Hesperides.
To rob old times of credit, the desire
Is spite, or truth from Poets to require.
A golden wood there was, whose yellow trees
Laden with wealthy fruit, stood bow'd: of these
A dragon guardian was, which never slept,
And the bright wood a troope of Virgins kept.
Hither *Alcides* coming, did surprise
The wealth, and burden of those laden trees,
And leaving light their robbed boughs, did bring
Those glittering apples to th'Argolian King.
Part of the fleet got off from hence againe,
And from the Syrtes driven, did remaine
Vnder great *Pompeyes* eldest sons command
On this side Garamantis in rich land.
But *Catoes* virtue brooking no delay
Through unknowne regions lead his troops away,
T'incompasse round the Syrts by land, for now
The stormy seas unnavigable grow
In winter time: but stormes desired are
To coole the temper of the sweltring ayre.
They feare no cold in Libyaes scorched clime,
Nor too much heat, because in winter time.
Entring these barren sands thus *Cato* spake;
You that have follow'd me, souldiers, and make
Freedome your onely safety, settle now
Your minds with constancie to undergoe

Virtues great work. We march ore barren fields,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountaine yields
Water enough, where *Titans* heat abounds,
And killing ſerpents ſmeare the parched grounds.
Hard wayes, but whom their falling countries cauſe
Through paths unknowne, and midſt of Libya drawes,
Who makes no vowes for their returning home,
But think of going, onely let them come.
I would deceive no ſouldier, nor keepe cloſe
My feares to draw them on. Let onely thoſe
My followers be, whom dangers doe invite,
Who think it brave, and Roman, in my ſight
T'indure the worſt of ills. He that would have
A ſurety for his ſafety, and faine ſave
His loved life, let him be gone from me,
And find an eaſier way to ſlavery.
Vpon the ſands whilſt I firſt footing ſet,
Let me firſt ſuffer th'ayres annoying heat:
Let ſerpents poyſon'd teeth firſt ſeize on me,
And in my fate doe you your dangers try.
Let him, that ſees me drinking, water crave,
And plaine of heat, when I a ſhelter have.
Or when I ride before the foot, ſtraight grow
Weary, if any by indurance know
Whither I goe ſouldier, or generall
The ſands, heat, thirſt, and poyſonous ſerpents, all
Are ſweet to virtue: hard things patience loves,
And ſweeteſt ſtill, when deareſt, goodneſſe proves;
Theſe Libyan dangers onely juſtifie
The flight of men, thus their hot ſpirits he
With labours love, and virtue ſtriv'd to fire;
Marching ore deſarts never to retire
Secure he goes to Libya, gracing there
With his great name a little ſepulcher.
If th'old account we follow, Libya is
The worlds third part: following the winds, and skies

A part of Europe. For not distant more
Then Scythian Tanais is Nilus shore
From Western Gades, where Europe Africke flyes,
And makes the Ocean roome: but greater is
Asia then both. For as they both send forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The Western wind: the Eastern wind alone
From Asia blowes. That part that's fertile knowne
Of Libya, Westward lyes, but moysture lacks:
The North-wind dry with us, there stormy, takes
His flight but seldome thither. The rich soyle
No wealthy growing mineralls doe spoyle:
The earth corrupts into no brasse, nor gold,
But keeps her naturall, and perfect mold.
The Mauritanian men are rich alone
In Citron wood, of which no use was knowne
To them of old, contented with the shade.
Our axes first did that strange wood invade;
From far we fetch our tables, as our meat.
But in those parts about the Syrts, whose heat
Is violent, and scorching *Sol* too neere,
No corne can grow, no vines can prosper there,
Nor trees deepe rooting take; the sandy ground
Wants vitall temper, and no care is found
Of *Iove* in that at all, the barren sand
Through every season doth unchanged stand
By natures negligence. Yet this dull earth
Vnto a few small herbs affords a birth,
Which are the hardy Nasamonians fare.
Neere the sea coast they bleakly seated are,
Whom barbarous Syrts with the worlds losse maintaine.
For spoyle they still upon the sand remaine.
And though no merchant trade with them, yet gold
They have, and still by shipwrack traffick hold
With all the world. This way did virtue beare
Cato along, the Souldiers could not feare

A ſtorme by land, or think of bluſtring wind,
But there (alas) the Oceans dangers find.
For more on land then ſea the Southwinds rore
About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
No rocks, nor mountaines ſtand oppoſed there
To break his force, and turne him into ayre?
No well-growne oakes, no wood oppoſed ſtands;
The ground lyes open all, free are the ſands
To Æols rage, which violently ſtrong
Hurries through th'ayre a ſandy cloud along.
Their greateſt part of land the winds doe beare
Into the ayre, which hangs not fixed there.
His houſe, and land the Naſamonian ſees
Fly in the wind, their little cottages
Blowne ore their heads into the ayre as high
As from a fire the ſmoake, and ſparkles fly.
The mounted duſt like ſmoake obſcures the skie.
And then more ſtrong then uſuall did the blaſt
Aſſault our men; no ſouldier could ſtand faſt;
No, nor the ground on which they ſtood, could ſtay.
'Twould ſhake the earth, and beare that land away
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southern winds in cavernes to infold,
But ſince compos'd of looſe, and fleeting ſands
Reſiſting not, it bides; the loweſt ſtands
Becauſe the higheſt yields, helmets of men,
Their ſhields, and piles the wind with fury then
Bereft them of, and through the welkin toſt.
That in ſome forreine far-removed coaſt
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigy,
And nations fear'd armes falling from the skie,
Thinking thoſe weapons reft from men, did fall
Downe from the gods. So once I think that all
Our ſacred ſhields to holy *Numa* were,
Which now our choiſe Patrician ſhoulders beare.

The

The Southern wind, or Northern robb'd of yore
Some forreine people, that thoſe bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with wind, the ſouldiers all
Downe to the ground, their cloathes faſt girded, fall,
Hold faſt the earth, yet ſure they ſcarſely lay
By weight, nor ſtrength from being blowne away.
Mountaines of duſt the Southwinds furious hand
Rowles ore their heads; drowned in heapes of ſand
The ſouldiers ſcarſe can ſtir. Some though upright
With riſing earth are overwhelmed quite;
And, though the earth remove, want motion.
Vaſt ſtones of ruin'd walls from far are blowne,
And (ſtrange to tell) in ſome far region fall,
They ruines ſee, that ſee no houſe at all.
No paths, no difference now of wayes are knowne:
Their courſe is guided by the ſtar alone
Like navigators; nor all ſtars to us
In that Horizon are conſpicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many be
Obſcur'd from ſight. But when the ayre was free
From the winds rage, diſſolv'd againe by heat,
And ſcorching day; their body flow'd with ſweat,
Their mouths with thirſt were parch'd: a little ſteame
They ſpy'd, which from a muddy fountaine came;
From whence with much adoe a ſouldier got
His helmet full of water, and ſtraight brought
The ſame to *Cato*, their dry throats were all
With duſt beſmeared, and the Generall
Himſelfe was envy'd for that little draught.
Baſe ſouldier, anſwers he, in thy poore thought
Seem'd I alone ſo worthleſſe? none but I
Tender, and weake in all this company?
This puniſhment thou more deſerv'ſt then I
To drink thy ſelfe while all the army's dry.
Then ſtirr'd with wrath he ſtruck the helmet downe;
The water ſpilt ſuffic'd them every one.

And

And now to Libyaes onely temple plac'd
In Garamántis rude they came at last.
Iupiter Aqmon is adored there,
Not arm'd with thunder like our *Iupiter*,
But crooked hornes. To whom the Libyans build
No sumptuous Fane, no orient jewels fill'd
The house with lustre. Though the Indians,
The Æthiopes, and rich Arabians
Iupiter Ammons name doe all adore,
And no god else, yet still that god is poore.
No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th'old
Pureneſſe, his temple guards from Roman gold.
That place of all the countrey onely greene
Shewes a gods presence. All that lyes betweene
Leptis, and Berinicis is dry sand,
And barren dust; no part of all the land,
But *Ammons* seat beares trees. The cause of it
A neighbouring fountaine is, whose waters knit
The moistned earth, and make fertility.
But when the Sun at noone is mounted high,
Those trees no shadow can diffuse at all:
Their boughs scarce hide their trunks. No shade or sm
The Sunbeames make, since perpendicular.
It is perceiv'd this is the region where
The Summer Tropick hits the Zodiack.
The signes oblickly rise not, but direct.
Nor more direct the Bull then Scorpio,
Moist Capricornus then hot Cancer goe:
Nor Gemini then Sagitarius,
Nor Leo then oppos'd Aquarius,
Virgo then Pisces, Libraes motion
Then Aries: But whom the torrid zone
Divides from us, those people ever see
The shadows Southward, which here Northward bo
You slowly seeing Cynosure, suppose
Her undrench'd carre into the Ocean goes.

A

nd that no Northerne ſigne from ſeas is free.
ou ſtand far diſtant from each axeltree;
our ſignes in midſt of heaven converted be.
The Eaſterne people ſtanding at the doore
he oracles of horned *Iove* t'implore,
ve place to *Cato*; whom his ſouldiers ply,
hat of that Libyan far-fam'd deity
s future fates event he would be taught.
m *Labienus* moſt of all beſought;
hance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
nd us the mouth of that great Deitie,
nd his ſure counſells: we may now implore
s powerfull guidance through this war, and ore
he dangerous Syrtes. For to whom ſhould I
lieve the gods would trulier certify
heir ſecret will, then *Catoes* holy breſt,
hoſe life to heavnly lawes was ſtill addreſt,
nd follow'd god? behold we now have here
freedome given to talke with *Iupiter*,
ato, enquire of wicked *Cæſars* fate,
nd know what ſhall be Romes enſuing ſtate,
hether this civill war be made in vaine,
r ſhall our lawes, and liberties maintaine,
et *Ammons* ſacred voice thy breſt inſpire.
hou lover of ſtrict virtue, now deſire
o know what virtue is; ſeeke from above
pprovement of the truth: He full of *Iove*,
hom in his ſecret breſt he carryed ever,
heſe temple-worthy ſpeeches did deliver;
hat, *Labienus*, ſhould I ſeeke to know?
I had rather die in armes, then bow
nto a Lord? if life be nought at all?
o difference betwixt long life and ſmall?
any force can hurt men virtuous?
fortune loſe, when virtue doth oppoſe,

Her

Her threats; if good desires be happinesse,
And virtue grow not greater by successe?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with us still;
And, though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree;
Nor needs he voices; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our births did show.
Nor did he chuse these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it here) his truth but to a few.
Is there a seat of god, save earth, and sea,
Aire, heaven, and virtue? why for gods should we
Seeke further? what ere moves, what ere is seen,
Is *Iove*. For oracles let doubtfull men
Fearfull of future chances troubled be:
Sure death, not oracles ascertaine me.
The coward and the valiant man must fall;
This is enough for *Iove* to speake to all:
Then marching thence, the temples faith he saves,
And to the temple untry'd *Ammon* leaves.
Himselfe afoot before his weary'd bands
Marches with pile in hand, and not commands,
But shewes them how to labour: never sits
In coach, or charriot: sleeps the least a nights:
Last tasts the water. When a fountain's found,
He stayes afoot till all the souldiers round,
And every cullion drinke. If fame be due
To truest goodnesse, if you simply view
Virtue without successe, what ere we call
In greatest Romans great; was fortune all.
Who could deserve in prosperous war such fame?
Or by the nations blood so great a name?
Rather had I this virtuous triumph win
In Libya's desart sands, then thrice be seene
In *Pompeys* laurell'd charriot, or to lead
Iugurtha captive. Here behold indeed

Rome, thy true father, by whoſe ſacred name
(Worthy thy temples) it ſhall never ſhame
People to ſweare; whom, if thou ere art free,
Thou wilt hereafter make a deitie.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hot
Then which, the gods for men created not.
Few waters here are ſeene; but in the ſands
One largely flowing fountaine onely ſtands,
But full of ſerpents, as it could containe.
There on the bankes hot killing Aſpes remaine,
And Dipſaſes in midſt of water dry.
When *Cato* ſaw his men for thirſt would dy
Fearing thoſe waters; thus he ſpake to them.
Feare not to drinke, ſouldiers, this wholſome ſtreame,
Be not affrighted with vaine ſhewes of death.
The ſnakes bite deadly, fatall are their teeth,
When their dire venome mixes with our bloud,
The water's ſafe. Then of the doubtfull flood
He drinkes himſelfe, there only the firſt draught
Of all the Lybian waters *Cato* ſought.
Why Libia's aire ſhould be infected ſo
With mortall plagues, what hurtfull ſecrets grow
Mixt with the noxious ſoile by natures hand,
Our care, nor labour cannot underſtand:
But that the world in the true cauſe deceiv'd,
In ſtead of that a common tale receiv'd,
In Libya's fartheſt part, whoſe ſcorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by ſetting *Sol* doth bound,
Meduſa's countrey lay, whoſe barren fields
No trees doe cloath, whoſe ſoile no herbage yields:
Chang'd by her looke all ſtones, and rocks they grow.
Here hurtfull nature firſt thoſe plagues did ſhow,
Firſt from *Meduſas* jawes thoſe ſerpents growne
Hiſſed with forked tongues, and hanging downe
Like womans haire, upon her backe, gave ſtrokes
Vnto her pleaſed necke. In ſtead of lockes

Vpon her horrid front did serpents hisse;
Her combe, comb'd poyson downe, no part but this
Safe to be seene about *Medusa* was.
For who ere fear'd the monsters mouth, and face?
Whom, that had viewd her with an eye direct,
Did she ere suffer sense of death t'effect?
She hastned doubting fate, preventing dread;
Their bodies dy'd before their soules were fled!
Inclosed soules with bodies turn'd to stone.
The furies haires could madnesse worke alone;
Cerberus hissing *Orpheus* musicke still'd;
Alcides sayw that *Hydra*, which he kill'd;
But this strange monster even her father, who
Is the seas second god, her mother too
Ceton, and *Gorgon* sisters feared, she
Could strik a numntesse through the sea, and skie:
And harden all the world into a stone.
Birds in their flight have fall'n congealed downe.
Running wild beasts to rockes converted were;
And all the neighb'ring Æthiopians there
To marble statues, not a creature brookes
The sight of her: t'avoyd the *Gorgons* lookes
Her snakes themselves backward themselves invert.
She neere *Alcides* pillars could convert
Titanian *Atlas* to an hill, and those
Giants with serpents feet, that durst oppose
The gods themselves, those warres in Phlegra field
Her face could end, but shewd in *Pallas* shield.
Thither the son of showre-rap'd *Danae*
Borne on th'Arcadian wings of *Mercurie*
Inventer of the harp, and wrestling game,
Flying through th'aire with borrow'd Harpe came,
Harpe, whom monsters blood before did staine,
When he, that kept *Ioves* loved cow was slaine.
Ayd to her winged brother *Pallas* gave,
Conditioning the *Gorgons* head to have.

he bids him fly to Libaes Easterne bound
His face averted, on the *Gorgons* ground,
n his left hand a shield of shining brasse,
Wherein to see the stone transforming face
Of sterne *Medusa*, *Pallas* bad him ketepe;
Then lay'd *Medusa* in an endlesse sleepe,
utyet nor all; part of her snaky haire
Defends her head: some snakes still waking are;
ome ore the face, and sleeping eylids glide.
Minerva doth th'averted *Perseus* guide,
And with a trembling hand directs the stroake,
Of his Cyllenian Harpe, which quite broke
Her large snake-couer'd necke. How strange a looke
Had *Gorgons* head cut off by *Perseus* stroke,
And towring blade? what poyson did arise
n her blacke mouth? what death shot from her eyes?
Which not *Minerva* durst to looke vpon;
And *Perseus*, sure, had bin congeal'd to stone,
Had not *Minerva* hid that dismall face
With those snake haires. Now *Perseus* flyes apace
To heaven with *Gorgons* head, but in his mind
Considering how the neatest way to find,
Over the midst of Europe meanes to fly;
ut *Pallas* straight forbids that injury
To Europes fruitfull fields, and bids him spare
The people there, for who can in the ayre
Lefraine to gaze, when such a bird he spyes.
Perseus converts his course, and Westward flyes
Ore desart Libya, whose vnfruitfull seat
Vntill'd lyes ope to nought but *Phebus* heat;
Who runs his burning course straight ore their heads.
No land then this a larger shadow spreads
Gainst heaven, nor more the moones eclipse doth cause
When straying not in latitude, she drawes
Neither to North nor South, but full is found
n signes direct. Yet this vnfruitfull ground

Barren in all that's good, a ſeed could yeild
From venome, which *Meduſaes* head diſtill'd.
From thoſe dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
Sols aiding heat did give new monſters birth.
First from that duſt ſo mixt with poyſon bred
Roſe the ſleep-cauſing Aſpe with ſwelling head,
Made of the thickeſt drop of *Gorgons* gore,
Which in no ſerpent is compacted more.
She wanting heat ſeekes not a colder clime,
Content to liue in her owne Libyaes ſlime,
But oh how ſh meleſſe is our thirſt of gaine?
Thoſe Libyan deaths are carryed ore the maine,
And Aſpes at Rome are ſold as merchandiſe.
In ſcaly folds the great *Hæmorrhus* lyes,
Whoſe bite from all parts drawes the flowing blood.
Cherſidros then, that both in land and flood
Of doubtfull *Syrtes* lives; *Chelydri* too;
That make a reeking ſlime where ere they goe.
The Cenchris creeping in a tract direct,
Whoſe ſpeckled belly with more ſpots is deck,
Then ere the various Theban marble takes.
Sand-colour'd Ammodytes, th' horned ſnakes,
That creepe in winding tracks; the Scytale;
No ſnake in winter caſts her skin but ſhe;
The double-head; Dipſas, that thirſty makes;
The water ſpoyling Newte, the dart-like ſnakes.
The Pareas, whoſe way his tale doth guide;
The greedy Preſtor too diſtending wide
His venome-foaming mouth; the Seps, whoſe bite
Conſumes the bones, diſſolves the body quite.
The Baſiliske, whoſe hiſſe all ſnakes doth ſcarre,
(Hurtfull before the venome touch) who far
All vulgar-ſerpents from his ſight commands,
Reigning alone vpon the empty'd ſands.
You dragons too, gliſtring in golden pride,
Who hurtleſſe wander through all lands beſide,

Hot Affrick mortall makes; aloft you fly
Through the ayre on wings, and follow ſpeedily
The heards; your ſtrokes the mightyeſt buls deſtroy,
Great Elephants not ſcape you: all you kill,
Nor neede you poyſons helpe to worke your will.
This thirſty way among theſe venom'd ſnakes
Cato amids his hardy ſouldiers takes:
Where many loſſes of his men he found,
And deaths vnuſuall from a little wound.
A trodden Dipſas turning backe his head
Did bite young *Aulus* Enſigne bearer, bred
Of *Thyrrhene* race: no griefe, nor paine enſu'd:
His wound no pity found, no danger ſhew'd,
But in (alas) did fiery venome deepe
Into his marrow, and ſcorch'd entrailes creepe.
Which quite drunke vp all moiſture, that ſhould flow
Into his vitall parts: his palate now
And tongue is ſcorch'd, and dry; no ſweate could goe
To his tir'd joynts, from's eyes no teares could flow.
His place, nor his ſad generalls command
Could ſtay this thirſty man; out of his hand
He throwes his Eagle; water runnes to have,
Which the dry venome in his heart did crave.
Though he in midſt of Tanais did ly,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drinke the ſtreames, where ever Nilus flowes.
The ſoyle ads to his drought, the worme doth looſe
Her venoms fame, help'd by ſo hot a land.
He digs, and ſeekes each veine in all the ſand.
Now to the Syrts he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kind,
Of death he dy'd, nor his diſeaſe could finde,
But thinkes it thirſt; and now full faine he would
Rip open all his veines, and drinke his blood.

Cato commands them (loath his men should stay
To know what thirst was) straight to march away.
But a more woefull death before his eye
Appear'd; a Seps on poore *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which he straight with his hands
Cast off, and with his pile nail'd to the sands;
A little snake, but none more full then she
Of horrid death; the flesh falls off, that nigh
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the body naked shewes the wound,
His shanks fall off, matter each members fills,
His knees are bar'd, his groine blacke filth distills,
And ev'ry muscle, of his thighes dissolves:
The skin, that all his naturall parts involves,
Breaking lets fall his bowels, nor doth all
That should remaine of a dead body, fall.
The cruell venome, eating all the parts,
All to a little poisonous filth converts.
The poison breakes his nerves, his ribs doth part,
Opens his hollow breast, there shewes his heart,
His vitalls all, yea all that man composes,
And his whole nature this foule death discloses;
His head, necke, shoulders, and strong armes doe flow
In venomous filth, not sooner melts the snow
By hot Southwindes, nor waxe against the Sunne.
This is but small I speake; burnt bodyes run
Melted by fire in filth, but what fire ere
Dissolv'd the bones? no bones of his appeare.
Following their putrid juce, they leave no signe
Of this swift death, the palme is only thine
Of all the Libyan snakes; the soule take they,
But thou alone the carcasse tak'st away.
But lo a death quite contrary to it,
Marsian Naſidius an hot Prester bit.
Whose face, and cheeks a suddaine fire did roast;
His flesh and skin was stretch'd, his shape was lost.

His ſwelling body is diſtended far
Paſt humaue growth, and undiſtinguiſh'd are
His limbs; all parts the poyſon doth confound,
And he lies hid, in his owne body drownd:
Nor can his armour keep his ſwolne growth in.
Not more doth boyling water riſe within
A brazen caldron, nor are ſailes more ſwell'd
By Weſterne vvinds. No limbe he now can vvield.
A globe deform'd he is, an heap confus'd.
Which ravening beaſts did feare, which birds refus'd:
To which his friends durſt doe no obſequy,
Nor touch, but from the growing carcaſſe fly.
But yet theſe ſnakes preſent more horrid ſights,
A fierce *Haemorrhus* noble *Tullus* bites,
A brave young man, that ſtudy'd *Cato's* vvorth.
And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
Through ev'ry hole the preſſed ſaffron goes,
So from his every part red poyſon flowes
For blood; his teares were blood: from every pore,
Where nature vented moyſture heretofore,
His mouth, his noſe, flowes blood: his ſweat is red:
His running veines all parts be bloodied.
And his whole body's but one vvound become.
An Aſpes ſharpe bite did *Levus* heart benumme;
No paine he felt, ſurpris'd with ſudden ſleep
He dy'd, deſcending to the Stygian deep.
Not halfe ſo ſuddaine doe thoſe poyſons kill
Which dire Sabæan ſorcerers diſtill
From off the falſely ſeeming Sabine tree.
On an old ſtumpe a dart-like ſnake did lye,
Which, as from thence her ſelfe ſhe nimbly threw,
Through *Paulus* head, and vvounded temples flevv.
Twas not the poiſon vvrought his fate, the blovv
It ſelfe brought death. To her compared ſlovv
Fly ſtones from ſlings, and not ſo ſvviſt as ſhe
From Parthian bowes doe vvinged arrovves flee.

What help'd it wretched *Murrus* that he did
Kill a fierce Baſiliske? the poyſon ſlid
Along his ſpeare, and faſtned on his hand,
Which he cut off, and then did ſafely ſtand
With that hands loſſe, viewing ſecurely there
The ſad example of his death ſo neere.
Who would have thought the knotty Scorpion had
Such power in killing, or a ſting ſo bad?
Her ſtraight ſtroke won, when ſhe *Orion* ſlew,
A trophee, which the conſtellations ſhew.
Who, ſmall Solpuga, from thy hole would flee?
Yet the three Siſters give their power to thee.
So that no reſt they found by night, nor day;
They fear'd the ground it ſelfe on which they lay.
For neither heaps of leaves, nor reeds they found
To make them beds; but on the naked ground
Expos'd their bodies, whoſe warme vapors ſteame
By night attracted the cold ſnakes to them,
Whoſe harmleſſe jawes, whilſt nights aſtringent cold
The poyſon freez'd, unhurt their boſomes hold.
Nor by the guidance of the ſtarres their way
Can they diſcerne, but oft complayning ſay,
Reſtore, oh gods, to us thoſe wars againe,
From which we fled: Reſtore Pharſalia's plaine.
Why ſhould we die, whoſe lives devoted were,
And ſworne to war, the death of cowards here?
The Dipſaſes on *Cæſars* party are,
And horned ſnakes helpe end our civill war.
Oh let us goe where the hot Zone doth ly.
'Twould eaſe our grieved hearts, that to the ſky
We might aſcribe our deaths. In nought doe we
Accuſe thee, Africa, or nature thee.
For thou this monſter-bearing countrey tane
From mens plantation, didſt for ſnakes ordaine.
This land all barren, where no corne could thrive,
Thou mad'ſt, that men might from theſe ſerpents live.

But we are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on us, thou god, who ere
Hating our journey, didst the world divide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on tother, deaths sad seat
Plac'd in the midst. To thy moist hid retreat
Our civill war dares goe; to the worlds end
Our wayes, through natures secrets prying, tend.
Worse things, perchance, must be indur'd then this.
The pole declines, the setting Sun doth hisse
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further ly
This way; then *Iubæs* woefull monarchy
Knowne but by fame, we shall perchance againe
Wish for this serpents land; th'ayre doth containe
Some comfort yet: some things are living here.
Alas, we wish not for our countrey deare,
Europe, nor Asia, different Suns which see:
Vnder what pole, oh Africk, left we thee?
Twas winter at Cyrene when we lay:
Is the yeares course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backs: to th'adverse pole
Our journey tends; about the world we rowle.
We are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Let this our comfort be, Let *Cæsar* come,
Oh let our foes pursue where we have fled.
Thus they in sad complaints unburdened
Their loaded patience. *Catoes* virtue keeps
Them proofe 'gainst any labour, who still sleeps
Vpon the naked sands, and every hower,
Present at every fate, tempts fortunes power.
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow
Far more then health, a strength to undergoe
Even death it selfe. Whilst *Catoes* standing by
They are asham'd impatiently to dy.
What power ore him had any misery?
Whose presence griefe in others brests subdew'd,

And what ſmall power can be in ſorrow, ſhew'd.
Some eaſe at laſt did tired fortune give
To their long ſuffrings, there a nation live
Marmarian (*d*) Pſylls, from ſerpents biting free.
They arm'd with powerfull incantations be.
Their blood's ſecure, and, though they did not charme,
By touch of poyſon cannot ſuffer harme.
The places nature this did juſtly give,
That ſerpent-free they might with ſerpents live.
Twas well, that in this poyſonous ayre they breath;
For peace is made betwixt themſelves, and death.
Of their owne broods ſuch certaine proofes have all,
That when to ground a new-borne child doth fall,
Fearing ſtrange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
By deadly Aſpes they try the doubted child.
As th'Eagle when her Eagles are diſclos'd,
Layes them againſt the riſing Sun expos'd;
Thoſe that with ſteedy eye can view his beames,
And boldly gaze, thoſe onely ſhe eſteemes,
The other ſcornes: the Pſylls ſo count it there
Their nations pledge, if infants doe not feare
The ſerpents touch, or freely play with ſnakes.
They not content with their owne ſafety, take
For ſtrangers care; and following th'army then
Againſt thoſe ſerpents ayded *Catoes* men.
For when the campe was pitch'd, thoſe ſands, that lay
Within the compaſſe of the trenches, they
Did purge with ſnake-expelling charmes throughout,
And medcinable fires made round about.
There Wallwort cracks, and fennell gum doth fry,
Thin Tamariſk, Theſſalian *Centory*,
Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
Sicilian *Thapſos* burnd with Sulphurwort.
Larche trees, and Southernwood, which ſerpents dread
And hornes of ſtags far off from Africk bred.

So

So night was safe. If slung by day they were,
That magick nations miracles appeare;
For 'gainst the Psylls the taken venome strives,
Marks to the wounded place their spirtle gives;
Whose force the poyson in the wound doth stay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charmes they say
In ceaseleſſe murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger gives. Approaching speedy death
Admits no silence. Oft hath poyson tane
In th'inmoſt parts beene charm'd away againe.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poyson dare to tarry long,
Then falling downe they lick the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite squeezing it round
Suck with their mouths the poyson out, and it
Extracted from the key-cold body spit.
And in their mouths tasting the poyson well
What serpent deepeſt bite the Psylls can tell.
Now ore the fields encourag'd by their ayd
The Roman souldiers wander'd leſſe afraid.
Thus *Cato* treading sands of Libya
The Moone twice waning, and twice wexing saw.
Now more and more the sands to harden gan,
And Africks thicken'd ground grew glebe againe.
Trees here, and there began t'extend their shade:
And cottages of reeds and sedges made.
How great an hope of better ground had they,
When first they saw fierce Lions crosse their way?
Leptis was neer'ſt, which quiet harbour lent.
There winter free from heat, and stormes they spent.
Now *Cæsar* with Pharsalias slaughter cloy'd
Leaving all other cares, his thought imploy'd
In the pursuit of *Pompey*, and was brought
(When he his steps by land had vainly sought)
By fames report to sea, and passed ore
The Thracian straits, and that love-famed shore.

Where once faire *Heroes* wofull turret ſtood;
Where *Helles* tragedy new-nam'd the flood.
No armes of ſea-bounds with a ſtreame ſo ſmall
Aſia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine ſea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to ſee renown'd Sigæan ſands,
The ſtreame of Simois, and Rhætæan lands
Fam'd for the Græcian worthies tombe, where ly
Great ghoſts ſo much in debt to Poetry.
Sack'd Troyes yet honour'd name he goes about,
To find th'old wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitleſſe trees, old oakes with putrify'd,
And rotten roots the Trojan houſes hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's oreſpred
With buſhes thick, her ruines ruined.
He ſees the bridall grove, *Anchiſes* lodg'd,
Heſiones rock, the cave where *Paris* judg'd,
Where nymph *Oenone* play'd, the place ſo fam'd
For *Ganmedes* rape, each ſtone is nam'd.
A little gliding ſtreame, which *Xanthus* was,
Vnknowne he paſt, and in the lofty graſſe
Securely trod; a Phrygian ſtraight forbid
Him tread on *Hectors* duſt: with ruines hid
The ſtone retain'd no ſacred memory.
Reſpect you not great *Hectors* tombe, quoth he?
Oh great, and ſacred work of Poeſie,
That freeſt from fate, and giv'ſt eternity
To mortall wights! but, *Cæſar*, envie not
Their living names, if Roman muſes ought
May promiſe thee, while *Homer's* honoured,
By future times ſhall thou, and I be read;
No age ſhall us with darke oblivion ſtaine,
But our Pharſalia ever ſhall remaine.
Then *Cæſar* pleas'd with ſight of theſe ſo prais'd
Antiquities, a greene turfe-altar rais'd,

And

And by the frankincenſe-fed fire prepar'd
Theſe orizons not vaine; you gods, that guard
Theſe *Heroës* duſt, and in Troyes ruines reigne:
Æneas houſhold gods, that ſtill maintaine
In Alba, and Lavinia your ſhrines,
Vpon whoſe altars fire yet Trojan ſhines;
Thou ſacred temple clos'd Palladium,
That in the ſight of man didſt never come;
The greateſt heire of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former ſeat implores your grace,
And pious incenſe on your altars layes;
Proſper my courſe, and thankfull Rome ſhall raiſe
Troyes walls againe, your people Ile reſtore,
And build a Roman Troy. This ſaid, to ſhore
He haſts, takes ſhipping, and to *Coreus* lends
His full-ſpread ſailes with haſte to make amends
For theſe delayes, and with a proſperous wind
Leaves wealthy Aſia, and faire Rhodes behind.
The Weſtwind blowing ſtill, the ſeventh night
Diſcovers Ægypts ſhore by Pharian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appeares,
And dims the nightly fires, when *Cæſar* heares
Strange tumults on the ſhore, noiſes of men,
And doubtfull murmurings, and fearing then
To truſt himſelfe at land, ſtayes in his fleet;
Whom ſtraight *Achillas* launches forth to meet
Bringing his Kings dire gift great *Pompeyes* head
With an Ægyptian mantle covered;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.
Lord of the world, greateſt of Roman race,
And now ſecure (which yet thou doſt not know)
In *Pompeyes* death, my King doth here beſtow
What onely wanted in Pharſalia's field,
And what thy wars, and travels end will yield:
We in thy abſence finiſh'd civill war.
For *Pompey* here deſiring to repaire

Theſſalia's ruines, by our ſword lyes ſlaine.
By this great pledge, *Cæſar*, we ſeeke to gaine
Thy love, and in his blood our league to make.
Here without bloodſhed Ægypts kingdome take,
Take all Niles fertile regions, and receive
What ever thou for *Pompeyes* head wouldſt give:
Think him a friend worthy thine armes to have,
To whom the fates ſuch power ore *Pompey* gave.
Nor think his merit cheape, ſince brought to paſſe
With eaſie ſlaughter, his old friend he was,
And to his baniſh'd father did reſtore
The crowne of Ægypt. But why ſpeak I more?
Find thou a name for this great work of his,
Or aske the world; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'ſt to him, that from thee tooke
This act of villany. Thus having ſpoke
Straight he uncovers, and preſents the head,
Whoſe ſcarſe-knowne looks pale death had altered.
Cæſar at his firſt gift would not refuſe,
Nor turne his eyes away, but fixtly viewes
Till he perceiv'd twas true, and plainly ſaw
Twas ſafe to be a pious father in law;
Then ſhed forc'd teares, and from a joyfull breaſt
Drew ſighs, and grones as thinking teares would beſt
Conceale his inward joy: ſo quite orethrowes
The tyrants merit, and doth rather choſe
To weep, then owe to him for *Pompeyes* head.
He that on ſlaughter'd Senators could tread,
And ſee the blood-ſtain'd fields of Theſſaly
Dry-ey'd, to thee alone durſt not deny
The tribuine of his eyes. Strange turne of fate,
Weep'ſt thou for him, whom thou with impious hate
Cæſar, ſo long purſu'dſt? could not the love
Of Daughter, Nephew, not aliance move?
Thinkſt thou among thoſe people, that bewaile
Great *Pompeyes* death, theſe teares can ought availe?

Perchance

chance thou envy'ſt *Ptolomeys* dire fact,
d griev'ſt that any had the power to act
is but thy ſelfe, that the revenge of war
as loſt, and taken from the conquerer.
hat cauſe ſo ever did thy ſorrow move,
was far diſtant from a pious love.
as this the cauſe that thy purſuite did draw
te land, and ſea to ſave thy ſonne in law?
was well, ſad fortune tooke the doome from thee,
nd ſpar'd ſo far a Roman modeſty,
nd not to ſuffer thee, falſe man, to give
rdon to him, or pitie him alive,
t to deceive the world, and gaine beliefe
hou add'ſt a language to thy fained griefe.
Thy bloody preſent from our preſence beare,
r worſe from *Cæſar*, then ſlaine *Pompey* here
our wickedneſſe deſerves; the only meed
f civill war to ſpare the conquered
e loſe by this, and did not *Ptolomey*
s ſiſter hate, I could with eaſe repay
his gift of his, and for ſo blacke a deed
eturne his ſiſter *Cleopatras* head.
hy wag'd he ſecret war, or why durſt he
aus thruſt his ſword into our work? did we
our Pharſalian victory afford
our King this power, or license *Ægyps* ſword?
rook'd not *Pompey* to beare ſhare with me
rule of Rome, and ſhall I *Ptolomey*?
l nations joyned in our warre in vaine,
any other power on earth remaine
t *Cæſar* now; if any land ſerve two.
e were determin'd from your ſhore to goe,
t fame forbid us, leſt we ſhould ſeeme more
o feare then hate dire *Ægypts* bloody ſhore.
nd doe not thinke you have deceived me:
o us was meant ſuch hoſpitalitie.

And

And 'twas our fortune in Thessalia's war,
That frees this head. With greater danger far
Then could be fear'd, we fought. I fear'd the doome
Of banishment, the threats of wrathfull Rome,
And *Pompeys* force: but had I fled, I see
My punishment had come from *Ptolomey*.
We spare his age, and pardon his foule fact;
For let your King for such a deed expect
No more then pardon. But doe you interre
This Worthy's head: not that the earth may beare,
And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours store
T'appease his head, and gather from the shore
His scatter'd limbs, compose them in one tombe.
Let his deare ghost perceive that *Cæsar's* come,
And heare my pious griefe. Whilst he preferres
All desperate hazards before me, and dares
Rather to trust his life with *Ptolomey*,
The people all have lost a joyfull day,
The world our peace: the gods my prayers deny'd
That laying these victorious armes aside
I might embrace thee, *Pompey*, and request
Our former life, and love, and thinke me blest
After this war thy equall still to be.
Then had my faithfull love perswaded thee
Though conquer'd to excuse the gods, and make
Thee Rome to pardon me. Though thus he spake,
He found no partners in his griefe; the rest
Beleft not his, and their owne teares suppreft,
And durst (oh happy freedom) with dry eye,
Though *Cæsar* wept, behold this tragedie.

FINIS Libri noni.

Annotations on the ninth Booke.

(a) *Whilest the event of the civill warre was yet doubtfull, and both the Generalls were possessed of their full strengths,* Cato *was fearfull of both their intents, and hated them both, as fearing that the Conquerour would captive his countrey; but after the battaile of Pharsalia was fought, and* Cæsar *had conquered, hee was then wholly of* Pompey's *side, desiring to uphold the party vanquished.*

(b) Pompey *the great pursuing* Cæsar *into Thessalia, had left* Cato *with a great strength to guard Dyrrachium, who hearing the overthrow, and flight of* Pompey, *marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow* Pompey *to joyne his strength with him.*

(c) Cato *at Cyrene hearing that* Lucius Scipio *the father-in-law of* Pompey *the great was joyned in Africa with* Iuba *King of Mauritania, and that* Atius Varus *whom* Pompey *had deputed his Lieutenant in Africa, was there also, marched over-land thither, in which march being thirty dayes upon those desart sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity induring the journey; forsaking his horse alwayes, and marching afoote in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather then command them to indure hardnesse; hee arrived at last at* Iuba's *court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him Generall, hee refused the charge, and chose rather to serve under* Scipio, *then command himselfe in chiefe.*

(d) *These Psylli are a people inhabiting those parts of Africa fortifyed by nature with an incredible priviledge against the strength of poyson, and sustaine no harme by the biting of serpents. The serpents (saith* Plinie) *are afrayd of them, and when others are bitten, these Psylli by sucking*

ing the wounds, and muttering some charmes doe ea
cure them. They have a custome (as Writers report) wh
their children are borne, if the father suspect his wives c
stity, hee exposes the infant to all kinde of serpents; if
gotten by a stranger, the child dyeth, but if lawfully beg
ten, the priviledge of his fathers blood protecteth him aga
the venome.

LVCANS

LVCANS

PHARSALIA.

The Tenth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Ægypt fearelesse walkes, and sees
Their temples, tombes, and fam'd antiquityes.
Before his feete faire Cleopatra *kneeles,*
Whom to her brother king he reconciles.
With sumptuous feasts this peace they celebrate,
To Cæsars *eare* Achoreus *doth relate*
Niles ebbes, and flowes, and long concealed spring.
Within the pallace Cæsar, *and the King*
By sterne Achillas *are besieg'd by night.*
Cæsar *to Pharos takes a secret flight;*
There from his ship he leapes into the waves,
And his endanger'd life by swimming saves.

WHen *Cæsar* first, possest of *Pompey's* head,
Arrived there, and those dire sandes did tread:
His fortune strove with guilty Ægypts fate,
Whether that Rome that land should captivate;
Or Ægypts sword take from the world the head
Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.

Pompey, thy ghost prevailes, thy *Manes* free
Cæsar from death, left Nile should after thee
Be by the Romans lov'd. He goes from thence
To Alexandria arm'd with confidence
In this dire mischiefes pledge, following along
His fasces. But perceiving that the throng
Of people murmur'd that in Ægypt he
Bore th' Ensignes up of Romes authority,
He findes their wavering faiths, perceiving plaine
That for his sake great *Pompey* was not slaine,
Then with a looke still hiding feare goes he
The stately temple of th' old god to see,
Which speakes the ancient Macedonian greatnesse.
But there delighted with no objects sweetenesse,
Not with their gold, nor gods majesticke dresse,
Nor lofty city walls, with gredinesse
Into the burying vault goes *Cæsar* downe.
Their Macedonian *Philip's* mad-brain'd son
The prosperous thiefe lyes buryed: whom just fate
Slew in the worlds revenge: vaults consecrate
Containe those limbs, which through the world 'twer
To cast abroad: but fortune spar'd his dust,
And to that Kingdomes end his fate remain'd.
If ere the world her freedome had attaind,
He for a mocke had beene reserv'd, whose birth
Brought such a dire example to the earth,
So many lands to be possest by one,
Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
And Athens, which his father had subdew'd:
Through Asian lands, with human slaughter strew'd,
Led by too forward fates he rushes on,
Driving his sword through every nation:
Rivers vnknowne, Euphrates he distaines
With Persians blood Ganges with Indians:
Th' earths fatall mischiefe, lightning dire, that rent
All people, and a star malevolent

To nations. To invade the South-east sea
He built a fleete. Not barren Libya,
Water nor heat, nor Ammons desart sands
Could stop his course. Vpon the Westerne lands
(Following the worlds devexe) he meant to tread,
To compasse both the poles, and drinke Niles head.
But death did meete his course; that checke alone
Could nature give this Kings ambition:
VVho to his grave the worlds sole Empire bore,
VVith the same envy, that 'twas got before;
And wanting heires left all he did obtaine
To be devided by the sword againe.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd, Oh shame, that Easterne nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian speare.
Farre more, then now the Roman pile they feare.
Though all the North, the West, and South be ours,
In th' East the Parthian King contemnes our powers.
That, which to *Crassus* proov'd a fatall place,
A secure province to small *Pella* was.
Now the young King come from Pelusium
Had pacify'd the peoples wrath: in whom
As hostage of his peace, in Ægypts court
Cæsar was safe; when loe from Pharos port,
Bribing the keeper to vnchaine the same,
In a small galley *Cleopatra* came
Vnknowne to *Cæsar* entering the house;
The staine of Ægypt, Romes pernicious
Fury, unchast to Italyes disgrace,
As much as *Helena's* bewitching face
Fatall to Troy, and her owne Greekes did proove,
As much Romes broiles did *Cleopatra* moove.
Our Capitall she with her Sistrum scarr'd,
With Ægypts base effœminate rout prepar'd
To seize Romes Eagles, and a triumph get
Ora captiv'd *Cæsar*: when at *Leucas* fleet

It doubtfull stood, whether the vvould that day
A vvoman, and not Roman should obey.
Her prides first spring that impious night had bin,
That vvith our chiefes mixt that incestuous queene.
Who vvould not pardon *Anthonyes* mad love,
When *Cæsars* flinty breast desires could move
In midst of vvar, vvhen heat of fight rag'd most,
And in a court haunted by *Pompeys* ghost?
Embrevv'd vvith blood from dire Pharsalias field
Could he vnto adulterous *Venus* yeild?
And mixe vvith vvarlike cares (oh shameleſſe head)
A bastard issue, and unlavvfull bed;
Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
To thee, faire *Iulia*, on a strumpet mother:
Suffring the forces of his scattered foes
To joyne in Afrike, basely he bestowes
Time in Ægyptian love, a conquerer
Not for himselfe, but to bestow on her;
Whom, trusting to her beauty, without teares,
Though gesture sad, with loose, as if rent haires,
Dreſt in a beautious, and becomming vvoe
Did *Cleopatra* meete, bespeaking so:
If, mighty *Cæsar*, noblenesse there be,
Ægyptian *Lagus* royall issue I,
Depos'd and baniſht from my fathers state,
If thy great hand restore my former fate,
Kneele at thy feet a queene; unto our nation
Thou doſt appeare a gracious constellation.
I am not the first woman that hath sway'd
The Pharian scepter; Ægypt has obay'd
A queene; not sexe excepted: I desire
Thee read the will of my deceased Sire,
Who left me there a partner to enjoy
My brothers crowne, and marriage bed. The boy
(I know) would love his sister were he free:
But all his power, will, and affections be

Vnder *Photinus* girdle; to obtaine
The crowne I beg not, *Cæsar*, from this staine
Free thou our house: command the King to be
A King, and free from servants tyrannie.
Shall slaves so proud of *Pompeys* slaughter be,
Threatning the same (which fates avert) to thee?
Cæsar, 'tis shame enough to th'earth, and thee
His death *Photinus* gift, and guilt should be.
Her suit in *Cæsars* eares had found small grace;
But beauty pleads, and that incestuous face
Prevailes; the pleasures of a wanton bed
Corrupt the Iudge. The King had purchased
His peace with weighty summes of gold; which done,
With sumptuous feast this glad accord they crowne.
Her riot forth in highest pompe (not yet
Transferr'd to Rome) did *Cleopatra* set.
The house excell'd those temples, which men build
In wickedst times, the high-arch'd rooses were fill'd
With wealth: high trestells golden tables bore:
Nor did carv'd marble only cover ore
The house; alone th'unmixt Achates stood,
And pillars of red marble: their feet trod
On pavements of rich Onyx: pillars there
Not coverd with Ægyptian Eben were;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorne, but prop the pallace stood.
The roomes with Ivory glisterd, and each doore
In-layd with Indian shells, embellisht ore
With choisest Emeraulds: the beds all shone
With richest gems, and yellow Iasper stone.
Coverlids rich, some purple dy'd in graine,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron tane,
Part wove of glittering gold, part scarlet dy;
As is th' Ægyptian use of Tapestry:
The servitours stood by, and waying pages,
Some different in complexions, some in ages;

Some of blacke Libyan hew, ſome golden haires,
That *Cæſar* yields in all his German wars
He nere had ſeene ſo bright a yellow haire:
Some ſtiffe curl'd locks on Sun burnt foreheads weare,
Beſides th'unhappy ſtrength-robb'd company
The Eunuch'd youths: neere theſe were ſtanding by
Youths of a ſtronger age, yet thoſe ſo young
Scarſe any downe darkning their cheeks was ſprung.
Downe ſate the Princes, and the higher power
Cæſar; her hurtfull face all painted ore
Sate *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'injoy her brothers bed, nor Ægypts crowne:
Laden with pearles: the rich ſeas ſpoiled ſtore
On her red haire, and weary'd necke ſhe wore.
Her ſnowy breſts their whiteneſſe did diſplay
Thorow the thin Sidonian tiffenay
Wrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypts workmen. Citron tables ſtand
On Ivory treſſells, ſuch as *Cæſars* eyes
Saw not, when he King *Iuba* did ſurpriſe.
O blind ambitious madneſſe to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a civill war,
And tempt an armed gueſt! For though that he
Sought not for wealth by wars impiety,
And the worlds wrack; ſuppoſe our chiefes of old
Were there, compos'd of that poore ages mould,
Fabritij, *Curij* grave, or that plaine man
That Conſull from th'Etrurian plowes was tane,
Were ſitting at thoſe tables, home to Rome
With ſuch a triumph he would wiſh to come.
In golden plate they fill their feaſting boords
With what the aire, the earth, or Nile affords,
What luxury with vaine ambition had
Sought through the world, and not as hunger bade,
Beaſts, fowles, the gods of Ægypt are devour'd:
From criſtall Ewers is Niles water powr'd

Vpon their hands: ſtudded with gems that ſhine.
Their bowles containe no Mareotick wine,
But ſtrong, and ſparkling wines of Meroë,
To whom full yeares give full maturity.
With fragrant Nard, and never-fading roſe
Their heads are crown'd: their haire annointed flowes
VVith ſweeteſt Cinnamon, that has not ſpent
His ſavour in the ayre, nor loſt his ſent
In forreine climes: and freſh Amomum brought
From harveſts neere at hand, there *Cæſar's* taught
The riches of the ſpoyled world to take;
And is aſham'd that he a war did make
VVith his poore ſon in law, deſiring now
Some quarrell would twixt him and Ægypt grow.
VVhen wine, and cakes had tir'd their glutted pleaſure,
Cæſar begins with long diſcourſe to meaſure
The houres of night, beſpeaking gently thus
The linnen-veſted grave *Achoreus*:
Old man devoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirmes) deſpis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing eares relate
Ægypts originall, her ſite, and ſtate,
VVorſhip of gods, and what doth ere remaine
In your old temples character'd, explaine.
The gods, that would be knowne, to us unfold,
If your forefathers their religion told
T'Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A gueſt more worthy, or more fit to heare?
Rumor of *Pompey* drew our march thus far,
And fame of you, for ſtill in midſt of war
I leaſure had of heaven, and gods to heare,
And the ſtars courſe: nor ſhall *Eudoxus* yeare
Excell my Conſulſhip. But though ſo much
My virtue be, my love of truth be ſuch,
There's nought I more deſire to know at all
Then Niles hid head, and ſtrange originall

So many yeares unknowne: grant but to me
A certaine hope the head of Nile to see,
Ile leave off civill war. *Cæsar* had done,
When thus divine *Achoreus* begun:
Let it be lawfull *Cæsar*, to unfold
Our great forefathers secrets hid of old
From the lay people. Let who ere suppose
Iepiety to keep these wonders close:
I think the gods are pleas'd to be made knowne;
And have their sacred lawes to people showne:
Planets, which crosse, and slack the tenth sphæres course,
Had from the worlds first law their different powers.
The Sun divides the yeares, makes nights, and dayes,
Dims other stars with his resplendent rayes.
And their wild courses moderates, the tides
Of Thetis *Phœbes* growth, and waning guides.
Saturne cold ice, and frozen zones obtaines;
Mars ore the winds, and winged lightning raignes:
Quiet well temper'd ayre doth *Iove* possesse;
The seeds of all things *Venus* cherishes;
Cyllerius rules ore waters which are great;
He when he enters, where the dog-stars heat,
And burning fires display'd, there where the signe
Of *Cancer* hot doth with the Lyon joyne,
And where the Zodiack holds his *Capricorne*,
And *Cancer*, under which Niles head is borne:
O're which when *Mercuries* proud fires doe stand,
And in a line direct, (as by command
Of Phœbe the obeying Ocean growes)
So from his open'd fountaine Nilus flowes;
Nor ebbs againe till night have from the Sun
Those howers recover'd, which the summer won.
Vaine was the old opinion, that Niles flow
Was caus'd, or help'd by Æthiopian snow.
For on those hils cold *Boreas* never blowes.
As there the natives Sunburnt visage showes,

And moiſt hot Southern winds. Beſides the head
Of every ſtreame, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
Swels then, when firſt the ſpring diſſolves the ſnowes.
But Nile before the dog-dayes never flowes,
Nor is confin'd within his banks againe
Till the Autumnal Æquinoctian:
Thence tis he knows no laws of other ſtreames,
Nor ſwels in winter, when *Sols* ſcorching beames
Are far remote, his waters want their end:
But Nile comes forth in ſummer time to lend
A cooler temper to the ſweltring ayre
Vnto the torrid zone, leſt fire impaire
The earth, unto her ſuccour Nilus drawes,
And ſwels againſt the Lyons burning jawes.
And when hot *Cancer* his *Siene* burnes,
Vnder her ayde implored Nilus turnes:
Nor till the Sun to Autumne doe deſcend,
And that hot Meroë her ſhades extend,
Doth he reſtore againe the drowned field.
Who can the cauſes of this flowing yield?
Even ſo our mother nature hath decreed
That Nile ſhould flow, and ſo the world hath need.
As vainly doth antiquity declare
The Weſtwinds cauſe of this increaſes are,
Which keep their ſeaſons ſtrictly, and long ſtay,
And beare within the ayre continu'd ſway.
Theſe from the Weſterne parts all clouds exile
Beyond the South, and hang them over Nile;
Or elſe their blaſts the rivers current meet,
And will not let it to the Ocean get;
Prevented ſo from falling to the maine
The ſtreame ſwells back, and overflows the plaine.
Some through the cavernes of earths hollow vvomb:
In ſecret channels think theſe waters come
Attracted to th'equator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his Meroë doth hold,

The ſcorched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and Padus flow unſeene together:
Venting all rivers at one fountaine ſo
VVithin one channell Nilus cannot goe.
From th'Ocean ſwelling, which begirts about
All lands, ſome think, increaſed Nile breaks out;
The waters looſe, ere they ſo far have ran,
Their ſaltneſſe quite. Beſides the Ocean
Is the ſtars food, we think, which *Phœbus* drawes,
VVhen he poſſeſſeth hery *Cancers* clawes.
More then the ayre digeſts attracted ſo
Falls back by night, and cauſes Nilus flow.
I think if I may judge ſo great a caſe,
Some waters ſince the great creation was,
In after ages from ſome earthly vaine
Have broke: ſome others god did then ordaine
VVhen he created all the world, whoſe tides
By certaine lawes the great Creator guides.
Cæſar's deſire to know our Nilus ſpring
Poſſeſt th'Ægyptian, Perſian, Græcian king;
No age, but ſtriv'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philip's great ſon, *Memphis* moſt honourd king
Sent to th'earths utmoſt bounds to find Niles ſpring
Choice Æthiops; they trod the ſunburnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there warme Nilus found.
The fartheſt Weſt our great *Seſoſtris* ſawy,
VVhilſt captive kings did his proud chariot draw:
Yet there your Rhodanus, and Padus ſpy'd
Before our Niles hid fountaine he deſcry'd.
The mad Cambiſes to the Eaſtern lands,
And long-liv'd people came. His famiſht bands
Quite ſpent, and with each others (*a*) ſlaughter fed
Return'd, thou, Nile, yet undiſcovered.
No tale dares mention thine originall
Th'art ſought, wherever ſeene. No land at all

Can

Can boa'st that at Nile is heirs. Yet Ile reveale,
As far as that same god, that doth conceale
Thy spring, inspires me. From th'Antartick pole,
Vnder hot Cancer doe thy surges rowle
Directly North, winding to East and West,
Sometimes th'Arabians, sometimes Libyans blest
VVith fruitfulnesse thou makst, the Seres spy
Thee first, and seek thee too, thy channell by
The Æthiopians, as a stranger flowes:
And the world knowes not to what land it owes
Thy sacred head, which nature hid from all,
Lest any land should see thee, Nilus, small.
She turn'd away thy spring, and did desire
No land shall know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the summer Solstice art oreflowne
Bringing with thee a winter of thine owne,
VVhen winter is not ours: nature alone
Suffers thy streames to both the poles to run.
Not there thy mouth, not here thy spring is found.
Thy parted channell doth incompasse round
Meroë fruitfull to black husband-men,
And rich in Eben wood: whose leaves, though greene,
Can with no shade asswage the summers heat,
Vnder the Lyon so directly set.
From thence thy current with no waters losse
Ore the hot zone, and barren deserts goes,
Sometimes collected in one channell going,
Sometimes dispers'd and yielding banks oreflowing.
His parted armes againe collected slide
In one slow streame, where *Philes* doth divide
Arabia from Ægypt. Ore the sand,
Where the red sea by one small neck of land
From ours is kept, thou, Nile, dost gently flow.
Oh who would think thou ere so rough couldst grow
That sees thee gentle here, but when thy way
Steepe Catarackts, and craggy rocks would stay,

Thy

Thy never curbed waves with ſcorne deſpiſe
Thoſe petty lets, and foaming lave the skies:
Thy waters ſound, with noiſe the neighbouring hils
Thy conquering ſtreame with froath grown hoary fils.
Hence he with fury firſt aſſaults that Ile,
Which our forefathers did *Abator* ſtile,
And thoſe neere rocks, which they were pleas'd to call
The rivers veines, becauſe they firſt of all
His ſwelling groath did ſhow. Hence nature did
His ſtragling waves within high mountaines hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Africk; betwixt thoſe
As in a vale thy pent up water flowes.
At *Memphis* firſt thou runn'ſt in fields, and plaines,
Where thy proud ſtreame all banks, and bounds diſdains.
Thus they ſecure, as if in peace, a part
Of night diſcours'd. But baſe *Photinus* heart
Once ſtain'd with ſacred blood, could nere be free
From horrid thoughts, ſince *Pompeyes* murder he
Counts nought a crime; great *Pompeyes Manes* bide
Within his breſt, and vengefull furies guide
His thoughts to monſters new, hoping to ſtaine
Baſe hands with *Cæſars* blood, which fates ordaine
Great Senators ſhall ſhed. Fate to a ſlave
That day almoſt the Senates vengeance gave,
The mulct of civill war. Oh gods defend,
Let none that life in *Brutus* abſence end.
Shall th'excution of Romes tyrant be
Baſe Ægypts crime, and that example dy?
Bold man, he makes attempt againſt fates courſe,
Nor at cloſe murder aymes, by open force
A moſt unconquer'd Captaine he aſſaults;
So much are minds emboldén'd by their faults.
He durſt the death of *Cæſar* now command,
As *Pompeyes* once, and by a faithfull hand
To ſterne *Achillas* this dire meſſage ſend,
Who ſhar'd with him in murder'd *Pompeyes* end,

VVhom

Whom the weak King againſt himſelfe, and all
Truſts with a ſtrength, his forces generall.
Thou on thy downy bed ſecurely ſnort,
Whilſt *Cleopatra* hath ſurpris'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'd, but given away.
Haſt thou (though all alone) this match to ſtay.
Th'inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall her brother wed,
Cæſar already has injoy'd her bed:
Twixt thoſe two husbands Ægypt is her owne,
And Rome her hire for proſtitution.
Have *Cleopatras* ſorceries beguil'd
Old *Cæſars* breſt, and ſhall we truſt a child?
Who, if one night inceſtuouſly imbrac'd
The beaſtly pleaſures of her bed he taſt
Cloth'd with the name of marriage, twixt each kiſſe
He gives my head, and thine, the gibbet is
Our fortune, if he find his ſiſter ſweet.
Hope we no ayd from any ſide to meet:
The King her husband, her adulterer
Cæſar; and we (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatras* ſight, where 'twill appeare
Crime great enough that we are chaſt from her.
Now by that crime, which we together did,
And loſt; and by the league we ratify'd
In *Pompeys* blood, I pray be ſpeedy here,
Fill on the ſuddaine all with war, and feare:
Let blood break off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruell Queene, whoſe armes ſoere ſhe fill
In bed to night. Nor feare we *Cæſars* fate:
That which advanc'd him to this height of ſtate,
The fall of *Pompey* was our glory too;
Behold the ſhore, and learne what we can doe,
Our miſchiefes hope: behold the bloody'd wave,
And in the duſt great *Pompeys* little grave
Scarſe covering all his limbs; He, whom we feare,
Was but his peere. But we ignoble are

In

In blood: all one: we ſtir no forraigne ſtate,
Nor King to ayd, but our owne proſperous fate
To miſchiefe bring; and ſtill into our hands
Fortune delivers them; ſee ready ſtands
Another nobler Sacrifice then he;
The ſecond blood appeaſes Italie.
The blood of *Cæſar* will thoſe ſtaines remove,
Which *pompeys* murder ſtucke, and make Rome love
Thoſe hands ſhe once thought guilty. Feare not than
His fame, and ſtrength, hee's but a private man
His army abſent. This one night ſhall end
The civill war, and to whole nations ſend
A ſacrifice t'appeaſe their ghoſts below,
And pay the world that head, which fates doe owe.
Goe confidently then 'gainſt *Cæſars* throat:
For *Ptolomey* let Ægyps ſouldiers do't,
The Romans for themſelves. But ſtay not thou;
Hee's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Doe but attempt, the gods on thee beſtow
Nh'effect of *Brutus*, and grave *Cato's* vow.
Achillas prone to follow ſuch anviſe
Drawes out his army ſtraight in ſecret wiſe,
Without loud ſignalls giv'n, or trumpets noiſe
Their armed ſtrength he ſuddainly imployes.
The greateſt part were Roman ſouldiers there,
But ſo degenerate, and (*b*) chang'd they were
With forraigne diſcipline; that voyd of ſhame
Vnder a barbarous ſlaves command they came,
Who would diſdaine to ſerve proud Ægypts King.
No faith, nor piety thoſe hirelings bring
That follow campes: where greateſt pay is had,
There's greateſt right; for money they invade,
Not for their owne juſt quarrell, *Cæſars* throat.
Oh wickedneſſe, within what land hrs not
Our Empires wretched fate found civill war?
Thoſe troops remov'd from Theſſaly ſo far

age Roman-like here upon Nilus shore.
What durst the house of *Lagus* venture more
ad they receiv'd great *Pompey*? but each hand
erformes that office, which the gods command:
ach Roman hand helpe to this war must lend,
he gods were so dispos'd Romes state to rend.
lor now doth *Cæsars*, or great *Pompeys* love
ivide the people, or their factions move.
his civil war *Achillas* undertakes,
barbarous slave a Roman faction makes.
nd had not fates protected *Cæsars* blood,
his side had wonne, in time both ready stood,
he Court in feasting drownd did open ly
o any treason; and then easily
light they have tane at table *Cæsars* head,
is blood amidst the feasting goblets shed.
ut in the night tumultuous war they feare,
omiscuous slaughter rul'd by chance, lest there
heir King might fall; so confident they are
f their owne strength, they hasten not, but spare
o great an actions opportunity.
aves thinke deferring *Cæsars* death to be
reparable losse. Till day break light
is execution is put off. One night
o *Cæsars* life *Photinus* power could give,
nd till *Sol* rises grant him leave to live.
Now on mount Casius *Lucifer* appear'd,
nd with hot day though infant Ægypt chear'd;
hen from the wall they view'd those troops afar
arch on well rack'd, and marshall'd for a war,
ot in loose maniples, but ready all
o stand, or give a charge. The city wall
sar distrusts, and shuts the pallace too,
poore a siege enforc'd to undergoe.
or all the house can his small strength maintaine,
ne little part great *Cæsar* can containe:

Whilest

Whilst his great thoughts both feare, and anger beare,
He feares assaults, and yet disdaines to feare,
So in small traps a noble Lion caught
Rages, and bites his scorned goale with wrath;
So would fierce *Vulcan* rage, could any stop
Sicilian Ætna's fiery cavernes top.
He that in dire Pharsalian fields of late
In a bad cause presum'd on prosperous fate,
And feared not the Senates hoast, nor all
The Roman lords, nor *Pompey* generall,
Fear'd a slaves war; he here assaulted tooke
A house, whom Scythians bold durst nere provoke,
Th'Alani fierce, nor Mauritanians hot,
Which fast-bound strangers barbarously shoot.
He whom the Roman world could not suffise,
Nor all that twixt the Gades and India lies,
Like a weake boy seekes lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late surprised towne:
Nor hopes for safety but in keeping close
And through each roome with steps uncertaine goes,
But not without the King; him he retaines
About his person still: his life he meanes
Shall the revenge, and expiation be
Of his owne fate; thy head, O *Ptolomey*,
He meanes to throw for want of darts, or fire
Against thy servants; as *Medea* dire,
When her pursuing Sires revenge she fled,
Stood arm'd against her little brothers head
To stay her Sire. But desperate fate so nigh
Enforced *Cæsar* tearmes of peace to try.
A courtier from the absent King is sent
To checke his men, and know this warres intent,
But there the law of Nations could obtaine
No power; the Kings Embassadour is slaine
Treating of peace, to adde one horrid crime
O monstrous Ægypt, to thy impious clime.

Impious

mpious *Pharnaces Pontus* Theſſaly,
Nor Spaine, nor *Iubaes* far-ſpread monarchy,
Nor barbarous *Syrtis* durſt attempt to doe,
What heere effœminate Ægypt reaches to.
The war on every ſide growes dangerous,
And ſhowres of falling darts even ſhake the houſe.
No batt'ring ram had they to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all:
Nor vs'd they fire: the skilleſſe people run
Through the vaſt pallace ſcatter'd vp, and downe,
And vſe their joyned ſtrength no where at all:
The fates forbid, and fortune's *Cæſars* wall.
But where the gorgeous pallace proudly ſtands
Into the ſea, from ſhips the Navall bands
Aſſault the houſe; but *Cæſar* every where
For defence at hand, and weapons here,
Where wild-fire vſes. Though beſiedg'd he be,
Both the beſiedgers worke (ſuch ſtrength had he
Of conſtant ſpirit) wild fire balls he threw
Among the joyned ſhips; nor ſlowly flew
The flame on pitchy ſhrowds, and bords that drop
With melted waxe: at once the ſaileyards top,
And loweſt hatches burne. An halfe-leant boate
Here drownes in ſeas, their foes and weapons float,
Nor ore the ſhips alone doe flames prevaile,
But all the houſes neere the ſhore aſſaile:
The South winds feed the flame, and drive it on
Along the houſes with ſuch motion,
As through the Welkin fiery meteors run,
That wanting fuell fed on aire alone.
This fire a while the courts beſiedging ſtay'd,
And drew the people to the cityes aide.
Cæſar that time would not in ſleepe beſtow,
Who well could vſe occaſions, and knew how
War to take the greateſt benefit
Of ſuddaine chances, ſhips his men by night,

Surpriſes

Surprises Pharos: Pharos heretofore
An Iland was, when prophet *Proteus* wore
That crowne: but joyn'd to Alexandria now.
Two helps on *Cæsar* doth that fort bestow:
Commands the sea, the foes incursions stay'd,
And made a passage safe for *Cæsars* aide.
He now intends no longer to deferre
Photenus (c) death, though not enough severe.
Not fire, nor beast, nor gibbets reaue his breath,
Slaine with a sword he dyes great *Pompey's* death.
Arsinoe (d) from court escaped goes
By *Ganymedes* helpe to *Cæsars* foes,
The crowne (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtaine,
By whose just sword was sterne *Achillas* slaine.
Another to thy ghost is sacrific'd,
Pompey, but fortune is not yet suffic'd:
Far be it, gods, that these two deaths should be
His full revenge; the fall of *Ptolomey*,
And Ægypts ruine not enough is thought:
Nor ere can his revenge be fully wrought,
Till *Cæsar* by the Senates swordes be slaine.
But though the author's dead, these broiles remaine;
For *Ganymedes* now commander mov'd
A second war, which full of danger prov'd,
So great the perill was that day alone
Might *Cæsars* name to future times renowne.
While *Cæsar* strives pent vp so closely there
To ship his men from thence, a suddaine feare
Of war did his entended passage meete:
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleete;
Behind their foote, from shore against him fight:
No way of safety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor scarse doth hope of noble death remaine.
No heapes of bodyes, no whole armyes slaine
Are now requir'd to conquer *Cæsar* there:
A little blood will serve. Whether to feare

Or wiſh for death he knowes not: In this ſame
Sad ſtraite, he thinkes of noble *Scæva's* fame,
Who at Dyrrachium, when his workes were downe,
Beſeidg'd all *Pompey's* ſtrength himſelfe alone:
Th'example rais'd his thoughts, reſolv'd to doe
What Scæva *did; but ſtraight a ſcorne to owe*
His valour to examples, checks againe (reſtraine.
That high reſolve: great thoughts, great thoughts
Yet thus at laſt; Scæva *was mine, 'twas I*
Nurtur'd that ſpirit: if like him I dy,
I doe not imitate, but Cæſars *feat*
Rather confirmes that Scævas *act was great.*
In this reſolve had Cæſar *charg'd them all*
Himſelfe alone, and ſo a glorius fall
(Slaine by a thouſand hands at once) had met,
Or elſe enobled by a death ſo great
Thoſe thouſand hands; but fortune was afraid
To venture Cæſar *further then her aide*
Could lend a famous reſcue, and endeare
The danger to him; ſhe diſcovers neare
Ships of his owne; thither when Cæſar *makes,*
He findes no ſafety there, but ſtraight forſakes
Thoſe ſhips againe, and leapes into the maine.
The trembling billowes fear'd to entertaine
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd ſo many victories yet to come;
And Ioue *(whileſt he on* Cæſars *danger lookes)*
Suſpects the truth of th'adamantine bookes.
Who could haue thought, but that the gods aboue
Had now begun to favour Rome, and loue

Her libertie againe? and that the fate
Of Pompey's sonnes, of Cato, and the state
'Gainst Cæsars fortune had prevailed now?
Why doe the powers Celestiall labour so
To be unjust againe? againe take care
To save that life they had expos'd so farre
That now the danger even in Cæsars eye,
Might cleare their doome of partialitie?
But he must live untill his fall may proove
Brutus and Cassius were more just than Iove.
Now all alone on seas doth Cæsar floate;
Himselfe the Oares, the Pylot, and the Boate;
Yet could not all these offices employ
One mans whole strength, for his left hand on high
Raised, holds up his papers, and preserves
The fame of his past deeds, his right hand serves
To cut the waves, and guard his life alone
'Gainst th'Oceans perills, and all darts, which
From every side doe darken all the skie, (thrown
And make a cloud, though heaven it selfe deny.
Two hundred paces thus alone he swam
Till to the body of his Fleet he came,
His ore-joy'd Souldiers shouting to the skies
Take sure presage of future Victories.

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An-

Annotations on the tenth Booke;

(a) Cambyses *the son of* Cyrus, *and king of Persia ad-*
d to his Monarchy the kingdome of Egypt; hee intended a
ther warre against the Æthiopians, which are called
crobij by reason of the extraordinary length of their na-
all lives. But by reason of the teadiousnesse of the march,
d want of provision, there was in his army a great fa-
ne that they killed by lot every tenth Souldier, and fedde
on them.

(b) Achillas *comming to assault* Cæsar *had an Army*
twenty thousaud; they were many of them Roman soul-
rs, which had served before under Gabinius, *but had*
nged their manner of life, and corrupted with the riot
Ægypt, had quite forgotten the Roman discipline.

(c) Photinus *the Kings tutor remaining with* Cæsar
t secret encouragements to Achillas *to goe forward with*
siedge, which being discovered by interception of his mes-
ngers he was slaine by Cæsar.

(d) Ganymedes *an Eunuch, and tutor to* Arsinoe
e younger sister of the King of Ægypt, assaulted Achillas
treachery, and slew him, and being himselfe made Geno-
ll of the army he continued the siedge against Cæsar.

FINIS.